

BIBLIOTHECA FICTIVA

THE SHERIDAN LIBRARIES



3 1151 03702 0520

EARLY
ENGLISH
POETRY.

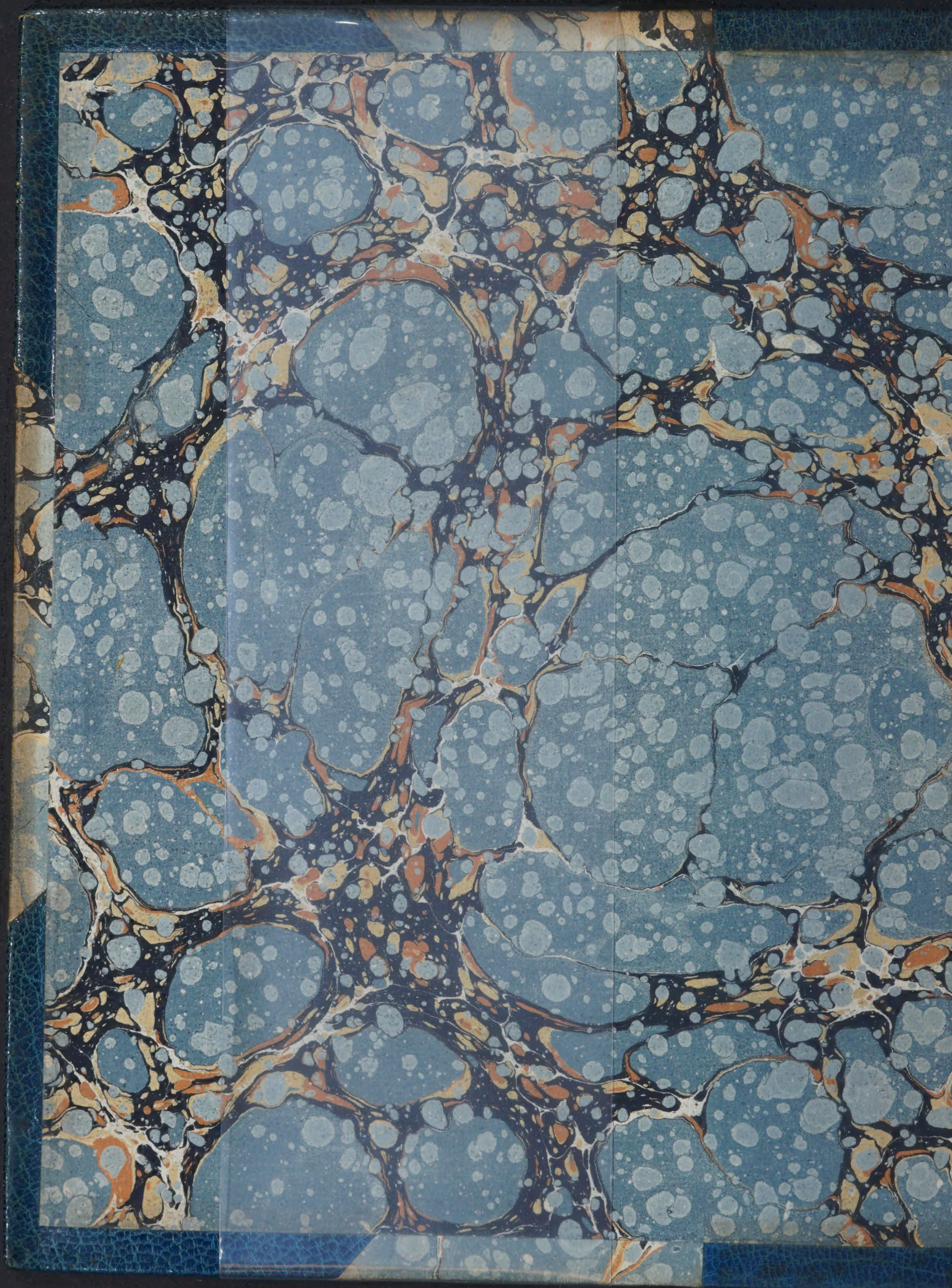
COLLIER.
—
VOL. V.

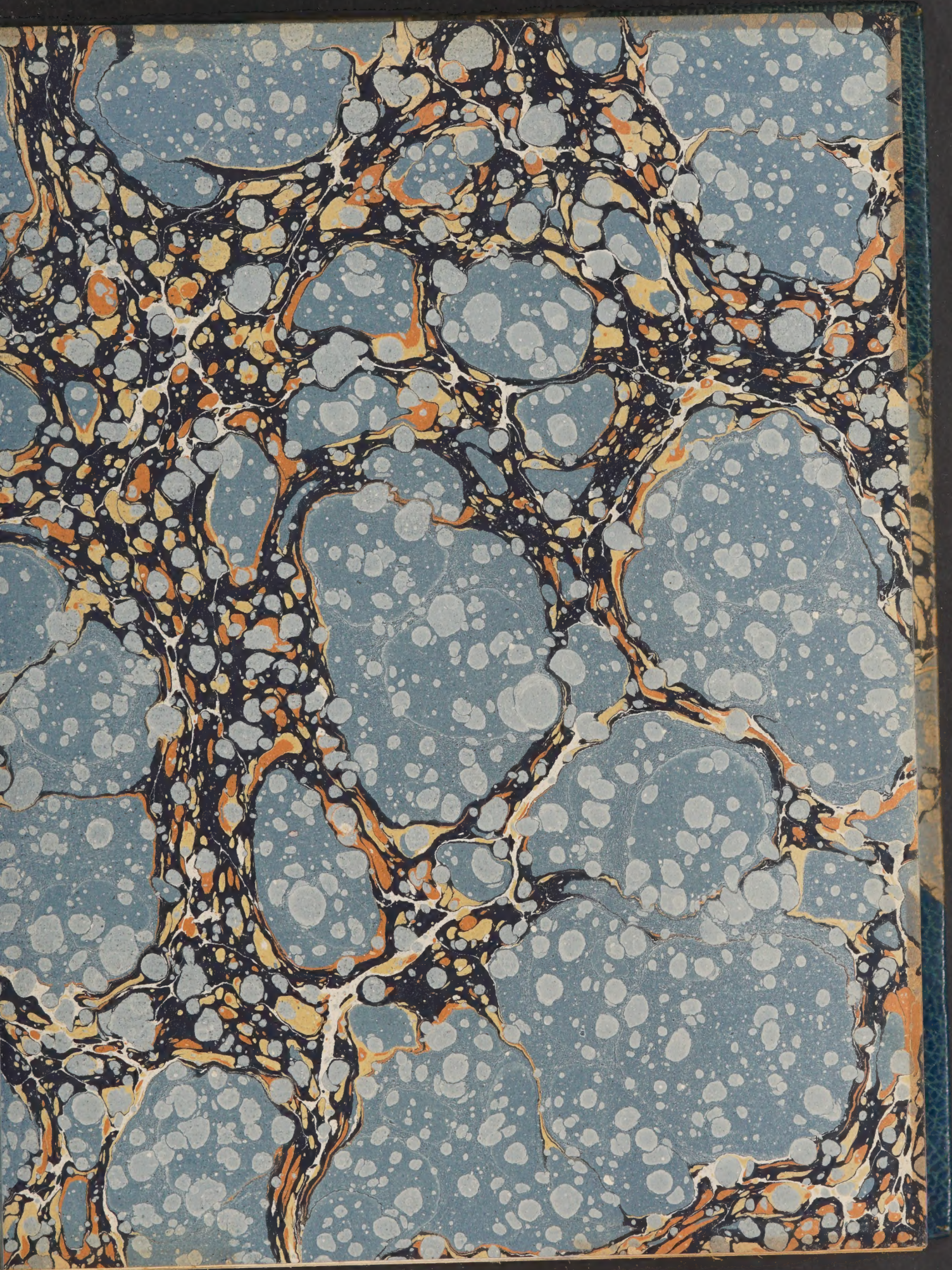
1866-70

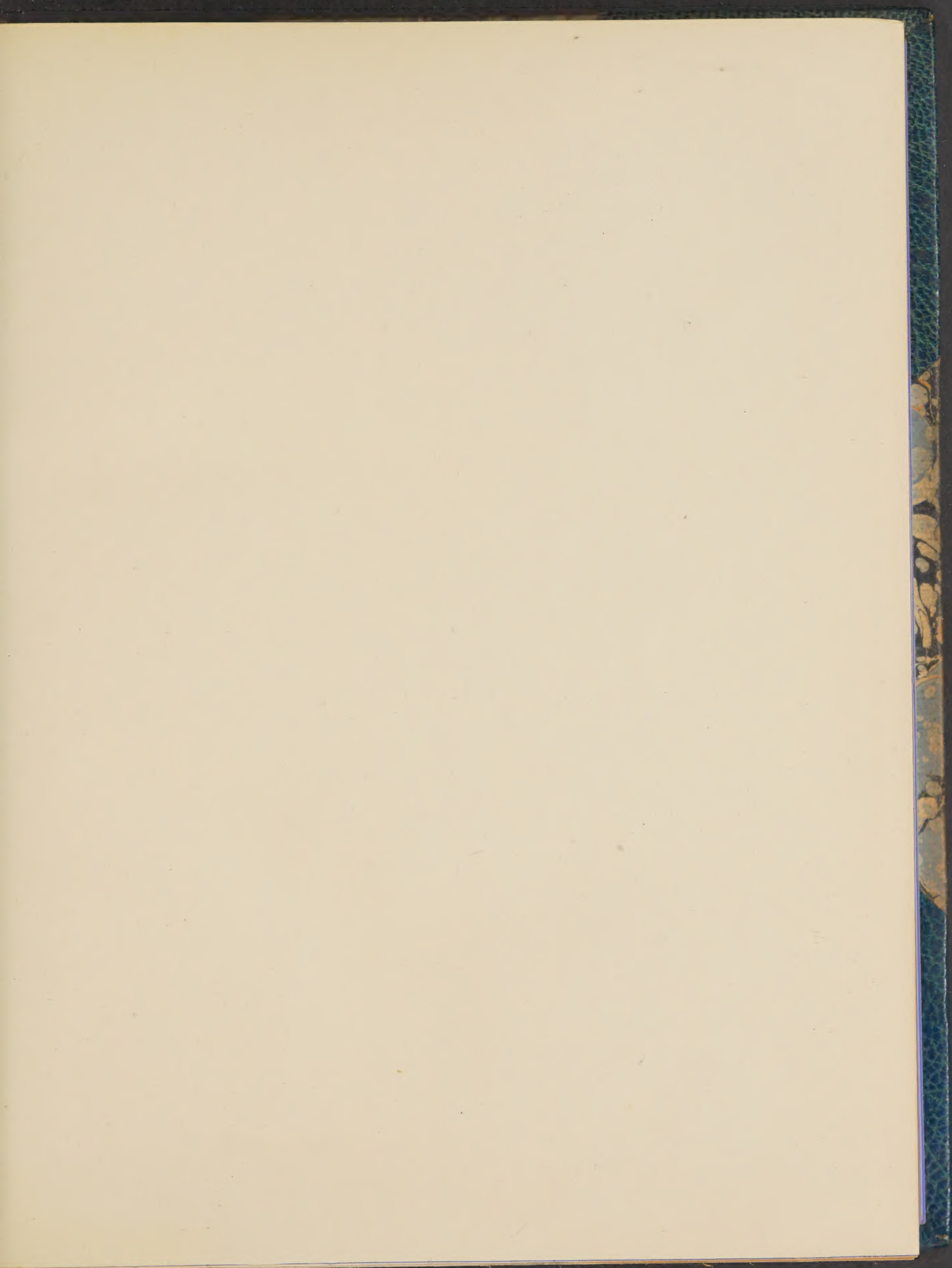


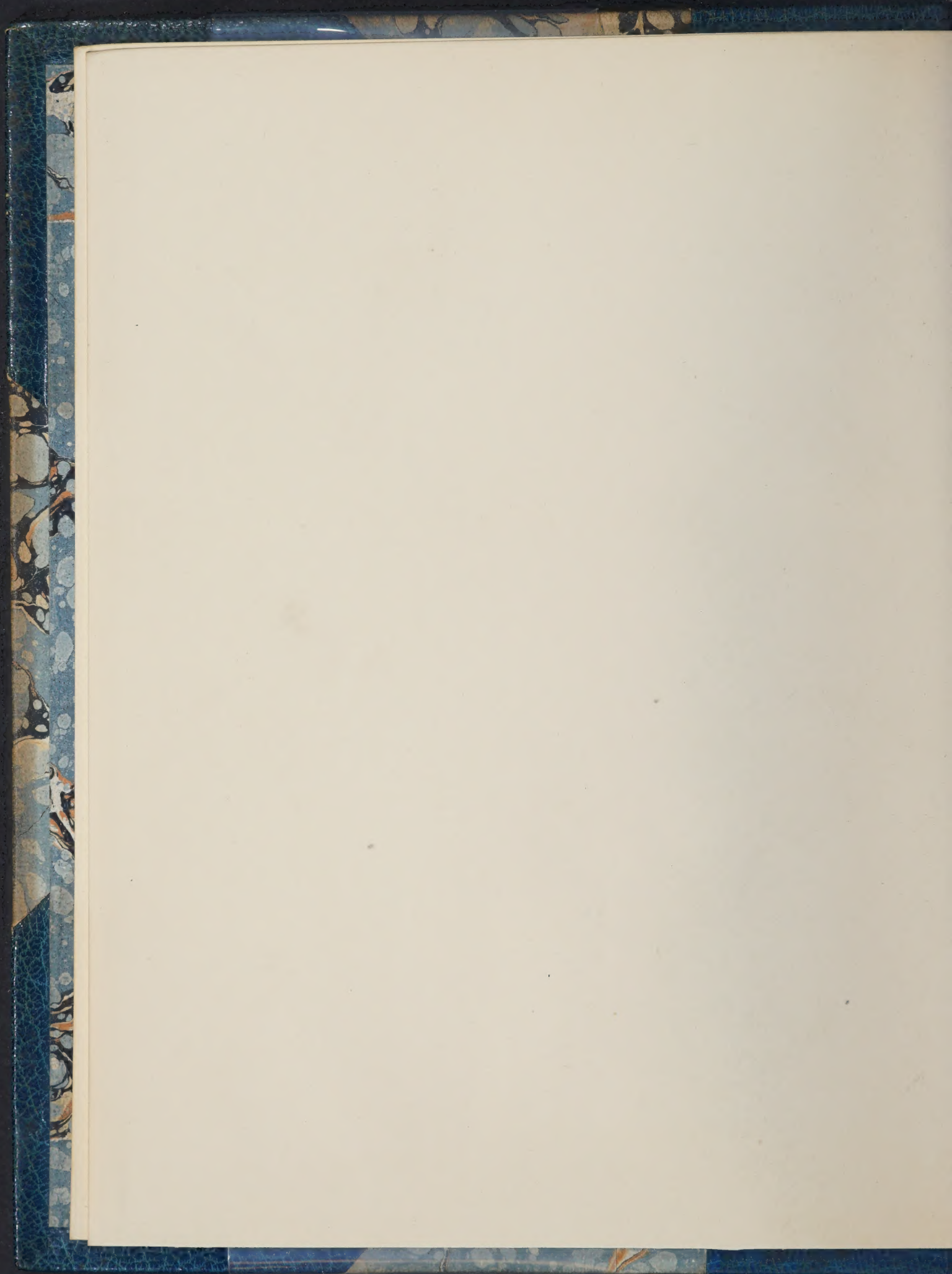








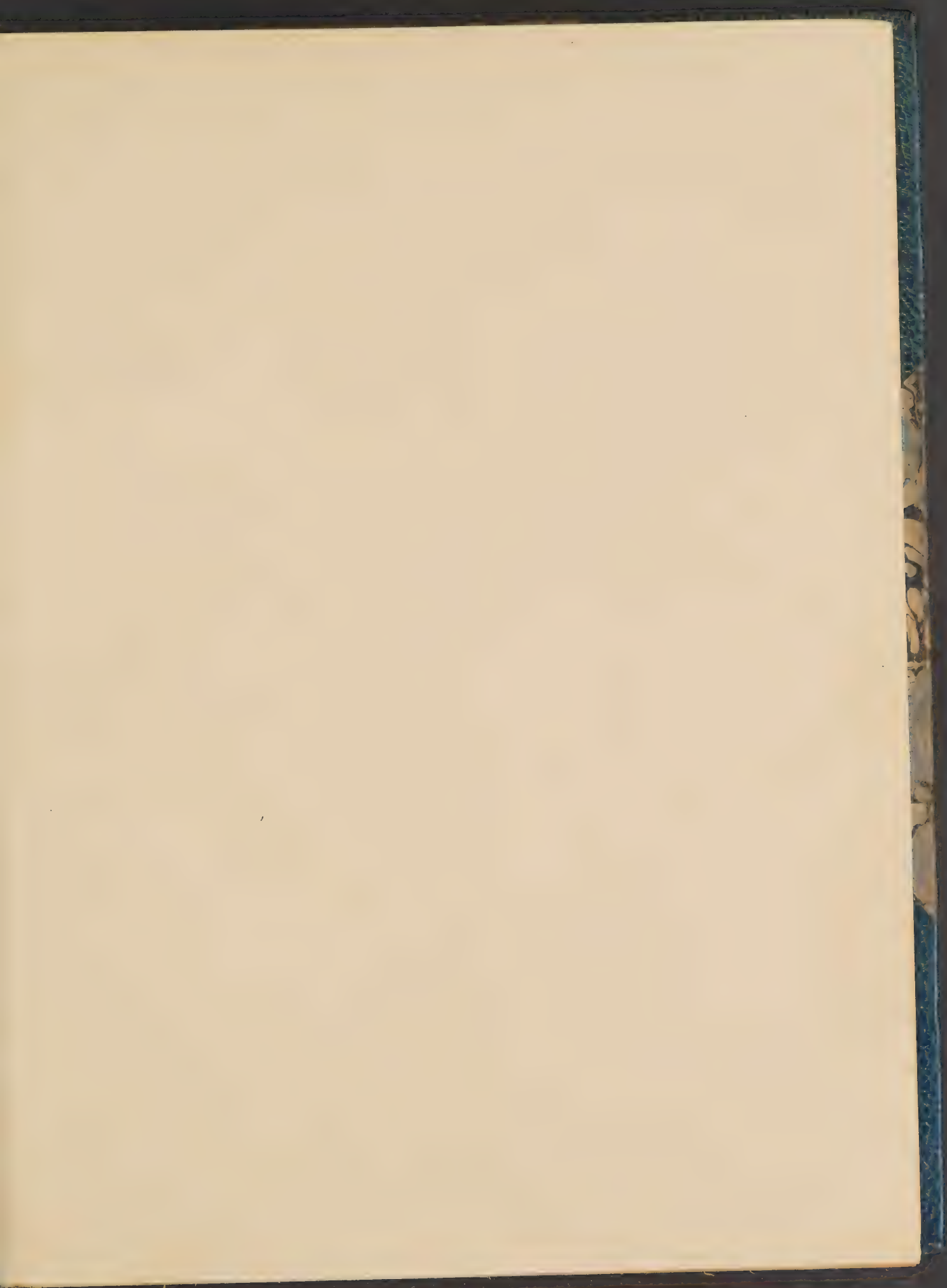


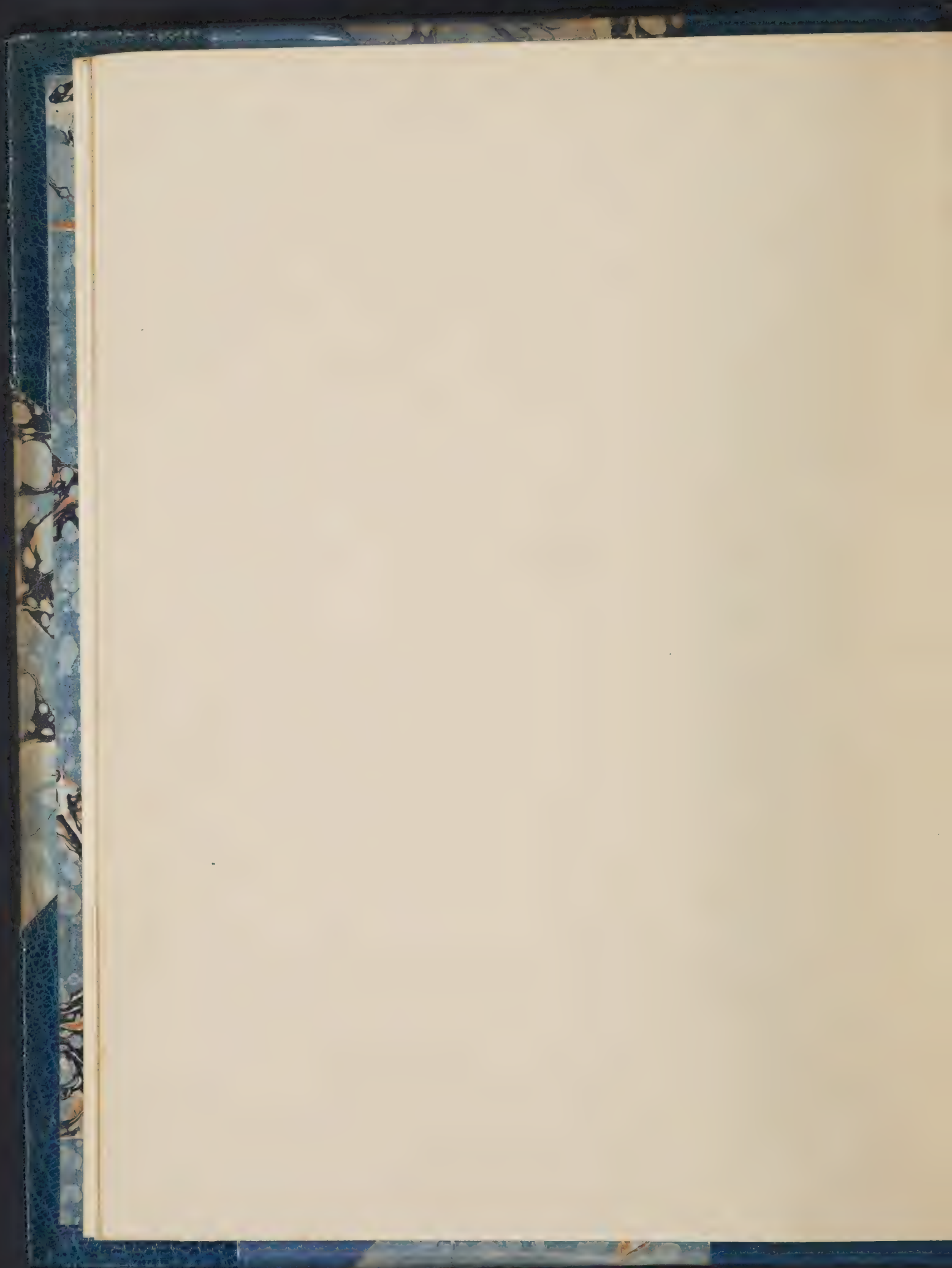


England's Melion.

PART I.







ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
Early English Poetry.

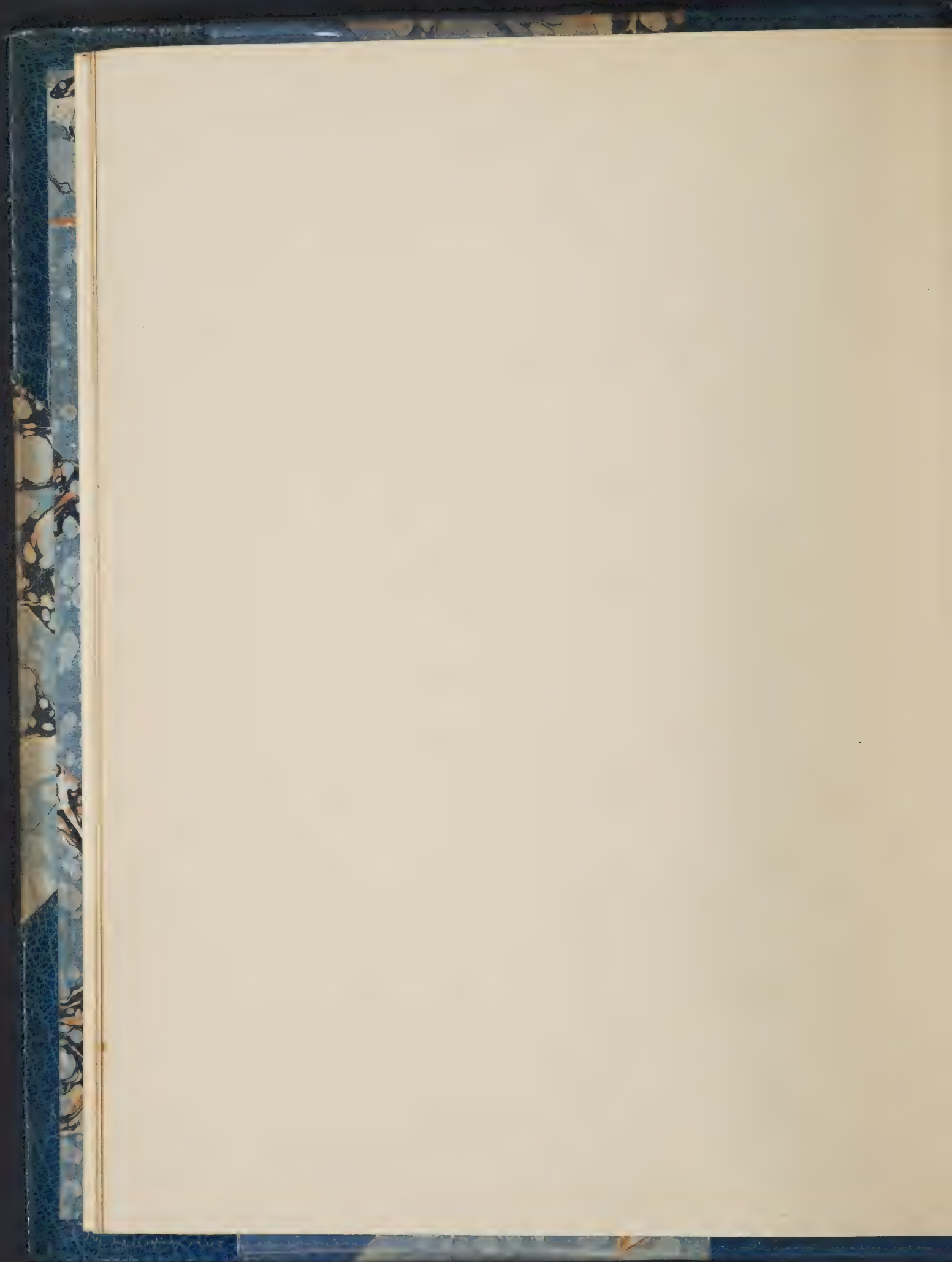
EDITED BY
J. PAYNE COLLIER.

VOL. V.



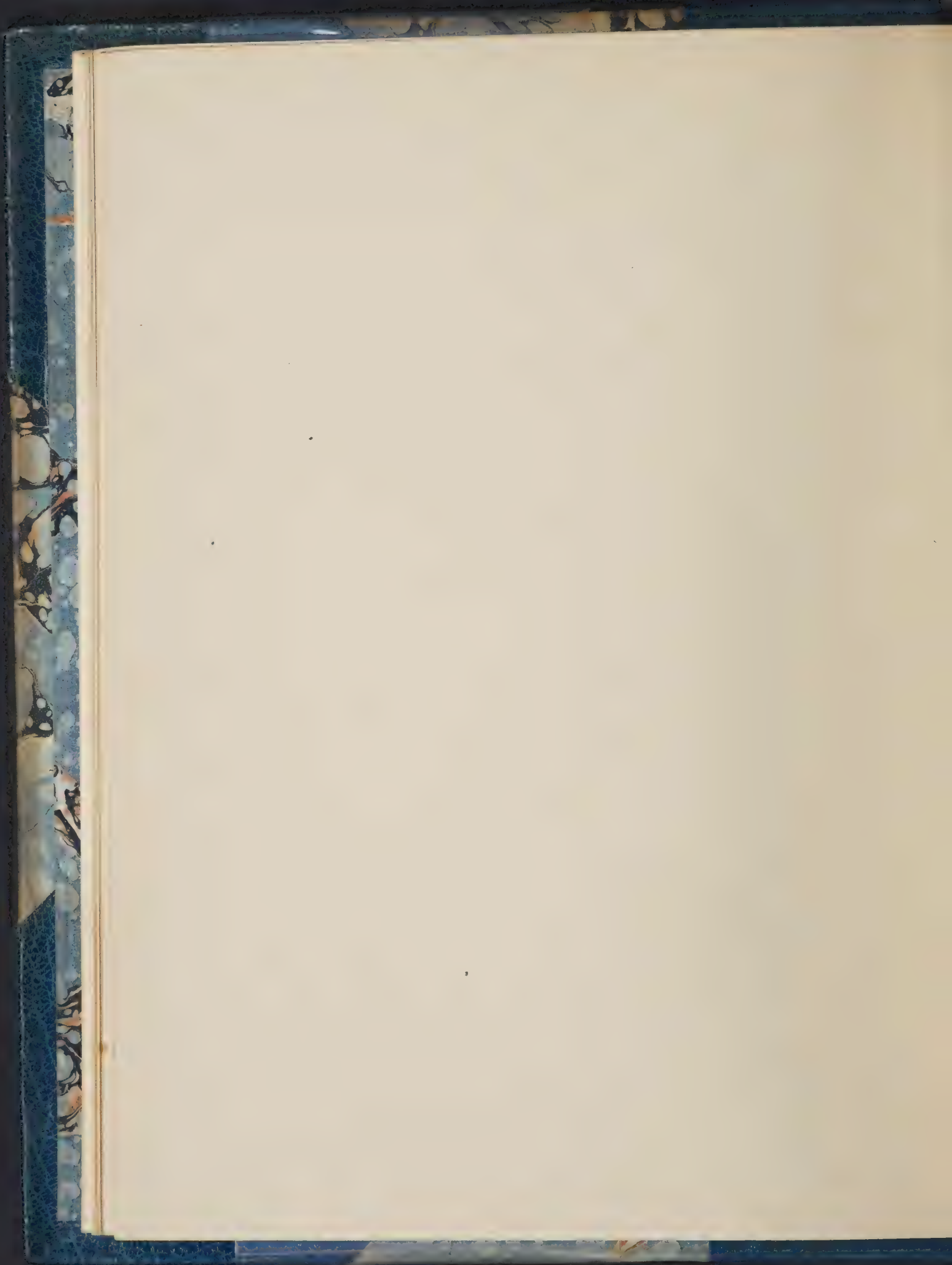
LONDON:
PRIVATELY PRINTED.

1866-70.



CONTENTS OF VOL. V.

1. ENGLAND'S HELICON. 1600.
2. DAVISON'S POETICAL RAPSODY. 1602.
3. AN ANTIDOTE AGAINST MELANCHOLY. 1661



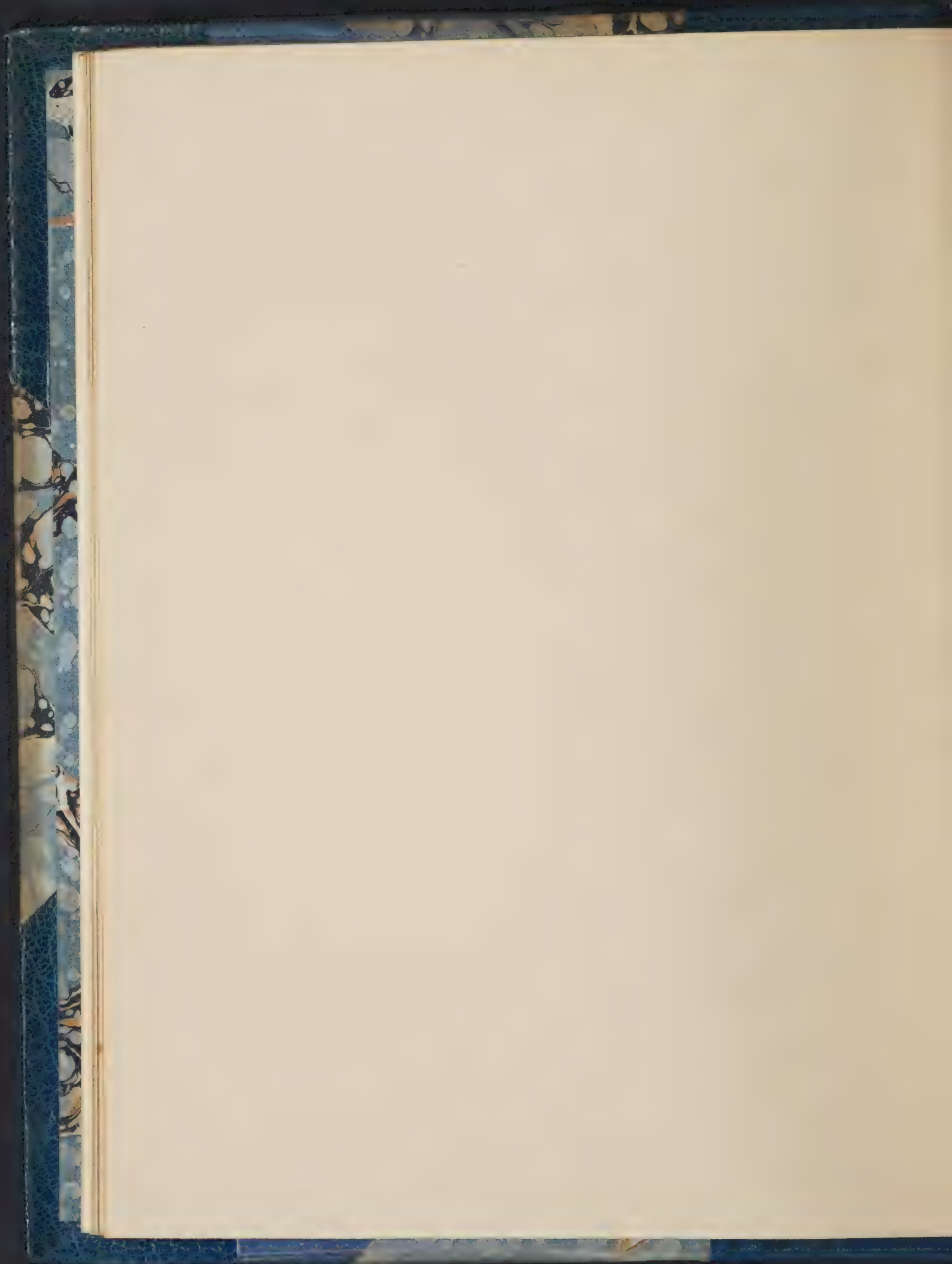
ENGLANDS
HELICON.

Casta placent superis,
pura cum veste venite,
Et manibus puris
fumite fontis aquam.



AT LONDON

Printed by I. R. for *Iohn Flasket*, and are
to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe
of the Beare. 1600.



TO HIS LOUING KINDE FRIEND

Maister *Iohn Bodenham.*

WITS Common-wealth, *the first fruites of thy paines,*
Drew on Wits Theater, the second Sonne :
By both of which, I cannot count the gaines,
And wondrous profit that the world hath wonne.

Next, in the Muses Garden, gathering flowres,
Thou mad'st a Nofegay, as was neuer sweeter :
Whose sent will sauour to Times latest howres,
And for the greatest Prince no Poesie meeter.

Now comes thy Helicon, to make compleate
And furnish vp thy last impos'd designe :
My paines heerein, I cannot terme it great,
But what-so-ere, my loue (and all) is thine. •
Take loue, take paines, take all remaines in me :
And where thou art, my hart still liues with thee.

A. B.

To his very louing friends, M. *Nicholas*

Wanton, and M. *George Faucet*.

* *
*

THOUGH many miles (but more occasions) doe sunder
vs (kinde Gentlemen) yet a promise at parting, dooth in
iustice claime performance, and assurance of gentle acceptance,
would mightilie condemne me if I should neglect it. Helicon,
though not as I could wish, yet in such good sort as time
would permit, hauing past the pikes of the Presse, comes now
to Yorke to salute her rightfull Patrone first, and next (as
his deere friends and kindsmen) to offer you her kinde ser-
uice. If shee speede well there, it is all shee requires, if they
frowne at her heere, she greatly not cares: for the wise (shee
knowes) will neuer be other then them selues, as for such then
as would seeme so, but neither are, nor euer will be, she holds
this as a maine principle; that their malice neede as little be
feared, as their fauour or friendship is to be desired. So
hoping you will not forget vs there, as we continuallie shall
be mindefull of you heere, I leaue you to the delight of
Englands Helicon.

Yours in all he may,

A. B.

To the Reader, if indifferent.

MANY honoured names haue heretofore (in their particular interest,) patronized some part of these inuentions: many here be, that onely these Collections haue brought to light, not inferiour (in the best opinions) to anie before published. The trauaile that hath beene taken in gathering them from so many handes, hath wearied some howres, which severed, might in part haue perished, digested into this meane volume, may in the opinion of some not be altogether vnworthy the labour. If any man hath beene defrauded of any thing by him composd, by another mans title put to the same, hee hath this benefit by this collection, freely to challenge his owne in publique, where els he might be robd of his proper due. No one thing beeing here placed by the Collector of the same under any mans name, eyther at large, or in letters, but as it was deliuered by some especiall copy comming to his handes. No one man, that shall take offence that his name is published to any invention of his, but he shall within the reading of a leafe or two, meete with another in reputation every way equal with himselfe, whose name hath beene before printed to his Poeme, which nowe taken away were more then theft: which may satisfie him that would faine seeme curious, or be intreated for his fame.

Nowe, if any Stationer shall finde faulte, that his Coppies are robd by any thing in this Collection, let me aske him this question, Why more in this, then in any Diuine or humaine Authour? From whence a man (writing of that argument) shal gather any saying, sentence, similie, or example, his name put to it who is the Authour of the same. This is the simplest of many reasons that I could vrdege, though perhaps the neereft his capacitie, but that I would be loth to trouble my selfe, to fatisfie him. Further, if any man whatsoever, in prizing of his owne birth or fortune, shall take in scorne, that a far meaner man in the eye of the world, shal be placed by him: I tell him plainly whatsoever so excepting, that, that mans wit is set by his, not that man by him. In which degree, the names of Poets (all feare and dutie ascribed to her great and sacred Name) have beene placed with the names of the greatest Princes of the world, by the most autentique and worthiest iudgements, without disparagement to their soueraigne titles: which if any man taking exception thereat, in ignorance know not, I hold him vnworthy to be placed by the meanest that is but graced with the title of a Poet. Thus gentle Reader I wish thee all happines.

L. N.

ENGLANDS HELICON.

The Sheepheard to his chosen Nimph.

ONELY ioy, now heere you are,
Fit to heare and ease my care :
Let my whispring voyce obtaine,
Sweet reward for sharpest paine.
Take me to thee, and thee to me,
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Night hath clos'd all in her cloke,
Twinkling starres Loue-thoughts prouoke,
Daunger hence good care dooth keepe
Iealousie it felfe dooth sleepe.
Take me to thee, and thee to me :
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Better place no wit can finde,
Cupids yoake to loose or binde,
These sweet flowers on fine bed too,
Vs in their best language woo,
Take me to thee, and thee to me :
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

This small light the Moone bestowes,
Serues thy beames but to enclose,

So to raife my hap more hie,
 Feare not else, none can vs spie.
 Take me to thee, and thee to me :
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

That you heard was but a Moufe,
 Dumbe sleepe holdeth all the house,
 Yet a-sleepe me thinks they fay,
 Young folkes, take time while you may.
 Take me to thee, and thee to me :
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Niggard Time threats, if we misse
 This large offer of our blisse,
 Long stay, ere he graunt the fame,
 (Sweet then) while each thing dooth frame,
 Take me to thee, and thee to me :
 No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Your faire Mother is a bed
 Candles out, and Curtaines spred,
 She thinks you doo Letters write,
 Write, but let me first indite.
 Take me to thee, and thee to me
 No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Sweete (alas) why faine you thus ?
 Concord better fitteth vs.
 Leaue to Mars the force of hands,
 Your power in your beauty stands.
 Take me to thee, and thee to me :
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Woe to me, and you doo fweare
Me to hate, but I forbeare,
Curfed be my deftenies all,
That brought me to fo high a fall.
 Soone with my death I will please thee :
 No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

FINIS. *S. Phil. Sidney.*

THEORELLO

A Shepheards Edillion.

You Shepheards which on hillocks fit,
 like Princes in their throanes :
And guide your flocks, which elfe would flit
 Your flocks of little ones :
Good Kings haue not difdained it,
 but Shepheards haue beene named :
A fheepe-hooke is a Scepter fit,
 for people well reclaimed.
The Shepheards life fo honour'd is and praifed :
That Kings leffe happy feeme, though higher raifed.

The Sommer Sunne hath guilded faire,
 with morning rayes the mountaines :
The birds doo caroll in the ayre,
 and naked Nymphs in Fountaines.
The Siluanes in their fhagged haire,
 with Hamadriades trace :

The fhadie Satires make a Quiere,
 which rocks with Ecchoes grace.
 All breathe delight, all folace in the feafon :
 Not now to fmg, were enemie to reafon.

Cofma my Loue, and more then fo,
 the life of mine affections :
 Nor life alone, but Lady too,
 and Queene of their directions.
 Cofma my Loue, is faire you know,
 and which you Sheepheards know not :
 Is (Sophi faid) thence called fo,
 but names her beauty fhowe not.
 Yet hath the world no better name then fhe :
 And then the world, no fairer thing can be.

The Sunne vpon her fore-head ftands
 (or iewell Sunne-like glorious,)
 Her fore-head wrought with Joues owne hands,
 for heauenly white notorious.
 Her golden lockes like Hermus fands
 (or then bright Hermus brighter :)
 A fpangled Cauill binds in with bands,
 then filuer morning lighter.
 And if the Planets are the chiefe in fkies :
 No other ftarres then Planets are her eyes.

Her cheeke her lip, fresh cheeke, more fresh,
 then felfe-blowne buds of Rofes :
 Rare lip, more red then thofe of flefh,
 which thoufand sweetes enclofes :

Sweet breath, which all things dooth refresh,
and words than breath farre sweeter :
Cheeke firme, lip firme, not fraile nor nesh,
as substance which is fleeter.
In praise doo not furmout, although in placing
Her cristall necke, round breast, and armes embracing.

The thorough-shining ayre I weene,
is not so perfect cleare :
As is the skie of her faire skinne,
whereon no spots appeare.
The parts which ought not to be seene,
for soueraigne woorth excell :
Her thighs with Azure braunched beene,
and all in her are well.
Long Iuorie hands, legges straighter then the Pine :
Well shapen feete, but vertue most diuine.

Nor cloathed like a Sheepheardeffe,
but rather like a Queene :
Her mantle dooth the formes expresse,
of all which may be scene.
Roabe fitter for an Empreffe,
then for a Sheepheards loue :
Roabe fit alone for such a Lasse,
as Emperours doth moue. [brother,
Roabe which heauens Queene, the bride of her owne
Would grace herselfe with, or with such another.

Who euer (and who else but Ioue)
embroidered the fame :

Hee knew the world, and what did moue,
in all the mightie frame.
So well (belike his skill to proue)
the counterfeits he wrought :
Of wood-Gods, and of euery groaue,
and all which else was ought.
Is there a beaft, a bird, a fifh worth noate ?
Then that he drew, and picturde in her coate.

A vaile of Lawne like vapour thin
vnto her anckle trailes :
Through which the fshapes difcerned bin,
as to and fro it failes.
Shapes both of men, who neuer lin
to fearch her wonders out
Of monfters and of Gods a kin,
which her empale about.
A little world her flowing garment feemes :
And who but as a wonder thereof deemes ?

For heere and there appeare forth towers,
among the chalkie downes :
Citties among the Country bowers,
which fmiling Sun-fhine crownes.
Her mettall bufkins deckt with flowers,
as th' earth when frofts are gone :
Besprinckled are with Orient fhowers
of hayle and pebble ftone.
Her feature peereleffe, peereleffe her attire,
I can but loue her loue, with zeale entire.

O who can sing her beauties best,
or that remains vnfung?
Doe thou Apollo tune the rest,
vnworthy is my tongue
To gaze on her, is to be blest,
fo wondrous fayre her face is;
Her fairenes cannot be exprest,
in Goddeffes nor Graces.

I loue my loue, the goodly worke of Nature:
Admire her face, but more admire her stature.

On thee (ô Cosma) will I gaze,
and reade thy beauties euer:
Delighting in the blessed maze,
which can be ended neuer.
For in the luster of thy rayes,
appeares thy parents brightnes:
Who himfelfe infinite displaies
in thee his proper greatnes.

My song must end, but neuer my desire:
For Cosmas face is Theorellos fire.

FINIS.

E. B.

Astrophels Loue is dead.

Ring out your belles, let mourning shewes be spread,
For Loue is dead.
All loue is dead infected
With plague of deepe disdaine:

Worth as nought worth reiected,
 And faith faire scorne doth gaine.
 From so vngratefull fancie,
 From such a femall frenzie,
 From them that vse men thus :
 Good Lord deliuer vs.

Weepe neighbours weepe, doe you not heare it faide
 That Loue is dead ?
 His death-bed Peacocks follie,
 His winding sheete is shame :
 His will false, seeming holie,
 His sole exectour blame.
 From so vngratefull fancie,
 From such a female frenzie,
 From them that vse mee thus :
 Good Lord deliuer vs.

Let Dirge be funge, and Trentals richly read,
 For Loue is dead.
 And wrong his Tombe ordaineth,
 My Miftresse marble hart :
 Which Epitaph containeth,
 Her eyes were once his Dart.
 From so vngratefull fancie,
 From such a female frenzie,
 From them that vse men thus :
 Good Lord deliuer vs.

Alas, I lye, rage hath this errour bred,
 Loue is not dead.

Loue is not dead, but fleepeth
In her vnmatched minde :
Where fhee his counfell keepeth,
Till due defert fhe find.

Therefore from fo vile fancie,
To call fuch wit a frenzie,
Who loue can temper thus :
Good Lord deliuer vs.

FINIS.

Sir Phil. Sidney.

A Palinode.

As withereth the Primrofe by the riuer,
As fadeth Sommers-funne from gliding fountaines ;
As vanifheth the light blowne bubble euer,
As melteth fnow vpon the moffie Mountaines.
So melts, fo vanifheth, fo fades, fo withers,
The Rose, the fhine, the bubble and the fnow,
Of praife, pompe, glorie, ioy (which fhort life gathers,)
Faire praife, vaine pompe, fweet glory, brittle ioy.
The withered Primrofe by the mourning riuer,
The faded Sommers-funne from weeping fountaines :
The light-blowne bubble, vanifhed for euer,
The molten fnow vpon the naked mountaines,
Are Emblems that the treasures we vp-lay,
Soone wither, vanifh, fade, and melt away.

For as the fnowe, whose lawne did ouer-fpread
Th' ambitious hills, which Giant-like did threat

To pierce the heauen with theyr aspiring head,
 Naked and bare doth leaue their craggie feate.
 When as the bubble, which did emptie flie
 The daliance of the vndiscerned winde :
 On whose calme rowling waues it did relie,
 Hath shipwrack made, where it did daliance finde :
 And when the Sun-shine which dissolu'd the snow,
 Cullourd the bubble with a pleafant varie,
 And made the rathe and timely Primrose grow,
 Swarth cloudes with-drawne (which longer time doe tarie)
 Oh what is praife, pompe, glory, ioy, but fo
 As fhine by fountaines, bubbles, flowers or snow ?

*FINIS.**E. B.**Astrophell the Sheep-heard, his complaint to his flocke.*

Goe my flocke, goe get yee hence,
 Seeke a better place of feeding :
 Where yee may haue fome defence
 From the stormes in my breast breeding,
 And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leaue a wretch, in whom all woe,
 can abide to keepe no measure :
 Merry Flocke, such one forgoe
 vnto whom mirth is displeasure,
 onely ritch in mischiefes treasure.

Yet (alas) before you goe,
 heare your wofull Maisters Storie :

Which to stones I else would shewe,
Sorrow onely then hath glorie :
when tis excellently forrie.

Stella, fiercest Sheepheardefse,
fiercest, but yet fairest euer :
Stella, whom the heauens still bleffe,
though against me she perseuer,
though I blisse, inherite neuer.

Stella hath refused me,
Stella, who more loue hath proued
In this caitiffe hart to be,
Then can in good by vs be moued :
Towards Lambkins best beloued.

Stella, hath refused me,
Astrophell that so well ferued.
In this pleasant Spring must see
while in pride flowers be preferued :
himselſe onely Winter-sterued.

Why (alas) then dooth she sweare,
that she loueth me so dearely :
Seeing me so long to beare
coales of loue that burne so clearely :
and yet leaue me helpleffe meereſly ?

Is that loue ? Forſooth I trow,
if I ſaw my good dogge greeued :
And a helpe for him did know,

my Loue should not be beleued :
but he were by me releued.

No, she hates me, well away,
faigning loue, somewhat to please me :
Knowing, if she should display
all her hate, Death soone would seaze me :
and of hideous torments ease me.

Then my deare Flocke now adiew,
but (alas) if in your straying,
Heauenly Stella meete with you,
tell her in your pitious blaying :
her poore slaues vniust decaying.

*FINIS.**S. Phil. Sidney.*

*Hobbinolls Dittie in praise of Eliza Queene of the
Sheepheards.*

Yee dainty Nymphs that in this blessed Brooke
Doo bath your brest ;
Forfake your watry Bowers, and hether looke
At my request.
And you faire Virgins that on Parnasse dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon the learned well :
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Who in her sexe dooth all excell.

Of faire Eliza be your filuer fong,
That blessed wight :
The flower of Virgins, may she flourish long,
In Princely plight :
For she is Sirinx daughter, without spot,
Which Pan the Shepheards God on her begot :
So sprung her Grace,
Of heauenly race :
No mortall blemish may her blot.

See where she fits vpon the grassie greene,
O seemely fight :
Yclad in scarlet, like a mayden Queene,
And Ermines white.
Vpon her head a crimson Coronet,
With Daffadils and Damaske Roses fet,
Bay leaues betweene,
And Primeroses greene :
Embellish the sweet Violet.

Tell me, haue ye beheld her Angels face,
Like Phœbe faire ?
Her heauenly hauiour, her Princely Grace,
Can well compare
The red-Rose medled and the white yfere,
In eyther cheeke depeincten liuely cheere.
Her modest eye,
Her Maiestie,
Where haue you seene the like but there ?

I saw Phœbus thrust out his golden head,
On her to gaze :

But when he faw how broade her beames did fspread :
 It did him maze.
 He blufht to fee an other Sunne below,
 Ne durft againe his fierie face out-fhow :
 Let him if he dare
 His brightnes compare
 With hers, to haue the ouerthrow.

Shew thy felfe Cinthia with thy filuer rayes,
 And be not abafht,
 When fhe the beames of her beauty difplayes,
 Oh how art thou dafht ?
 But I will not match her with Latonaes feede,
 Such folly great forrow to Niobe did breede,
 Now is fhe a ftone,
 And makes deadly moane,
 Warning all others to take heede

Pan may be proud, that euer he begot
 Such a Bellibone :
 And Sirinx reioyce, that euer was her lot
 To beare fuch a one.
 Soone as my Younglings cryen for the dam,
 To her will I offer a milk-white Lamb.
 Shee is my Goddeffe plaine,
 And I her Sheepheards Swaine,
 Albe for-fwonck and for-fwat I am.

I fee Caliope fpeede her to the place,
 Where my Goddeffe fhines :
 And after her the other Mufes trace
 With their Violines.

Bin they not Baie-braunches which they doo beare :
All for Eliza in her hand to weare ?
 So sweetly they play,
 And sing all the way,
That it a heauen is to heare.

Loe how finely the Graces can it foote,
 To the Instrument :
They dauncen deffely, and singen foote
 In their merriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace to make the daunce euen ?
Let that roome to my Lady be giuen.
 Shee shall be a Grace,
 To fill the fourth place,
And raigne with the rest in heauen.

And whether runnes this beuie of Ladies bright,
 Ranged in a roe ?
They been all Ladies of the Lake behight
 That vnto her goe :
Chloris, that is the chiefe Nymph of all,
Of Oliue-braunches beares a Coronall :
 Oliues beene for peace
 When warres doo surcease,
Such for a Princeffe beene principall.

Bring hether the Pinke and purple Cullumbine.
 With Gillyflowers
Bring sweet Carnations, and Sops and wine,
 Worne of Paramours.
Strew me the ground with Daffa-down-Dillies,

And Cowslips, and Kings-cups, and loued Lillies,
The pretty Paunce,
And the Cheuifaunce,
Shall match with the faire flower-Delice.

Ye Sheepheards daughters that dwell on the greene,
Hie you there a pace,
Let none come there but such as Virgins beene,
To adorne her Grace.

And when you come where as she is in place :
See that your rudenes doo not you disgrace.

Bind your Fillets fast,
And gird on your waist :
For more finenesse with a Tawdrie lace.

Now rife vp Eliza, decked as thou art,
In royall ray :
And now ye dainty Damfels may depart,
Each one her way.

I feare I haue troubled your troupes too long :
Let dame Eliza thank you for her Song.

And if you come hether,
When Damzins I gather
I will part them all, you among.

FINIS.

Edm. Spencer.

The Sheepheards Daffadill.

Gorbo, as thou cam'st this way
By yonder little hill,
Or as thou through the fields didst stray
Saw'st thou my Daffadill ?

Shée's in a frocke of Lincolne greene,
The colour Maydes delight,
And neuer hath her Beauty feene,
But through a vayle of white.

Then Rosés richer to behold,
That dresse vp Louers Bowers,
The Panfie and the Marigold
Are Phœbus Paramoures.

Thou well describ'ſt the Daffadill,
It is not full an hower
Since by the Spring neere yonder hill
I ſaw that louely flower.

Yet with my flower thou didſt not meete,
Nor newes of her doeſt bring,
Yet is my Daffadill more ſweete
Then that by yonder Spring.

I ſaw a Sheepheard that doth keepe
In yonder field of Lillies,
Was making (as he fed his ſheepe)
A wreath of Daffadillies.

Yet Gorbo : thou delud'ſt me ſtill,
My flower thou didſt not ſee.
For know ; my pretty Daffadill
I worne of none but mee.

To ſhew it ſelfe but neere her feate
No Lilly is ſo bold.

Except to fhade her from the heate,
Or keepe her from the cold.

Through yonder vale as I did paffe
Descending from the hill,
I met a fmerking Bonny-lasse,
They call her Daffadill.

Whose prefence as a-long fhe went
The pretty flowers did greete,
As though their heads they downe-ward bent,
With homage to her feete.

And all the Sheepheards that were nie,
From top of euery hill ;
Vnto the Vallies loud did crie
There goes sweet Daffadill.

I gentle Sheepheard now with ioy
Thou all my flock doeft fill :
Come goe with me thou Sheepheards boy,
Let vs to Daffadill.

FINIS. *Michaell Drayton.*

A Canzon Pastorall in honour of her Maiestie.

Alas what pleasure now the pleasant Spring
Hath giuen place,
To harsh black frosts the sad ground couering,
Can wee poore wee embrace,

When euery bird on euery branch can finge
Nought but this note of woe alas ?
Alas this note of woe why should we found ?
With vs as May, September hath a prime,
Then birds and branches your alas is fond,
Which call vpon the absent Sommer time :
For did flowres make our May
Or the Sun beames your day.
When Night and Winter did the world embrace,
Well might you waile your ill and finge alas.

Loe Matron-like the Earth her felfe attires
In habite graue,
Naked the fields are, bloomelesse are the brires,
Yet we a Sommer haue,
Who in our clime kindleth these liuing fires,
Which bloomes can on the briers faue.
No Ice doth christallize the running Brooke,
No blast deflowres the flowre-adorned field,
Christall is cleere, but cleerer is the looke,
Which in our climes these liuing fires dooth yield :
Winter though euery where
Hath no abiding heere :
On Brooks and Briers she doth rule alone,
The Sunne which lights our world is alwayes one.

*FINIS.**Edmund Bolton.*

Melicertus Madrigale.

What are my Sheepe, without their wonted foode ?
 What is my life, except I gaine my Loue ?
 My Sheepe consume, and faint for want of blood,
 My life is lost vnlesse I Grace approue.

No flower that faplesse thriues,
 No Turtle without pheare.

The day without the Sunne doth lower for woe,
 Then woe mine eyes, vnlesse they beauty see :
 My Sonne Samelaes eyes, by whom I know,
 Wherein delight consists, where pleasures be.

Nought more the hart reuiues,
 Then to embrace his Deare.

The starres from earthly humours gaine their light,
 Our humours by their light possesse their power :
 Samelaes eyes fed by my weeping sight,
 Infuse my paines or ioyes, by smile or lower.

So wends the source of loue,
 It feedes, it failes, it ends.

Kind lookes, cleare to your Ioy, behold her eyes,
 Admire her hart, desire to tast her kisses :
 In them the heauen of ioy and solace lyes,
 Without them euery hope his succour misses.

Oh how I liue to prooue,
 Whereto this solace tends ?

*FINIS.**Ro. Greene.*

Olde Damons Pastorall.

From Fortunes frownes and change remou'd,
wend filly Flocks in bleffed feeding :
None of Damon more belou'd,
feede gentle Lambs while I fit reading.

Careleffe worldlings outrage quelleth
all the pride and pompe of Cittie :
But true peace with Sheepheards dwelleth,
(Sheepheards who delight in pittie)
Whether grace of heauen betideth,
on our humble minds fuch pleafure :
Perfect peace with Swaines abideth,
loue and faith is Sheepheards treafure.
On the lower Plaines the thunder
little thriues, and nought preuaileth :
Yet in Citties breedeth wonder,
and the highest hills affaileth.

Enuie of a forraigne Tyrant
threatneth Kings, not Sheepheards humble :
Age makes filly Swaines delirant,
thirft of rule garres great men ftumble.
What to other feemeth forrie,
abieft state and humble biding :
Is our ioy and Country glorie,
higheft states haue worfe betiding.
Golden cups doo harbour poyfon,
and the greateft pompe, diffembling :

Court of feafoned words hath foyfon,
treafon haunts in moft affembling.

Homely breafths doo harbour quiet,
little feare and mickle folace :
States fufpect their bed and diet,
feare and craft doo haunt the Pallace.
Little would I, little want I,
where the mind and ftore agreeth,
Smalleft comfort is not scantie,
leaft he longs that little feeth.
Time hath beene that I haue longed,
foolifh I, to like of follie :
To conuerfe where honour thronged,
to my pleasures linked wholly.

Now I fee, and feeling forrow
that the day confum'd, returnes not :
Who dare truft vpon to morrow,
when nor time, nor life foiournes not ?

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

Perigot and Cuddies Roundelay.

It fell vpon a holy-Eue,
hey hoe holy-day :
When holy-Fathers wont to fhriue,
now ginneth this Roundelay.
Sitting vpon a hill fo hie,
hey hoe the hie hill :

The while my flocke did feede thereby,
the while the Sheeheardes felfe did spill.

I faw the bouncing Bellybone,
hey hoe Bonny-bell :
Tripping ouer the Dale alone,
fhee can trip it very well.
Well decked in a Frock of gray,
hey hoe gray is greate :
And in a Kirtle of greene Say,
the greene is for Maydens meete.

A Chaplet on her head fhe wore,
hey hoe the Chaplet :
Of sweet Violets therein was store,
fhe's sweeter then the Violet.
My sheepe did leaue their wonted food,
hey hoe filly Sheepe :
And gaz'd on her as they were wood,
wood as he that did them keepe.

And the Bony-lasse paffed by,
hey hoe Bony lasse :
Shee rold at me with glauncing eye,
as cleare as the Christall-glasse.
All as the Sunne-beame fo bright,
hey hoe the Sun-beame :
Glaunceth from Phœbus face forth right,
fo love into my hart did streame.

Or as the thunder cleaues the clouds,
hey hoe the thunder :

Wherein the lightfome levin shrouds,
fo cleaues my foule a-funder.
Or as Dame Cinthias filuer ray,
hey hoe the moone-light :
Vpon the glistering waue doth play,
Such play is a pitteous plight.

The glaunce into my heart did glide,
hey hoe the glider :
There-with my foule was sharply gride,
such wounds soone wexen wider.
Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
hey hoe Perigot :
I left the head in my hart roote,
it was a desperate shot.

There it rankleth aye more and more,
hey hoe the arrow :
Ne can I finde salue for my fore,
loue is a curelesse forrow.
And though my bale with death I bought,
hey hoe heauie cheere :
Yet should thilke lasse not from my thought,
So you may buy gold too deare.

But whether in painfull loue I pine,
hey hoe pinching paine :
Or thriue in wealth, she shall be mine,
but if thou can her obtaine.
And if for gracelesse greefe I dye
hey hoe gracelesse greefe :

Witnesse, she flew me with her eye,
let thy folly bee the preefe.

And you that saw it, simple sheepe,
hey hoe the faire flocke :
For priefe thereof my death shall weepe,
and moan with many a mocke.
So learn'd I loue on a holy-Eue,
hey hoe holy-day :
That euer since my hart did greeue,
now endeth our Roundelay.

FINIS.

Edm. Spencer.

Phillida and Coridon.

In the mery moneth of May,
In a morne by breake of day,
Foorth I walked by the woodside,
When as May was in his pride :
There I spied all alone,
Phillida and Coridon.
Much a-doo there was God wot,
He would love, and she would not.
She sayd never man was true,
He sayd, none was false to you.
He sayd, he had lou'd her long,
She sayd, Loue should have no wrong.
Coridon would kisse her then,
She said, Maides must kisse no men,
Till they did for good and all.

Then she made the Sheepheard call
All the heavens to witnesse truth:
Neuer lou'd a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as filly Sheepheards vse,
When they will not Love abuse;
Loue, which had beene long deluded,
Was with kiffes fweete concluded,
And Phillida with garlands gay:
Was made the Lady of the May.

*FINIS.**N. Breton.*

To Colin Cloute.

Beautie fate bathing by a Spring,
where fayrest shades did hide her.
The winds blew calme, the birds did sing,
the coole streames ranne beside her.
My wanton thoughts entic'd mine eye,
to see what was forbidden:
But better Memory said, fie,
fo, vaine desire was chidden.
hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.

Into a flumber then I fell,
when fond imagination:
Seemed to see, but could not tell
her feature or her fashon.
But euen as Babes in dreames doo smile,
and sometime fall a weeping:

So I awakt, as wife the while,
as when I fell a sleeping.
hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.

FINIS.

Sheepheard Tonie.

Rowlands Song in praise of the fairest Beta.

*O thou siluer Thames, ô clearest christall flood,
Beta alone the Phœnix is of all thy watry brood.
The Queene of Virgins onely she,
And thou the Queene of floods shalt be.
Let all the Nymphs be ioyfull then, to see this happy day:
Thy Beta now alone shall be the subiect of my Lay.*

*With dainty and delightfome straines of sweetest Virelayes,
Come louely Sheepheards sit we down, & chaunt our Betas
praise.
And let vs sing so rare a verse,
Our Betas praises to rehearse:
That little birds shall silent be, to heare poore Sheepheards
sing:
And Riuers backward bend their course, & flow vnto the
spring.*

*Range all thy swannes faire Thames together in a ranke:
And place them duly one by one vpon thy stately banke.
Then set together all a-good,
Recording to the siluer flood:
And craue the tunefull Nightingale to helpe ye with his Lay
The Osell and the Thrustlecocke, chiefe musique of our May.*

*O see what troupes of Nymphs been sporting on the strands,
And they been blessed Nymphs of peace, with Oliues in
their hands.*

*How merrily the Muses sing,
That all the flowrie meddowes ring
And Beta sets vpon the banke in purple and in pall,
And she the Queene of Muses is, and weares the Coronall.*

*Trim vp her golden tresses with Apollos sacred tree,
O happy sight vnto all those that loue and honour thee,
The blessed Angels haue prepar'd
A glorious crowne for thy reward?
Not such a golden crowne as haughty Cæsar weares:
But such a glittering starrie crowne as Ariadne beares.*

*Make her a goodly Chaplet of azurd Cullumbine,
And wreath about her Coronet with sweetest Eglantine.
Bedeck our Beta all with Lillies.
And the dainty Daffadillies,
With Roses Damaske, white and red, and fairest flowre-
Delice:
With cowslips of Ierusalem, and Cloaues of Paradise.*

*O thou faire Torch of heauen, the dayes most dearest light,
And thou bright-shining Cinthia, the glory of the night.
You starres the eyes of heauen,
And thou the glyding leuen,
And thou ô gorgeous Iris, with all strange colours dyed:
When she streames forth her rayes, then dasht is all your
pride.*

*See how the Day stands still, admiring of her face,
And Time loe stretcheth forth his armes thy Beta to embrace.
The Sirens sing sweete Layes,
The Trytons sound her prayse,
Goe passe on Thames, and hie thee fast vnto the Ocean Sea:
And let thy billowes there proclaime thy Betas holy-day.*

*And water thou the blessed roote of that greene Oliue tree,
With whose sweete shadow all thy bancks with peace pre-
serued be.*

*Laurell for Poets and Conquerours:
And Mirtle for Loues Paramours.
That fame may be thy fruite, the boughs preferu'd by peace,
And let the mournfull Cypres die, now stormes and tempests
cease.*

*Weele strew the shoare with pearle, where Beta walks a-lone,
And we will paue her Princely Bower with richest Indian
Perfume the ayre, and make it sweete, [stone.
For such a Goddesse it is meete.
For if her eyes for purity contend with Titans light:
No meruaile then, although they so doo dazell humaine fight.*

*Sound out your Trumpets then from Londons stately
Towers,
To beate the stormie winds a-backe, and calme the raging
Set to the Cornet and the Flute, [showers.
The Orpharion and the Lute:
And tune the Taber and the Pipe to the sweet Violons:
And mooue the thunder in the ayre with lowdest Clarions,*

*Beta, long may thine Altars smooke with yeerely sacrifice,
 And long thy sacred temples may their Sabaoths solemnise.
 Thy Sheeheardes watch by day and night,
 Thy Maides attend the holy light, [West:
 And thy large Empire stretch her armes from East vnto the
 And Albion on the Appenines aduaunce her conquering
 crest.*

*FINIS.**Mich. Drayton.**The Barginet of Antimachus.*

In pride of youth, in midst of May,
 When birds with many a merry Lay,
 falute the Sunnes vp-rising :
 I fate me downe fast by a Spring,
 And while these merry Chaunters sing
 I fell vpon furmizing.
 Amidst my doubt and minds debate,
 Of change of time, of worlds estate,
 I spyed a boy attired
 In filuer plumes, yet naked quite,
 Saue pretty feathers fit for flight,
 wherewith he still aspired.
 A bowe he bare to worke mens wrack,
 A little Quiuer at his back,
 with many arrowes filled :
 And in his soft and pretty hand,
 He held a liuely burning brand,
 where-with he Louers killed.
 Fast by his side, in rich aray,

There fate a louely Lady gay,
his mother as I gueffed :
That fet the Lad vpon her knee,
And trimd his bowe, and taught him flee,
and mickle Loue professed.
Oft from her lap at fundry ftoures,
He leapt, and gathered Sommer flowres,
both Violets and Rofes :
But fee the chaunce that followed fast,
As he the pompe of prime dooth waft,
before that he fupposes :
A Bee that harbour'd hard thereby,
Did fting his hand, and made him crye
Oh Mother, I am wounded :
Faire Venus that beheld her Sonne,
Cryed out alas, I am vndone,
and there-vpon fhe fwounded.
My little Lad the Goddeffe fayd,
Who hath my Cupid fo difmayd ?
he aunfwered : Gentle Mother
The hony-worker in the Hiue,
My greefe and mifchiefe dooth contriue,
alas it is none other.
Shee kift the Lad : Now marke the chaunce,
And ftraite fhe fell into a traunce,
and crying, thus concluded :
Ah wanton boy, like to the Bee,
Thou with a kiffe haft wounded me,
and hapleffe Loue included.
A little Bee dooth thee affright,
But ah, my wounds are full of fpight,
and cannot be recured :

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

The Eagle frownd, and shooke his royall wings,
And charg'd the Flie
From thence to hie.
Afraide, in hast the little creature flings,
Yet seekes againe,

Fearefull to pearke him by the Eagles side.
With moodie vaine
The speedie poast of Ganimede replide :
Vaffaile au aunt, or with my wings you die.
Ist fit an Eagle feate him with a Flie ?

The Flie crau'd pittie, still the Eagle frownd.
The fillie Flie
Ready to die :
Disgrac'd, displac'd, fell groueling to the ground.
The Eagle fawe :
And with a royall mind saide to the Flie,
Be not in awe,
I scorne by me the meanest creature die.
Then feate thee heere : The ioyfull Flie vp-flings,
And fate safe shadowed with the Eagles wings.

*FINIS.**Ro. Greene.*

A Pastorall of Phillis and Coridon.

On a hill there growes a flower,
faire befall the dainty sweete :
By that flower there is a Bower,
where the heauenly Muses meete.

In that Bower there is a chaire,
frindged all about with gold :
Where dooth sit the fairest faire,
that euer eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis faire and bright,
 fhee that is the Sheepheards ioy :
 Shee that Venus did despight,
 and did blind her little boy

This is fhe, the wife, the rich,
 that the world defires to fee :
 This is *ipsa quæ* the which,
 there is none but onely fhee.

Who would not this face admire ?
 who would not this Saint adore ?
 Who would not this fight desire,
 though he thought to fee no more ?

Oh faire eyes, yet let me fee,
 one good looke, and I am gone :
 Looke on me, for I am hee,
 thy poore filly Coridon.

Thou that art the Sheepheards Queene,
 looke vpon thy filly Swaine :
 By thy comfort haue beene feene
 dead men brought to life againe.

*FINIS.**N. Breton.**Coridon and Melampus Song.*

Cor. Melampus, when will Loue be void of feares ?

Mel. When Iealoufie hath neither eyes nor eares.

Cor. Melampus, when will Loue be throughly fhrieued ?

Mel. When it is hard to fpeake, and not beleeued.

Cor. Melampus, when is Loue moft malecontent ?

Mel. When Louers range, and beare their bowes vn timer.

Cor. Melampus, tell me, when takes Loue leaft harme ?

Mel. When Swaines sweete pipes are puffed, and Trulls are warme.

Cor. Melampus, tell me, when is Loue beft fed ?

Mel. When it hath fuck'd the fweet that eafe hath bred.

Cor. Melampus, when is time in Loue ill fpent ?

Mel. When it eames meede, and yet receaues no rent.

Cor. Melampus, when is time well fpent in Loue ?

Mel. When deedes win meedes, and words Loues works doo proue.

FINIS.

Geo. Peele.

Tityrus to his faire Phillis.

The filly Swaine whose loue breedes difcontent,
Thinks death a trifle, life a loathfome thing,

Sad he lookes, fad he lyes :

But when his Fortunes mallice dooth relent,
Then of Loues sweetnes he will sweetly fmg,
thus he liues, thus he dyes.

Then Tityrus whom Loue hath happy made,
Will reft thrice happy in this Mirtle fhade.

For though Loue firft did greeue him :

Yet did Loue at laft releue him.

FINIS.

I. D.

Sheepheard.

Sweete thrall, first step to Loues felicitie,
Sheepheardesse.

Sweete thrall, no stop to perfect libertie.

Hee. O life. *Shee.* What life?

Hee. Sweete life. *Shee.* No life more sweete :

Hee. O Loue. *Shee.* What loue?

Hee. Sweete Loue. *Shee.* No loue more meete.

FINIS.

I. M.

Another of the same Author.

Fields were ouer-spread with flowers ;
 Fairest choise of Floraes treasure :
 Sheepheards there had shadie Bowers,
 Where they oft reposd with pleasure.
 Meadowes flourish'd fresh and gay,
 where the wanton Heards did play.

Springs more cleare then Christall streames,
 Seated were the Groues among :
 Thus nor Titans scorching beames,
 Nor earths drouth could Sheepheards wrong.
 Faire Pomonaes fruitfull pride :
 did the budding braunches hide.

Flocks of sheepe fed on the Plaines,
 Harmeleffe sheepe that roamd at large :

Heere and there fate pensive Swaines,
Wayting on their wandring charge.
 Pensive while their Lasses smil'd :
 Lasses which had them beguil'd.

Hills with trees were richly dight,
Vallies stor'd with Vestaes wealth :
Both did harbour sweet delight,
Nought was there to hinder health.
 Thus did heauen grace the foyle :
 Not deform'd with work-mens toile.

Purest plot of earthly mold,
Might the Land be iustly named :
Art by Nature was controld,
Art which no such pleasures framed.
 Fayrer place was neuer seene :
 Fittest place for Beauties Queene.

FINIS.

I. M.

Menaphon to Pefana.

Faire fields proud Floraes vaunt, why is't you smile,
 when as I languish ?
You golden Meades, why striue you to beguile
 my weeping anguish ?
I liue to sorrow, you to pleasure spring,
 why doo ye spring thus ?
What, will not Boreas tempests wrathfull King,
 take some pittie on vs ?

And fend forth Winter in her rustie weede,
to waile my bemoanings :
While I distrest doo tune my Country Reede
vnto my groanings.
But heauen and earth, time, place, and euery power,
haue with her conspired :
To turne my blisfull sweete to balefull fower,
since I fond desired.
The heauen whereto my thoughts may not aspire,
aye me vnhappie :
It was my fault t'imbrace my bane the fire
that forceth me die.
Mine be the paine, but hers the cruell cause,
of this strange torment :
Wherefore no time my banning prayers shall pause,
till proud she repent.

FINIS. *Ro. Greene*

A sweete Pastorall.

Good Muse rock me a sleepe,
with some sweet Harmonie :
This wearie eye is not to keepe
thy warie companie.

Sweete Loue be gone a while,
 thou knowest my heauines :
 Beauty is borne but to beguile,
 my hart of happines.

See how my little flocke
that lou'd to feede on hie :
Doo headlong tumble downe the Rocke,
and in the Vallie die.

The bushes and the trees
that were so fresh and greene :
Doo all their dainty colour leefe,
and not a leafe is feene.

The Black-bird and the Thrush,
that made the woods to ring :
With all the rest, are now at hush,
and not a noate they sing.

Sweete Philomele the bird,
that hath the heauenly throate,
Dooth now alas not once affoord
recording of a noate.

The flowers haue had a frost
each hearbe hath lost her fauour :
And Phillida the faire hath lost,
the comfort of her favour.

Now all these carefull fights,
so kill me in conceite :
That how to hope vpon delights
it is but meere deceite.

And therefore my sweete Muse
that knowest what helpe is best,

Doo now thy heauenly cunning vse,
to fet my hart at rest.

And in a dreame bewray
what fate shall be my friend :
Whether my life shall still decay,
or when my sorrow end.

. FINIS.

N. Breton.

*Harpalus complaynt on Phillidaes loue bestowed on
Corin, who loued her not, and denied
him that loued her.*

Phillida was a faire mayde,
as fresh as any flower :
Whom Harpalus the Heards-man prayde
to be his Paramour.
Harpalus and eke Corin,
were Heard-men both yfere :
And Phillida could twist and spinne,
and thereto sing full cleere.
But Phillida was all too coy,
for Harpalus to winne :
For Corin was her onely ioy,
who forc'd her not a pinne.
How often would she flowers twine,
how often garlands make :
Of Cowslips and of Cullumbine,
and all for Corins sake ?

But Corin he had Hawkes to lure,
and forced more the field :
Of Louers law he tooke no cure,
for once he was beguild.
Harpalus preuailed naught,
his labour all was loft :
For he was furthest from her thought,
and yet he lou'd her most.
Therefore woxe he both pale and leane,
and drye as clod of clay :
His flesh it was consumed cleane,
his colour gone away.
His beard it had not long beene shaue,
his haire hung all vnkempt :
A man most fit euen for the graue,
whom spitefull Loue had spent.
His eyes were red and all fore-watcht,
his face besprent with teares :
It seem'd vnhap had him long hatcht,
in midst of his dispaire.
His cloathes were blacke and also bare,
as one forlorne was hee :
Vpon his head he alwayes ware
a wreath of Willow-tree.
His beasts he kept vpon the hill,
and he fate in the Dale :
And thus with sighs and sorrowes shrill,
he gan to tell his tale.
Oh Harpalus, thus would he say,
vnhappiest vnder Sunne :
The cause of thine vnhappy day,
by loue was first begun.

For thou went'st first by fute to seeke,
a Tyger to make tame :
That fets not by thy loue a Leeke,
but makes thy greefe a game.
As easie were it to conuert
the frost into a flame :
As for to turne a froward hart
whom thou so faine wouldst frame.
Corin, he liueth carelesse,
he leapes among the leaues :
He eates the fruites of thy redresse,
thou reap'st, he takes the sheaues.
My beasts a-while your food refraine,
and harke your Heard-mans found :
Whom spightfull Loue alas hath slaine,
through-girt with many a wound.
Oh happy be ye beasts wild,
that heere your pasture takes :
I see that ye be not beguild,
of these your faithfull makes.
The Hart he feedeth by the Hind,
the Bucke hard by the Doe :
The Turtle-Doue is not vnkind
to him that loues her so.
The Ewe she hath by her the Ram,
the young Cowe hath the Bull :
The Calfe with many a lusty Lamb,
doo feede their hunger full.
But well-away that Nature wrought,
thee Phillida so faire :
For I may say that I haue bought
thy beauty all too deare.

What reason is't that cruelty
 with beauty should haue part ?
Or else that such great tirannie,
 should dwell in womans hart ?
I see therefore to shape my death,
 she cruelly is prest :
To th'end that I may want my breath,
 my dayes beene at the best.
Oh Cupid graunt this my request,
 and doo not stop thine eares :
That she may feele within her brest,
 the paine of my despaire.
Of Corin that is carelesse,
 that she may craue her fee :
As I haue done in great distresse,
 that lou'd her faithfully.
But since that I shall die her slaue,
 her slaue and eke her thrall :
Write you my friends vpon my graue,
 the chaunce that is befall.
Heere lyeth vnhappy Harpalus,
 by cruell Loue now flaine :
Whom Phillida vniustly thus,
 hath mured with disdaine.

*FINIS. L. T. Haward, Earle
 of Surrie.*

An other of the same subiect, but made as it were in aunswere.

On a goodly Sommers day,
Harpalus and Phillida,

He a true harted Swaine,
Shee full of coy disdaine,
 droue their flocks to field :
He to see his Sheepheardeffe,
She did dreame on nothing lesse,
Then his continuall care,
Which to grim-fac'd Dispaire,
 wholly did him yield.
Corin she affected still,
All the more thy hart to kill.
Thy case dooth make me rue,
That thou should'st loue so true
 and be thus disdain'd :
While their flocks a feeding were,
They did meete together there.
Then with a curtsie lowe,
And sighs that told his woe
 thus to her he plain'd.

Bide a while faire Phillida,
Lift what Harpalus will fay
Onely in loue to thee,
Though thou respect not mee,
 yet vouchsafe an eare :
To preuent ensuing ill,
Which no doubt betide thee will,
If thou doo not fore-fee,
To shunne it presentlie,
 then thy harme I feare.
Firme thy loue is, well I wot,
To the man that loues thee not.

Louely and gentle mayde,
Thy hope is quite betrayde,
 which my hart doth greeue :
Corin is vnkind to thee,
Though thou thinke contrarie.
His loue is growne as light,
As is his Faulcons flight,
 this sweet Nymph beleuee.

Mopfus daughter, that young mayde,
Her bright eyes his hart hath strayed
From his affecting thee,
Now there is none but thee
 that is Corins blisse :
Phillis men the Virgin call,
She is Buxome faire and tall,
Yet not like Phillida :
If I my mind might say.
 eyes oft deeme amisse.
He commends her beauty rare,
Which with thine may not compare.
He dooth extoll her eye,
Silly thing, if thine were by,
 thus conceite can erre :
He is rauish'd with her breath,
Thine can quicken life in death.
He prayfeth all her parts,
Thine, winnes a world of harts,
 more, if more there were.

Looke sweet Nymph vpon thy flock,

They stand still, and now feede not,
 As if they shar'd with thee :
 Greefe for this iniurie,
 offred to true loue.

Pretty Lambkins, how they moane,
 And in bleating seeme to groane,
 That any Shepheards Swaine,
 Should cause their Mistres paine :
 by affects remoue.

If you looke but on the grasse,
 It's not halfe so greene as 'twas :
 When I began my tale,
 But is as witherd pale,
 all in meere remorse.

Marke the Trees that brag'd euen now,
 Of each goodly greene-leau'd-bow,
 They seeme as blasted all,
 Ready for Winters fall,
 such is true loues force.

The gentle murmur of the Springs,
 Are become contrary things,
 They haue forgot their pride,
 And quite forsake their glide,
 as if charm'd they stand.

And the flowers growing by,
 Late so fresh in euery eye,
 See how they hang the head,
 As on a fuddaine dead,
 dropping on the sand.

The birds that chaunted it yer-while,

Ere they hear'd of Corins guile,
Sit as they were afraide,
Or by some hap dismaide,
 for this wrong to thee :
Harke sweet Phil, how Philomell,
That was wont to sing so well,
Largles now in yonder bush
Worfer then the rudest Trush,
 as it were not shee.

Phillida, who all this while
Neither gaue a sigh or smile ;
Round about the field did gaze,
As her wits were in a maze,
 poore despised mayd.
And reuiued at the last,
After streames of teares were past,
Leaning on her Shepheards hooke,
With a sad and heauie looke,
 thus poore foule she sayd.
Harpalus, I thanke not thee,
For this forry tale to mee.
Meete me heere againe to morrow,
Then will I conclude my sorrow
 mildly, if may be :
With their flocks they home doo fare,
Eythers hart too full of care,
If they doo meete againe,
Then what they further fayne,
 you shall heare from me.

*FINIS.**Shep. Tonic.*

*The Nymphes meeting their May Queene, entertaine
her with this Dittie.*

With fragrant flowers we strew the way,
 And make this our cheefe holy-day.
 For though this clime were blest of yore :
 Yet was it neuer proud before.
 O beauteous Queene of second Troy :
 Accept of our vnfayned ioy.

Now th' Ayre is sweeter then sweet Balme,
 And Satires daunce about the Palme,
 Now earth with verdure newly dight,
 Giues perfect signes of her delight.
 O beauteous Queene, &c.

Now birds record new harmonie,
 And trees doo whistle melodie,
 Now eury thing that Nature breedes,
 Dooth clad it felfe in pleasant weedes,
 O beauteous Queene, &c.

*FINIS.**Tho. Watfon.**Colin Cloutes mournfull Dittie for the
death of Astrophell.*

Sheepheards that wunt on pipes of Oaten reede,
 Oft-times to plaine your loues concealed smart ;
 And with your pitteous Layes haue learn'd to breede

Compassion in a Country-Lasses hart :
Harken ye gentle Shepheards to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint your plaints among.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
The mournfulst verse that euer man heard tell :
To you whose softned harts it may empierse
With dolours dart for death of Astrophell.
To you I sing, and to none other wight :
For well I wot, my rimes been rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nicer wit
Shall hap to heare, or couet them to reade :
Think he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the liuing, but the dead.
And if in him found pittie euer place :
Let him be moou'd to pittie such a case.

*FINIS.**Edm. Spencer.*

Damætas Iigge in praise of his Loue.

Iolly Shepheard, Shepheard on a hill
 on a hill so merrily,
 on a hill so cherily,
Feare not Shepheard there to pipe thy fill,
Fill euery Dale, fill euery Plaine :
 both sing and fay ; Loue feeles no paine.

Iolly Shepheard, Shepheard on a greene
 on a greene so merrily,
 on a greene so cherily,

Be thy voyce shrill, be thy mirth seene,
Heard to each Swaine, seene to each Trull :
both sing and fay ; Loues ioy is full.

Iolly Sheepheard, Sheepheard in the Sunne,
in the Sunne so merrily,
in the Sunne so cherily,
Sing forth thy songs, and let thy rimes runne
Downe to the Dales, to the hills aboue :
both sing and fay ; No life to loue.

Iolly Sheepheard, Sheepheard in the shade,
in the shade so merrily,
in the shade so cherily,
Ioy in thy life, life of Sheepheards trade,
Ioy in thy loue, loue full of glee :
both sing and fay ; Sweet Loue for me.

Iolly Sheepheard, Sheepheard heere or there,
heere or there so merrily,
heere or there so cherily,
Or in thy chat, eyther at thy cheere,
In euery Iigge, in euery Lay :
both sing and fay ; Loue lafts for aye.

Iolly Sheepheard, Sheepheard Daphnis Loue,
Daphnis loue so merrily,
Daphnis loue so cherily,
Let thy fancie neuer more remoue,
Fancie be fixt, fixt not to fleete,
still sing and fay ; Loues yoake is sweete.

*FINIS.**Iohn Wootton.*

Montanus praise of his faire Phœbe.

Phœbe fate,
Sweete she fate,
 fweete fate Phœbe when I saw her,
White her brow
Coy her eye,
 brow and eye, how much you please me?
Words I spent
Sighs I sent
 sighs and words could neuer draw her,
Oh my Loue
Thou art lost,
 since no sight could euer ease thee.
Phœbe fate
By a Fount,
 fitting by a Fount I spide her,
Sweete her touch,
Rare her voyce,
 touch and voyce, what may distaine you?
As she fung,
I did sigh
 and by sighs whilst that I tride her,
Oh mine eyes
You did loofe
 her first sight whose want did paine you.
Phœbes flocks
White as wooll,
 yet were Phœbes lookes more whiter,
Phœbes eyes

Doue-like mild

Doue-like eyes both mild and cruell,

Montane fweares

In your Lamps,

he will die for to delight her,

Phœbe yeeld

Or I die

shall true harts be fancies fuell ?

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

The complaint of Thestylis the forsaken Sheepheard.

*Thestylis a silly Swaine, when Loue did him forsake,
In mournfull wise amid the woods, thus gan his plaint
to make.*

*Ah wofull man (quoth he) falne is thy lot to mone,
And pine away with carefull thoughts, vnto thy Loue
vnknowne :*

*Thy Nymph forsakes thee quite, whom thou didst honour so :
That aye to her thou wert a friend, but to thy selfe a foe.
Ye Louers that haue lost your harts-desired choyce :
Lament with me my cruell hap, and helpe my trembling voyce.
Was neuer man that stoode so great in Fortunes grace,
Nor with his sweate (alas too deere) possessest so high a place :
As I whose simple hart, aye thought himselfe still sure,
But now I see high springing tides, they may not aye endure.
Shee knowes my guiltlesse hart, and yet she lets it pine :
Of her vntrue professed loue, so feeble is the twine.
What wonder is it then, if I berent my haire :
And crauing death continually doo bathe my selfe in teares ?*

*When Croesus King of Lide, was cast in cruell bands,
And yeelded goods and life into his enemies hands :
What tongue could tell his woe ? yet was his griefe much lesse
Then mine, for I haue lost my Loue, which might my woe
redresse :*

*Ye woods that shroud my limbs, giue now your hollow sound :
That ye may helpe me to bewaile, the cares that me confound.
Ye Riuers rest a while, and stay your streames that runne :
Rue Thistilis, the wofulst man that rests vnder the Sunne.
Transport my sighs ye winds, vnto my pleasant foe :
My trickling teares shall witnes beare, of this my cruell woe.
Oh happy man were I, if all the Gods agreed :
That now the Sisters three should cut in twaine my fatall
threed.*

*Till life with loue shall end, I heere resigne all ioy,
Thy pleasant sweete I now lament, whose lacke breeds mine
annoy.*

*Farewell my deere therefore, farewell to me well knowne,
If that I die, it shall be sayd : that thou hast slaine thine owne.*

FINIS. L. T. Howard, E. of Surrie.

To Phillis the faire Shepheardesse.

*My Phillis hath the morning Sunne,
at first to looke vpon her :
And Phillis hath morne-waking birds,
her risings still to honour.
My Phillis hath prime-featherd flowres,
that smile when she treads on them :*

And Phillis hath a gallant flocke,
 that leapes since she dooth owne them.
 But Phillis hath too hard a hart,
 alas that she should haue it :
 It yeelds no mercie to desert
 nor grace to those that craue it.
 Sweete Sunne, when thou look'ft on,
 pray her regard my moane.
 Sweete birds, when you sing to her,
 to yeeld some pittie, woo her,
 Sweet flowers that she treads on,
 tell her, her beauty deads one.
 And if in life her loue she nill agree me :
 Pray her before I die, she will come fee me.

*FINIS.**S. E. D.**The Sheepheard Dorons Iigge.*

Through the shrubs as I can crack,
 for my Lambs pretty ones,
 mongft many little ones,
 Nymphs I meane, whose haire was black
 As the Crow.
 Like as the Snow
 Her face and browes shin'd I weene,
 I faw a little one,
 a bonny pretty one,
 As bright, buxome, and as sheene :
 As was shee
 On her knee

That lull'd the God, whose arrowes warmes
such merry little ones,
such faire-fac'd pretty ones,
As dally in Loues chieftest harmes.

Such was mine,
Whose gray eyne
Made me loue: I gan to wooe
this fweete little one,
this bonny pretty one.

I wooed hard a day or two,
Till she bad,
Be not fad,

Wooe no more, I am thine owne,
thy dearest little one,
thy truest pretty one.

Thus was faith and firme loue showne,
As behooues
Sheepheards Loues.

*FINIS.**Ro. Greene.*

Astrophell his Song of Phillida and Coridon.

Faire in a morne, (ô fairest morne)
was neuer morne so faire:
There shone a Sunne, though not the Sunne,
that shineth in the ayre.
For the earth, and from the earth,
(was neuer such a creature :)
Did come this face, (was neuer face,)
that carried such a feature.

Vpon a hill, (ô bleffed hill,
was neuer hill fo bleffed)
There ftoode a man, (was neuer man
for woman fo diftreffed.)
This man beheld a heauenly view,
which did fuch vertue giue :
As cleares the blind, and helps the lame,
and makes the dead man liue.
This man had hap (ô happy man
more happy none then hee ;)
For he had hap to fee the hap,
that none had hap to fee.
This filly Swaine, (and filly Swaines
are men of meaneft grace :)
Had yet the grace, (ô gracious gueft)
to hap on fuch a face.
He pittie cryed, and pittie came,
and pittied fo his paine :
As dying, would not let him die,
but gaue him life againe.
For ioy whereof he made fuch mirth,
as all the woods did ring :
And Pan with all his Swaines came forth,
to heare the Sheepeheard fing.
But fuch a Song fung neuer was,
nor shall be fung againe :
Of Phillida the Sheepeheards Queene,
and Coridon the Swaine,
Faure Phillis is the Sheepeheards Queene,
(was neuer fuch a Queene as she,)
And Coridon her onely Swaine,
(was neuer fuch a Swaine as he.)

Faire Phillis hath the fairest face,
that euer eye did yet behold :
And Coridon the constants faith,
that euer yet kept flocke in fold.
Sweete Phillis is the sweetest sweete,
that euer yet the earth did yeeld :
And Coridon the kindest Swaine,
that euer yet kept Lambs in field.
Sweete Philomell is Phillis bird,
though Coridon be he that caught her :
And Coridon dooth heare her sing,
though Phillida be she that taught her.
Poore Coridon dooth keepe the fields,
though Phillida be she that owes them :
And Phillida dooth walke the Meades,
though Coridon be he that mowes them.
The little Lambs are Phillis loue,
though Coridon is he that feedes them :
The Gardens faire are Phillis ground,
though Coridon be he that weedes them.
Since then that Phillis onely is,
the onely Shepheards onely Queene :
And Coridon the onely Swaine,
that onely hath the Shepheard beene.
Though Phillis keepe her bower of state,
shall Coridon confume away :
No Shepheard no, worke out the weeke,
and Sunday shall be holy-day.

*FINIS.**S. Phil. Sidney.*

The passionate Shepheards Song.

On a day, (alack the day,)
Loue whose moneth was euer May :
Spied a bloffome passing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre.
Through the veluet leaues the wind,
All vnseene gan passage find :
That the Shepheard (sicke to death,)
Wish'd himfelfe the heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blow,
Ayre, would I might triumph fo.
But alas, my hand hath sworne,
Nere to pluck thee from thy thorne.
Vow (alack) for youth vnmeete,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweete.
Thou for whom Ioue would sweare
Iuno but an Æthiope were,
And deny him felfe for Ioue,
Turning mortall for my Loue.

FINIS. *W. Shakespeare.*

The vnknowne Shepheards complaint.

My Flocks feede not, my Ewes breede not,
My Rammes speede not, all is amisse :
Loue is denying, Faith is defying,
Harts renying, causer of this.
All my merry liggs are quite forgot,

All my Ladies loue is loft God wot.
Where her faith was firmly fixt in loue
There a nay is plac'd without remoue.
 One filly crosse, wrought all my losse,
 O frowning Fortune, curfed fickle Dame :
 For now I fee, inconstancie
 More in women then in men remaine.

In black mourne I, all feares scorne I,
Loue hath forlorne me, liuing in thrall :
Hart is bleeding, all helpe meeding,
O cruell speeding, fraughted with gall.
My Shepheards pipe can found no deale,
My Weathers bell rings dolefull knell.
My curtaile dogge that wont to haue plaide,
Playes not at all, but seemes afraide.
 With sighs so deepe, procures to weepe,
 In howling wise, to see my dolefull plight :
 How sighs resound, through hartlesse ground,
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight.

Cleare Wells spring not, sweet birds sing not,
Greene plants bring not forth their die :
Heards stand weeping, Flocks all sleeping,
Nimphs back peeping fearefully.
All our pleasure knowne to vs poore Swaines,
All our merry meeting on the Plaines.
All our euening sports from vs are fled,
All our loue is loft, for Loue is dead.
 Farewell sweete Loue, thy like nere was,
 For sweete content, the cause of all my moane :

Poore Coridon must liue alone,
Other helpe for him, I see that there is none.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

Another of the same Sheepheards.

As it fell vpon a day,
In the merry moneth of May,
Sitting in a pleasant fhade,
Which a groue of Mirtles made.
Beasts did leape, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring :
Euery thing did banish moane,
Saue the Nightingale alone.
Shee poore bird, as all forlorne,
Lean'd her breast against a thorne,
And there fung the dolefull'ft Ditty,
That to heare it was great pitty.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she crie
Teru, Teru, by and by.
That to heare her so complaine,
Scarfe I could from teares refraine.
For her greefes so liuely showne,
Made me thinke vpon mine owne.
Ah (thought I) thou mourn'ft in vaine,
None takes pitty on thy paine.
Senceleffe trees, they cannot heare thee,
Ruthleffe beasts, they will not cheere thee.
King Pandion he is dead,

All thy friends are lapt in Lead.
All thy fellow birds doo fing,
Careleffe of thy forrowing.
Euen so poore bird like thee,
None a-liue will pitty mee.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

*The Sheepheards allusion of his owne amorous infelicitie,
to the offence of Actæon.*

Actæon loft in middle of his sport
Both shape and life, for looking but awry :
Diana was afraide he would report
What secrets he had feene in passing by.

 To tell but truth, the selfe fame hurt haue I :

 By viewing her for whom I daily die.

I leefe my wonted shape, in that my mind
Dooth suffer wrack vpon the stonie rock
Of her disdaine, who contrarie to kind
Dooth beare a breast more hard then any stock ;

 And former forme of limbs is changed quite :

 By cares in loue, and want of due delight.

I leefe my life, in that each secret thought,
Which I conceaue through wanton fond regard :
Dooth make me say, that life auayleth nought,
Where seruice cannot haue a due reward.

 I dare not name the Nymph that works my smart,
 Though Loue hath grau'n her name within my hart.

FINIS.

Tho. Watson.

Montanus Sonnet to his faire Phæbe.

A Turtle fate vpon a leaueleffe tree,
Mourning her absent pheare,
With fad and forrie cheare.
About her wondring flood,
The Cittizens of the wood.
And whilst her plumes she rents,
And for her Loue laments :
The stately trees complaine them,
The birds with sorrow paine them.
Each one that dooth her view,
Her paines and sorrowes rue.
But were the sorrowes knowne,
That me hath ouer-throwne :
Oh how would Phœbe figh, if she did looke on mee ?

The loue-ficke Polipheme that could not see,
Who on the barren shoare,
His fortunes did deplore :
And melteth all in mone,
For Galatea gone,
And with his cries
Afflicts both earth and skies,
And to his woe betooke,
Dooth breake both pipe and hooke.
For whom complains the morne,
For whom the Sea-Nymphs mourne.
Alas his paine is nought,
For were my woe but thought :
Oh how would Phœbe figh, if she did looke on me ?

Beyond compare my paine,
yet glad am I :
If gentle Phœbe daine,
to see her Montan die.

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

Phœbes Sonnet, a replie to Montanus passion.

Downe a downe,
Thus Phillis fung,
By fancie once distressed :
Who so by foolish Loue are stung
are worthily oppressed.
And so sing I, with downe a downe, &c.

When Loue was first begot,
And by the mothers will :
Did fall to humane lot,
His solace to fulfill.
Deuoide of all deceite,
A chaste and holy fire :
Did quicken mans conceite,
And womens breasts inspire.
The Gods that saw the good,
That mortalls did approoue :
With kind and holy moode,
Began to talke of Loue.

Downe a downe,
Thus Phillis fung
By fancie once distressed, &c.

But during this accord,
 A wonder strange to heare :
 Whilst Loue in deede and word,
 Most faithfull did appeare ;
 False semblance came in place,
 By Iealousie attended :
 And with a double face,
 Both loue and fancie blended.
 Which made the Gods forsake,
 And men from fancie flie :
 And Maydens scorne a make,
 Forsooth and so will I.

Downe a downe,
 Thus Phillis sung,
 By fancie once distressed :
 Who so by foolish Loue are stung,
 Are worthily oppressed.
 And so sing I, with downe a downe, &c.

*FINIS.**Thom. Lodge.**Coridons supplication to Phillis.*

Sweete Phillis, if a filly Swaine,
 may sue to thee for grace :
 See not thy louing Sheepheard flaine,
 with looking on thy face.
 But thinke what power thou hast got,
 vpon my Flock and mee :
 Thou seest they now regard me not,
 but all doo follow thee.

And if I haue so farre presum'd,
 with prying in thine eyes :
Yet let not comfort be confum'd,
 that in thy pittie lyes.
But as thou art that Phillis faire,
 that Fortune fauour giues :
So let not Loue dye in despaire,
 that in thy fauour liues.
The Deere doo brouse vpon the bryer,
 the birds doo pick the cherries :
And will not Beauty graunt Desire
 one handfull of her berries ?
If it be so that thou hast sworne,
 that none shall looke on thee :
Yet let me know thou doost not scorne,
 to cast a looke on mee.
But if thy beauty make thee proude,
 thinke then what is ordain'd :
The heauens haue neuer yet alow'd,
 that Loue should be disdain'd.
Then least the Fates that fauour Loue,
 should curse thee for vnkind :
Let me report for thy behooue,
 the honour of thy mind.
Let Coridon with full consent,
 set downe what he hath seene :
That Phillida with Loues content,
 is sworne the Shepheards Queene.

*FINIS.**N. Breton.*

Damætas Madrigall in praise of his Daphnis.

Tune on my pipe the praises of my Loue,
Loue faire and bright :
Fill earth with sound, and ayrie heauens aboue,
heauen's Ioues delight,
with Daphnis praise.

To pleafant Tempe Groues and Plaines about,
Plaines, Shepheards pride :
Refounding Ecchoes of her praise ring out,
ring farre and wide
my Daphnis praise.

When I begin to fmg, begin to found,
founds loud and shrill :
Doo make each note vnto the skies rebound,
skies calme and ftill,
with Daphnis praise.

Her treffes are like wiers of beaten gold,
Gold bright and sheene :
Like Nyfus golden haire that Scilla pold
Scill, ore-seene
through Minos loue.

Her eyes like fhining Lamps in midft of night,
Night darke and dead :
Or as the Starres that giue the Sea-men light,
Light for to leade
their wandring Ships.

Amidst her cheekes the Rose and Lilly striue,
Lilly, snow-white :
When their contend dooth make their colour thriue.
Colour too bright
for Sheepheards eyes.

Her lips like Scarlet of the finest die,
Scarlet blood-red :
Teeth white as Snow, which on the hills dooth lie,
Hills ouer-spread
by Winters force.

Her skinne as soft as is the finest filke,
Silke soft and fine :
Of colour like vnto the whitest milke,
Milke of the Kine
Of Daphnis Heard.

As swift of foote as is the pretty Roe,
Roe swift of pace :
When yelping Hounds pursue her to and fro,
Hounds fierce in chafe,
to reauue her life.

Cease tongue to tell of any more compares,
Compares too rude :
Daphnis deserts and beauty are too rare,
Then heere conclude
faire Daphnis praise.

*FINIS.**I. Wootton.*

Wodenfrides Song in praise of Amargana.

The Sunne the season in each thing
Reuiues new pleasures, the fweet Spring
Hath put to flight the Winter keene :
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The pathes where Amargana treads,
With flowrie tap'stries Flora spreads.
And Nature cloathes the ground in greene :
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The Groaues put on their rich aray,
With Hawthorne bloomes imbroydered gay,
And fweet perfum'd with Eglantine :
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The filent Riuer stayes his course,
Whilst playing on the chriftall fourse,
The filuer scaled fish are seene,
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The Woods at her faire sight reioyces,
The little birds with their lowd voyces,
In confort on the bryers beene
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

The fleecie Flocks doo scud and skip,
The wood-Nymphs, Fawnes, and Satires trip,
And daunce the Mirtle trees betweene :
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

Great Pan (our God) for her deere sake,
This feaft and meeting bids vs make,
Of Shepheards, Lads, and Laffes fheene :
To glad our louely Shepheards Queene.

And euery Swaine his chaunce dooth proue,
To winne faire Amarganaes loue,
In sporting strifes quite voide of spleene :
To glad our louely Sommer Queene.

All happines let Heauen her lend,
And all the Graces her attend.
Thus bid me pray the Muses nine,
Long liue our louely Sommer Queene. *FINIS. W. H.*

Another of the same.

Happy Shepheards fit and fee,
with ioy,
The peereleffe wight :
For whose sake Pan keeps from ye
annoy,
And giues delight.
Blessing this pleasant Spring,
Her praises must I sing.
Lift you Swaines, lift to me :
The whiles your Flocks feeding be.

First her brow a beauteous Globe,
I deeme,

And golden haire ;
And her cheeke Auroraes roabe
 dooth feeme,
 But farre more faire.
Her eyes like starres are bright
And dazle with their light,
Rubies her lips to see,
But in tast, Nectar they be.

Orient pearles her teeth, her smile
 dooth linke
 the Graces three :
Her white necke dooth eyes beguile
 to thinke
 it Iuorie.
Alas her Lilly-hand,
How it dooth me commaund ?
Softer filke none can be :
And whiter milke none can fee.

Circes wand is not so ftraite,
 as is
 Her body small :
But two pillers beare the waight
 of this
 maiestick Hall.
Those be I you assure,
Of Alablafter pure,
Polish'd fine in each part :
Ne're Nature yet shewed like Art.

How shall I her pretty tread
 expresse
 when she dooth walke ?
 Scarfe she dooth the Primerose head
 depresse,
 or tender stalke
 Of blew-veind Violets,
 Whereon her foote she sets.
 Vertuous she is, for we finde
 In body faire, beauteous minde.

Liue faire Amargana still
 extold
 In all my rime :
 Hand want Art, when I want will
 t'vnfold
 her woorth diuine.
 But now my Muse dooth rest,
 Dispaire clos'd in my brest,
 Of the valour I sing :
 Weake faith that no hope dooth bring.

*FINIS.**W. H.**An excellent Pastorall Dittie.*

A carefull Nimph, with carelesse greefe opprest,
 vnder the shaddow of an Ashen tree :
 With Lute in hand did paint out her vnrest,
 vnto a Nimph that bare her companie.
 No sooner had she tuned euery string :
 But sob'd and sigh'd, and thus began to sing.

Ladies and Nymphs, come listen to my plaint,
on whom the cheerefull Sunne did neuer rise :
If pitties stroakes your tender breasts may taint,
come learne of me to wet your wanton eyes.
For Loue in vaine the name of pleasure beares :
His sweet delights are turned into feares.

The trustlesse shewes, the frights, the feeble ioyes,
the freezing doubts, the guilefull promises :
The feigned lookes, the shifts, the subtile toys,
the brittle hope, the stedfast heauines.
The wished warre in such vncertaine peace :
These with my woe, my woes with these increase.

Thou dreadfull God, that in thy Mothers lap,
doo'st lye and heare the crie of my complaint,
And seest, and smilest at my fore mishap,
that lacke but skill my sorrowes heere to paint :
Thy fire from heauen before the hurt I spide,
Quite through mine eyes into my breast did glide.

My life was light, my blood did spirit and spring,
my body quicke, my hart began to leape :
And euery thornie thought did prick and sting,
the fruite of my desired ioyes to reape.
But he on whom to thinke, my foule still tyers :
In bale forooke, and left me in the briers.

Thus Fancie strung my Lute to Layes of Loue,
and Loue hath rock'd my wearie Muse a-sleepe :

And sleepe is broken by the paines I proue,
 and euery paine I feele dooth force me weepe.
 Then farewell fancie, loue, sleepe, paine and fore :
 And farewell weeping, I can waile no more.

*FINIS.**Shep. Tonie.*

Phillidaes Loue-call to her Coridon, and his replying.

Phil. Coridon, arife my Coridon,
 Titan shineth cleare :

Cor. Who is it that calleth Coridon,
 who is it that I heare ?

Phil. Phillida thy true-Loue calleth thee,
 arife then, arife then ;
 arife and keepe thy flock with me :

Cor. Phillida my true-Loue, is it she ?
 I come then, I come then,
 I come and keepe my flock with thee.

Phil. Heere are cherries ripe my Coridon,
 eate them for my sake :

Cor. Heere's my Oaten pipe my louely one,
 sport for thee to make.

Phil. Heere are threeds my true-Loue, fine as filke,
 to knit thee, to knit thee
 a paire of stockings white as milke.

Cor. Heere are Reedes my true-Loue, fine and neate,
 to make thee, to make thee
 a Bonnet to with-ftand the heate.

Phil. I will gather flowers my Coridon,
to fet in thy cap :

Cor. I will gather Peares my louely one,
to put in thy lap.

Phil. I will buy my true-Loue Garters gay,
for Sundayes, for Sundayes,
to weare about his legs so tall :

Cor. I will buy my true-Loue yellow Say,
for Sundayes, for Sundayes,
to weare about her middle small.

Phil. When my Coridon fits on a hill,
making melodie :

Cor. When my louely one goes to her wheele
finging cherilie.

Phil. Sure me thinks my true-Loue dooth excell
for sweetnes, for sweetnes,
our Pan that old Arcadian Knight :

Cor. And me thinks my true-Loue beares the bell
for clearennes, for clearennes,
beyond the Nymphs that be so bright.

Phil. Had my Coridon, my Coridon,
beene (alack) my Swaine :

Cor. Had my louely one, my louely one,
beene in Ida plaine.

Phil. Cinthia Endimion had refus'd,
preferring, preferring
my Coridon to play with-all :

Cor. The Queene of Loue had beene excus'd,
bequeathing, bequeathing,
my Phillida the golden ball.

Phil. Yonder comes my Mother, Coridon,
whither shall I flie?

Cor. Vnder yonder Beech my louely one,
while she passeth by.

Say to her thy true-Loue was not heere,
remember, remember,
to morrow is another day:

Phil. Doubt me not, my true-Loue, doo not feare,
farewell then, farewell then,
heauen keepe our loues alway.

*FINIS.**Ignoto.**The Sheepheards solace.*

Phœbus delights to view his Laurell tree,
The Poplar pleaseth Hercules alone:
Melissa mother is and faulx to the Bee,
Pallas will weare the Oliue branch alone.
Of Sheepheards and their flocks Pales is Queene:
And Ceres ripes the Corne was lately greene.
To Chloris euery flower belongs of right,
The Dryade Nymphs of woods make chiefe account:
Orcades in hills haue their delight,
Diana dooth protect each bubling Fount.
To Hebe louely kissing is assign'd:
To Zephire euery gentle-breathing wind.
But what is Loues delight? To hurt each where
He cares not whom, with Darts of deepe desire:
With watchfull ielousie, with hope, with feare,

With nipping cold, and secret flames of fire.
O happy houre, wherein I did forgoe :
This little God, so great a cause of woe.

FINIS.

Tho. Watfon.

Syrenus Song to Eugerius.

Let now the goodly Spring-tide make vs merrie,
And fields, which pleafant flowers doo adorne :
And Vales, Meades, Woods, with liuely colours flourish,
Let plenteous flocks the Shepheards riches nourish,
Let hungry Woolues by dogges to death be torne,
And Lambes reioyce, with paffed Winter wearie.

Let euery Riuers Ferrie
In waters flow, and filuer ftreames abounding,
And fortune, ceafeleffe wounding.
Turne now thy face, fo cruell and vnstable,
Be firme and fauourable.
And thou that kill'ft our foules with thy pretences :
Moleft not (wicked Loue) my inward fences.

Let Country plainenes liue in ioyes not ended,
In quiet of the desert Meades and mountaines,
And in the pleasure of the Country dwelling
Let Shepheards rest, that haue distilled fountaines
Of teares : prooue not thy wrath, all paines excelling,
Vpon poore foules, that neuer haue offended.

Let thy flames be intended
In haughtie Courts, on those that swim in treasure,
And liue in ease and pleasure.

And that a sweetest scorne (my wonted fadnes)
A perfect rest and gladnes
And hills and Dales, may giue me : with offences
Molest not (wicked Loue) my inward fences.

In what law find'st thou, that the freest reason
And wit, vnto thy chaines should be subiected,
And harmeleffe soules vnto thy cruell murder ?
O wicked Loue, the wretch that flieth further
From thy extreames, thou plagu'st. O false, suspected,
And carelesse boy, that thus thy sweets doost season.
O vile and wicked treason.
Might not thy might suffice thee, but thy fuell
Of force must be so cruell ?
To be a Lord, yet like a Tyrant minded,
Vaine boy with error blinded.
Why doost thou hurt his life with thy offences :
That yeelds to thee his foule and inward fences ?

He erres (alas) and foulely is deceaued
That calls thee God, being a burning fire :
A furious flame, a playning greefe and clamorous,
And Venus sonne (that in the earth was amorous,
Gentle and mild, and full of sweet desire)
Who calleth him, is of his wits bereaued.
And yet that she conceaued
By prooffe, so vile a sonne and so vnruely :
I say (and yet say truly)
That in the cause of harmes, that they haue framed,
Both iustly may be blamed :
She that did breede him with such vile pretences,
He that dooth hurt so much our inward fences.

The gentle Sheepe and Lambs are euer flying
The rauenous Woolues and beafts, that are pretending
To glut their mawes with flefh they teare afunder.
The milke-white Doues at noyse of fearefull thunder
Flie home a-maine, themfelues from harme defending.
The little Chick, when Puttocks are a crying,
The Woods and Meadowes dying
For raine of heauen (if that they cannot haue it)
Doo neuer ceafe to craue it.
So euey thing his contrary refifteth,
Onely thy thrall perfifteth
In fuffering of thy wrongs without offences :
And lets thee fpoile his hart and inward fences.

A publique paffion, Natures lawes reftrayning,
And which with words can neuer be declared,
A foule twixt loue, and feare, and desperation,
And endleffe plaint, that fhuns all consolation,
A fpendleffe flame, that neuer is impaired,
A friendleffe death, yet life in death maintayning,
A paffion, that is gayning
On him that loueth well, and is abfented,
Whereby it is augmented.
A iealoufie, a burning greefe and forrow,
Thefe fauours Louers borrow
Of thee fell Loue, thefe be thy recompences :
Confuming ftill their foule and inward fences.

*FINIS.**Bar. Yong.*

The Sheepheard Arfileus replie to Syrenus Song.

O let that time a thousand moneths endure,
 Which brings from heauen the sweet and filuer showers,
 And ioyes the earth (of comfort late depriued)
 With grasse and leaues, fine buds, and painted flowers.
 Ecchoe, returne vnto the woods obscure.
 Ring forth the Sheepheards Songs in loue contriued.
 Let old loues be reuiued,
 Which angry Winter buried but of late,
 And that in such a state
 My foule may haue the full accomplishment
 Of ioy and sweet content.
 And since fierce paines and greefes thou doost controule:
 Good Loue, doo not forsake my inward foule.

Prefume not (Sheepheards) once to make you merrie,
 With springs and flowers, or any pleasant Song,
 (Vnlesse mild Loue possesse your amorous breasts)
 If you sing not to him, your Songs doo wearie,
 Crowne him with flowers, or else ye doo him wrong,
 And consecrate your Springs to his behests.
 I to my Sheepheardeffe
 My happy loues with great content doo sing,
 And flowers to her doo bring.
 And fitting neere her by the Riuer side,
 Enioy the braue Spring-tide.
 Since then thy ioyes such sweetnes dooth enroule:
 Good Loue, doo not forsake my inward foule.

The wife (in auncient time) a God thee nam'd,
Seeing that with thy power and supream might,
Thou didst such rare and mighty wonders make :

For thee a hart is frozen and enflam'd,
A foole thou mak'st a wife man with thy light,
The coward turnes couragious for thy sake.

The mighty Gods did quake
At thy commaund : To birds and beasts transformed,
Great Monarches haue not scorned
To yeeld vnto the force of beauties lure :

Such spoiles thou doost procure
With thy braue force, which neuer may be tould :
With which (sweet Loue) thou conquer'st euery foule.

In other times obscurely I did liue
But with a drowfie, base, and simple kinde
Of life, and onely to my profit bend me :

To thinke of Loue my selfe I did not giue,
Or for good grace, good parts, and gentle minde,
Neuer did any Sheepheardeffe commend me.

But crowned now they send me
A thousand garlands, that I wone with praise,
In wraftling dayes by dayes,
In pitching of the barre with arme most strong,
And singing many a Song.
After that thou didst honour, and take hould
Of my (sweet Loue) and of my happy foule.

What greater ioy can any man desire,
Then to remaine a Captiue vnto Loue :
And haue his hart subiected to his power ?

And though sometimes he tast a little fower
 By suffering it, as mild as gentle Doue
 Yet must he be, in lieu of that great hire

Whereto he dooth aspire :

If Louers liue afflicted and in paine,

Let them with cause complaine

Of cruell fortune, and of times abuse,

And let not them accuse

Thee (gentle Loue) that dooth with blisse enfold
 Within thy sweetest ioyes each liuing foule.

Behold a faire sweete face, and shining eyes,
 Resembling two most bright and twinkling starres,
 Sending vnto the foule a perfect light :

Behold the rare perfections of those white

And Iuorie hands, from greefes most surest barres
 That mind wherein all life and glory lyes,

That ioy that neuer dyes,

That he dooth feele, that loues and is beloued,

And my delights approoued,

To see her pleas'd, whose loue maintaines me heere,

All those I count so deere,

That though sometimes Loue dooth my ioyes controule :
 Yet am I glad he dwels within my foule.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

A Shepheards dreame.

A filly Shepheard lately fate
 among a flock of Sheepe :

Where musing long on this and that,
 at last he fell a sleepe.
And in the slumber as he lay,
 he gaue a pitteous groane :
He thought his sheepe were runne away,
 and he was left alone.
He whoopt, he whistled, and he call'd,
 but not a sheepe came neere him :
Which made the Sheepheard fore appall'd,
 to see that none would heare him.
But as the Swaine amazed stood,
 in this most solemne vaine :
Came Phillida forth of the wood,
 and stood before the Swaine.
Whom when the Sheepheard did behold,
 he straight began to weepe :
And at the hart he grew a cold
 to thinke vpon his sheepe.
For well he knew, where came the Queene,
 the Sheepheard durst not stay :
And where that he durst not be seene,
 the sheepe must needs away.
To aske her if she saw his flock,
 might happen patience mooue :
And haue an aunswere with a mock,
 that such demaunders prooue.
Yet for because he saw her come
 alone out of the wood :
He thought he would not stand as dombe,
 when speach might doo him good.

And therefore falling on his knees,
 to aske but for his sheepe :
 He did awake, and so did leefe
 the honour of his sleepe.

*FINIS.**N. Breton.**The Sheepheards Ode.*

Nights were short, and dayes were long,
 Bloffomes on the Hawthorne hong,
 Philomell (Night-Musiques King)
 Told the comming of the Spring :
 Whose sweete-siluer-founding-voyce,
 Made the little birds reioyce,
 Skipping light from spray to spray,
 Till Aurora shew'd the day.
 Scarfe might one see, when I might see
 (For such chaunces suddenn be)
 By a Well of Marble-stone,
 A Sheepheard lying all a-lone.
 Weepe he did, and his weeping
 Made the fading flowers spring.
 Daphnis was his name I weene,
 Youngest Swaine of Sommers Queene.
 When Aurora saw t'was he
 Weepe she did for companie :
 Weepe she did for her sweet Sonne
 That (when antique Troy was wonne)
 Suffer'd death by lucklesse Fate,

Whom she now laments too late :
And each morning (by Cocks crewe)
Showers downe her siluer dewe,
Whose teares falling from their spring,
Giue moisture to each liuing thing
That on earth encrease and grow,
Through power of their friendly foe.
Whose effect when Flora felt,
Teares, that did her bosome melt,
(For who can resist teares often,
But she whom no teares can soften ?)
Peering strait about the banks,
Shew'd her selfe to giue her thanks.
Wondring thus at Natures worke
(Wherein many meruailes lurke)
Me thought I heard a dolefull noyse,
Conforted with a mournfull voyce,
Drawing neere, to heare more plaine,
Heare I did, vnto my paine,
(For who is not pain'd to heare
Him in griefe whom hart holds deere ?)
Silly Swaine with griefe ore-gone
Thus to make his pitteous mone.
Loue I did, alas the while,
Loue I did but did beguile
My deere Loue with louing so,
Whom as then I did not know.
Loue I did the fairest boy
That these fields did ere enioy.
Loue I did faire Ganimede,
Venus darling, beauties bed :

Him I thought the fairest creature,
Him the quintessence of Nature.
But yet (alas) I was deceau'd,
Loue of reason is bereau'd)
For since then I saw a Lasse,
Lasse that did in beauty passe,
Passe faire Ganimede as farre
As Phœbus dooth the smallest starre.
Loue commaunded me to loue,
Fancie bade me not remoue
My affection from the Swaine
Whom I neuer could obtaine :
(For who can obtaine that fauour
Which he cannot graunt the crauer ?)
Loue at last (though loth) preuail'd,
Loue that so my hart assail'd,
Wounding me with her faire eyes
Ah how Loue can subtileze ?
And deuise a thousand shifts
How to worke men to his drifts.
Her it is, for whom I mourne,
Her, for whom my life I scorne.
Her, for whom I weepe all day,
Her, for whom I figh, and say
Eyther she or else no creature
Shall enioy my loue : whose feature
Though I neuer can obtaine,
Yet shall my true loue remaine :
Till (my body turn'd to clay)
My poore soule must passe away,
To the heauens ; where I hope

It fhall finde a refting fcope.
Then fince I loued thee alone,
Remember me when I am gone.
Scarfe had he thefe laft words fpoken,
But me thought his hart was broken,
With great greefe that did abound,
(Cares and greefe the hart confound.)
In whose hart thus riu'd in three,
Eliza written I might fee
In Characters of crimfon blood,
Whose meaning well I vnderftood.
Which, for my hart might not behold :
I hied me home my Sheepe to fold.

*FINIS.**Rich. Barnefelde.*

The Sheepheards commendation of his Nymph.

What Sheepheard can expresse
The fauour of her face ?
To whom in this diftrefse
I doo appeale for grace.
 A thoufand Cupids flye
 About her gentle eye.

From which each throwes a dart,
That kindleth foft fweet fire
Within my fighting hart,
Poffeffed by defire.
 No fweeter life I trie
 Then in her loue to die.

The Lilly in the field,
That glories in his white :
For purenes now muſt yeeld
And render vp his right.
 Heauen pictur'd in her face,
 Dooth promiſe joy and grace.

Faire Cinthiaes ſiluer light,
That beates on running ſtreames :
Compares not with her white,
Whoſe haires are all Sunne-beames.
 So bright my Nymph dooth ſhine
 As day vnto my eyne.

With this there is a red,
Exceedes the Damaske-Roſe :
Which in her cheekes is ſpred,
Whence euery fauour growes.
 In Skie there is no ſtarre,
 But ſhe furmounts it farre.

When Phœbus from the bed
Of Thetis dooth ariſe :
The morning bluſhing red,
In faire Carnation wiſe :
 He ſhewes in my Nimphs face,
 As Queene of euery grace.

This pleaſant Lilly white,
This taint of Roſeate red :
This Cinthiaes ſiluer light,

This sweete faire *Dea* spread,
These Sun-beames in mine eye,
These beauties make me die.

FINIS. *Earle of Oxenford.*

Coridon to his Phillis.

Alas my hart, mine eye hath wronged thee,
Presumptuous eye, to gaze on Phillis face :
Whose heauenly eye no mortall man may see,
But he must die, or purchase Phillis grace.
Poore Coridon, the Nymph whose eye dooth mooue thee :
Dooth loue to draw, but is not drawne to loue thee.

Her beautie, Natures pride, and Sheepheards praise,
Her eye, the heauenly Planet of my life :
Her matchlesse wit and grace, her fame displaies,
As if that Ioue had made her for his wife.

Onely her eyes shoote fierie darts to kill :

Yet is her hart as cold as Caucafe hill.

My wings too weake to flye against the Sunne,
Mine eyes vnable to sustaine her light :
My hart dooth yeeld that I am quite vndone,
Thus hath faire Phillis flaine me with her sight.

My bud is blasted, withered is my leafe :

And all my corne is rotted in the sheafe.

Phillis the golden fether of my minde,
My fancies Idoll, and my vitall power :
Goddesse of Nymphs, and honour of thy kinde,

This ages Phoenix, beauties richest bower.
 Poore Coridon for loue of thee must die :
 Thy beauties thrall, and conquest of thine eye.
 Leaue Coridon to plough the barren field,
 Thy buds of hope are blasted with disgrace :
 For Phillis lookes no hartie loue doo yeeld,
 Nor can she loue, for all her louely face.
 Die Coridon, the spoile of Phillis eye :
 She cannot loue, and therefore thou must die.

*FINIS.**S. E. Dyer.**The Sheepheards description of Loue.*

Melibeus. Sheepheard, what's Loue, I pray thee tell ?

Faustus. It is that Fountaine, and that Well,
 Where pleasure and repentance dwell.
 It is perhaps that fauncing bell,
 That toules all into heauen or hell,
 And this is Loue as I heard tell.

Meli. Yet what is Love, I pre-thee say ?

Fau. It is worke on holy-day,
 It is December match'd with May,
 When lustie-bloods in fresh aray,
 Heare ten moneths after of the play,
 And this is Loue, as I heare say.

Meli. Yet what is Loue, good Sheepheard faine ?

Fau. It is a Sun-fhine mixt with raine,
 It is a tooth-ach, or like paine,
 It is a game where none dooth gaine,

The Lasse faith no, and would full faine :
And this is Loue, as I heare faine.

Meli. Yet Sheeheard, what is Loue, I pray ?

Fau. It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray,
It is a thing will foone away,
Then Nimphs take vantage while ye may :
And this is loue as I heare fay.

Meli. Yet what is loue, good Sheeheard show ?

Fau. A thing that creepes, it cannot goe,
A prize that passeth too and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that prooves shall finde it so ;
And Sheeheard this is loue I troe.

FINIS.

S. W. R.

To his Flocks.

Feede on my Flocks securely,
Your Sheeheard watcheth surely,
Runne about my little Lambs,
Skip and wanton with your Dammes,
Your louing Heard with care will tend ye :
Sport on faire flocks at pleasure,
Nip Vestaes flowring treasure,
I my selfe will duely harke,
When my watchfull dogge dooth barke,
From Woolfe and Foxe I will defend ye.

FINIS.

H. C.

A Roundelay betweene two Shepheards.

1 *Shep.* Tell me thou gentle Shepheards Swaine,
Who'se yonder in the Vale is fet?

2 *Shep.* Oh it is she, whose sweetes doo staine,
The Lilly, Rose, the Violet.

1 *Shep.* Why dooth the Sunne against his kind,
Fixe his bright Chariot in the skies?

2 *Shep.* Because the Sunne is strooken blind,
With looking on her heauenly eyes.

1 *Shep.* Why doo thy flocks forbear their food,
Which sometime were thy chiefe delight?

2 *Shep.* Because they neede no other good,
That liue in prefence of her sight.

1 *Shep.* Why looke these flowers so pale and ill,
That once attir'd this goodly Heath?

2 *Shep.* She hath rob'd Nature of her skill,
And sweetens all things with her breath.

1 *Shep.* Why slide these brookes so flow away,
Whose bubling murmur pleas'd thine eare?

2 *Shep.* Oh meruaile not although they stay,
When they her heauenly voyce doo heare.

1 *Shep.* From whence come all these Shepheards Swaines,
And louely Nymphs attir'd in greene?

2 *Shep.* From gathering Garlands on the Plaines,
To crowne our faire the Shepheards Queene.

Both. The Sunne that lights this world below,
Flocks, flowers, and brookes will witnesse beare :
Theſe Nymphs and Sheepeards all doo know,
That it is ſhe is onely faire.

FINIS.

Mich. Drayton.

The ſolitarie Sheepeards Song.

O ſhadie Vales, ô faire enriched Meades,
O ſacred woods, ſweet fields, and riſing mountaines :
O painted flowers, greene hearbs where Flora treads,
Refreſht by wanton winds and watry fountaines.

O all you winged Quereſters of wood,
that peacht aloft, your former paines report :
And ſtraite againe recount with pleaſant moode,
your preſent ioyes in ſweete and ſeemely fort.

O all you creatures whoſoeuer thriue
on mother earth, in Seas, by ayre, by fire :
More bleſt are you then I heere vnder Sunne,
loue dies in me, when as he dooth reuiue
In you, I periſh vnder beauties ire,
where after ſtormes, winds, froſts, your life is wunne.

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

The Sheepeards reſolution in loue.

If Ioue him-ſelfe be ſubieſt vnto Loue,
And range the woods to finde a mortall pray,

If Neptune from the Seas him-felfe remoue,
 And feeke on fands with earthly wights to play :
 Then may I loue my Sheepheardefse by right,
 Who farre excells each other mortall wight ?

If Pluto could by Loue be drawne from hell,
 To yeeld him-felfe a filly virgins thrall.
 If Phœbus could vouchsafe on earth to dwell,
 To winne a ruftick Mayde vnto his call :
 Then how much more fhould I adore the fight,
 Of her in whom the heauens them-felues delight ?

If Country Pan might follow Nymphs in chafe,
 And yet through loue remaine deuoide of blame,
 If Satires were excus'd for seeking grace,
 To ioy the fruites of any mortall Dame :
 My Sheepheardefse, why fhould not I loue ftill
 On whom nor Gods nor men can gaze their fill ?

*FINIS.**Tho. Watfon.*

Coridons Hymne in praise of Amarillis.

Would mine eyes were chriftall Fountaines,
 Where you might the fhadow view
 Of my greefes, like to thefe mountaines
 Swelling for the loffe of you.
 Cares which carelefse are alas,
 Helplefse, haplefse for they grow :
 Cares like tares in number paffe,

All the feedes that loue dooth fow.
Who but could remember all
Twinkling eyes still representing?
Starres which pierce me to the gall,
Cause they lend no more contenting.
And you Nectar-lips, alluring
Humane fence to tast of heauen:
For no Art of mans manuring,
Finer filke hath euer weauen.
Who but could remember this,
The sweete odours of your fauour?
When I smelde I was in blisse,
Neuer felt I sweeter fauour.
And your harmlesse hart annoynted,
As the custome was of Kings:
Shewes your sacred soule appoynted,
To be prime of earthly things.
Ending thus remember all,
Cloathed in a mantle greene:
Tis enough I am your thrall,
Leaue to thinke what eye hath seene.
Yet the eye may not so leaue,
Though the thought doo still repine:
But must gaze till death bequeath,
Eyes and thoughts vnto her shrine.
Which if Amarillis chaunce,
Hearing to make hast to see:
To life death she may aduaunce.
Therefore eyes and thoughts goe free.

*FINIS.**T. B.*

The Sheepheard Carillo his Song.

*Guarda mi las Vaccas
Carillo, por tu fe,
Befa mi Primero,
Yo te las guardare.*

I pre-thee keepe my kine for me
Carillo, wilt thou? Tell.
First let me haue a kisse of thee,
And I will keepe them well.

If to my charge or them to keepe,
Thou doost commend thy Kine or Sheepe,
For thee I doo suffice:
Because in this I haue beene bred,
But for so much as I haue fed
By viewing thee, mine eyes;
Commaund not me to keepe thy beast:
Because my selfe I can keepe least.

How can I keepe, I pre-thee tell,
Thy Kie, my selfe that cannot well
defende, nor please thy kinde
As long as I haue serued thee?
But if thou wilt giue vnto me
a kisse to please my minde:
I aske no more for all my paine,
And I will keepe them very faine.

For thee, the gift is not so great
That I doo aske, to keepe thy Neate,
 but vnto me it is
A guerdon, that shall make me liue.
Disdaine not then to lend, or giue
 so small a gift as this.
But if to it thou canst not frame :
Then giue me leaue to take the same.

But if thou doost (my sweet) denie
To recompence me by and by,
 thy promise shall relent me :
Heere-after some rewarde to finde,
Behold how I doo please my minde,
 and fauours doo content me,
That though thou speakest but in iest :
I meane to take it at the best.

Behold how much loue works in me,
And how ill recompenc'd of thee
 that with the shadow of
Thy happy fauours (though delay'd)
I thinke my selfe right well appay'd,
 although they prooue a scoffe.
Then pittie me, that haue forgot :
My selfe for thee, that carest not.

O in extreame thou art most faire,
And in extreame vniust despaire
 thy cruelty maintaines.
O that thou wert so pittifull

Vnto these torments that doo pull
 my foule with fenceleffe paines,
 As thou fhew'ft in that face of thine :
 Where pittie and mild grace should shine.

If that thy faire and sweeteft face
 Affureth me both peace and grace,
 thy hard and cruell hart :
 Which in that white breaft thou dooft beare,
 Dooth make me tremble yet for feare
 thou wilt not end my smart.
 In contraries of fuch a kinde :
 Tell me what fuccour fhall I finde ?

If then young Sheepheardefse thou craue
 A Heards-man for thy beaft to haue,
 with grace thou maift reftore
 Thy Sheepheard from his barren loue,
 For neuer other fhalt thou prooue,
 that seekes to please thee more :
 And who to ferue thy turne, will neuer fhun,
 The nipping froft, and beames of parching Sun.

*FINIS.**Bar. Yong.**Corins dreame of his faire Chloris.*

What time bright Titan in the Zenith fat,
 And equally the fixed poales did heate :
 When to my flock my daily woes I chat,
 And vnderneath a broade Beech tooke my feate.

The dreaming God which Morpheus Poets call
Augmenting fuell to my Aetnaes fire,
With sleepe possessing my weake fences all,
In apparitions makes my hopes aspire.
Me thought I saw a Nymph I would embrace,
With armes abroad comming to me for helpe :
A lust-led Satire hauing her in chace,
Which after her about the fields did yelpe.
I feeling my Loue in such perplexed plight,
A sturdie bat from off an Oake I reft :
And with the Rauisher continued fight,
Till breathlesse I vpon the earth him left.
Then when my coy Nymph saw her breathlesse foe,
With kisses kind she gratifies my paine :
Protesting rigour neuer more to show,
Happy was I this good hap to obtaine.
But drowfie slumbers flying to their Cell,
My suddenn ioy conuerted was to bale :
My wonted sorrowes still with me doo dwell,
I looked round about on hill and Dale :
But I could neither my faire Chloris view,
Nor yet the Satire which yer-while I flew.

*FINIS.**W. S.*

The Sheepheard Damons passion.

Ah trees, why fall your leaues so fast ?

Ah Rocks, where are your robes of mosse ?

Ah Flocks, why stand you all agast ?

Trees, Rocks, and Flocks, what, are ye peniue to my
loffe ?

P

The birds me thinks tune naught but moane,
 The winds breath naught but bitter plaint :
 The beafts forsake their dennes to groane,
 Birds, winds, and beafts, what, dooth my losse your
 powers attaint ?

Floods weepe their springs aboue their bounds,
 And Eccho wailes to fee my woe :
 The roabe of ruthe dooth cloath the grounds,
 Floods, Eccho, grounds, why doo ye all these teares
 bestow ?

The trees, the Rocks and Flocks replie,
 The birds, the winds, the beafts report :
 Floods, Eccho, grounds for sorrow crie,
 We greeue since Phillis nill kinde Damons loue confort.

*FINIS.**Thom. Lodge.*

The Sheepheard Musidorus his complaint.

Come Sheepheards weedes, become your Maisters minde,
 Yeeld outward shew, what inward change he tries :
 Nor be abash'd, since such a gueft you finde,
 Whose strongest hope in your weake comfort lies.
 Come Sheepheards weedes, attend my wofull cries,
 Difuse your felues from sweete Menalcas voyce :
 For other be those tunes which sorrow ties,
 From those cleare notes which freely may reioyce.

Then poure out plaints, and in one word say this :
 Helpelesse his plaint, who spoiles him selfe of blisse.

*FINIS.**S. Phil. Sidney.*

The Sheepheards braule, one halfe aunswering the other.

1 We loue, and haue our loues rewarded ?

2 We loue, and are no whit regarded.

1 We finde most sweet affections snare :

2 That sweete but fower dispairefull care.

1 Who can dispaire, whom hope dooth beare ?

2 And who can hope, that feeles dispaire ?

All. As without breath no pipe dooth moue :

No Musique kindly without loue.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

Dorus his comparifons.

My Sheepe are thoughts, which I both guide and ferue,

Their pasture is faire hills of fruitlesse loue :

On barren sweetes they feede, and feeding sterue,

I waile their lot, but will not other proue.

My sheepe-hooke is wanne hope, which all vpholds :

My weedes, desires, cut out in endlesse folds.

What wool my Sheepe shall beare, while thus they liue :

In you it is, you must the iudgement giue.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

The Sheepheard Faustus his Song.

A faire Mayde wed to prying Iealousie,

One of the fairest as euer I did see :

If that thou wilt a secret Louer take,

(Sweet life) doe not my secret loue forsake.

Ecclipsed was our Sunne,
And faire Aurora darkened to vs quite,
Our morning starre was doone,
And Sheepheards starre lost cleane out of our sight,
When that thou didst thy faith in wedlock plight.
Dame Nature made thee faire,
And ill did carelesse Fortune marry thee,
And pittie with despaire
It was, that this thy haplesse hap should be,
A faire Mayde wed to prying lealoufie.

Our eyes are not so bold
To view the Sun, that flies with radiant wing :
Vnlesse that we doo hold
A glasse before them, or some other thing.
Then wisely this to passe did Fortune bring
To couer thee with such a vaile :
For heeretofore, when any viewed thee,
Thy sight made his to faile,
For (sooth) thou art : thy beautie telleth mee,
One of the fairest as euer I did see.

Thy graces to obscure,
With such a froward husband, and so base
She meant thereby most fure
That Cupids force, and loue thou should'st embrace,
For 'tis a force to loue, no wondrous case.
Then care no more for kin,
And doubt no more, for feare thou must forsake,
To loue thou must begin,
And from hence-forth this question neuer make,
If that thou should'st a secret Louer take ?

Of force it dooth behoooue

That thou should'ft be belou'd, and that againe
(Faire Miftrefse) thou should'ft loue,

For to what end, what purpofe, and what gaine,
Should fuch perfections ferue? as now in vaine
My loue is of fuch art,

That (of it felfe) it well deferues to take
In thy fweete loue a part :

Then for no Shepheard, that his loue dooth make,
(*Sweet life*) doo not my *secret loue* forfake.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

Another of the same, by Firminus the Shepheard.

If that the gentle winde

dooth mooue the leaues with pleafant found,

If that the Kid behind

Is left, that cannot find

her dam, runnes bleating vp and downe :

The Bagpipe, Reede, or Flute,

onely with ayre if that they touched be,

With pittie all falute,

And full of loue doo brute

thy name, and found Diana, feeing thee :

A faire Mayde wed to prying Iealoufie.

The fierce and fauage beafts

(beyond their kind and nature yet)

With pitteous voyce and brest,

In mountaines without reft

the felfe fame Song doo not forget.

If that they stay'd at (*Faire*)
 and had not passed to prying *Iealousie* :
 With plaints of such despaire
 As moou'd the gentle ayre
 to teares : The Song that they did sing, should be
One of the fayrest as euer I did see.

Mishap, and fortunes play,
 ill did they place in Beauties brest :
 For since so much to fay,
 There was of beauties fway,
 they had done well to leaue the rest.
 They had enough to doo,
 if in her praise their wits they did awake :
 But yet so must they too,
 And all thy loue that woo,
 thee not too coy, nor too too proude to make,
If that thou wilt a secret Louer take.

For if thou hadst but knowne
 the beauty, that they heere doo touch,
 Thou woul'dst then loue alone
 Thy selfe, nor any one,
 onely thy selfe accounting much.
 But if thou doost conceaue
 this beauty, that I will not publique make,
 And mean'st not to bereaue
 The world of it, but leaue
 the fame to some (which neuer peere did take),
(Sweet life) doo not my secret loue forsake.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

Damelus Song to his Diaphenia.

Diaphenia like the Daffadown-dillie,
White as the Sunne, faire as the Lillie,
 heigh hoe, how I doo loue thee?
I doo loue thee as my Lambs
Are beloued of their Dams
 how blest were I if thou would'ft prooue me?

Diaphenia like the spreading Roses,
That in thy sweetes all sweetes incloses,
 faire sweete how I doo loue thee?
I doo loue thee as each flower,
Loues the Sunnes life-giuing power.
 for dead, thy breath to life might mooue me.

Diaphenia like to all things blessed,
When all thy praifes are expressed,
 deare Ioy, how I doo loue thee?
As the birds doo loue the Spring:
Or the Bees their carefull King,
 then in requite, sweet Virgin loue me.

FINIS.

H. C.

*The Sheepheard Eurymachus to his faire Sheepheardesse
Mirimida.*

When Flora proud in pompe of all her flowers
 fate bright and gay:
And gloried in the dewe of Iris fhowers,
 and did display

Q

Her mantle checquer'd all with gaudie greene,
Then I
alone
A mournfull man in Ericine was seene.

With folded armes I trampled through the grasse,
Tracing as he
That held the throane of Fortune brittle glasse,
And loue to be
Like Fortune fleeting, as the restlesse wind
Mixed
with mifts
Whose dampe dooth make the clearest eyes grow blind.

Thus in a maze I spied a hideous flame,
I cast my fight,
And sawe where blithely bathing in the fame
With great delight
A worme did lie, wrapt in a smoakie sweate :
And yet
twas strange,
It carelesse lay, and shrunk not at the heate.

I stood amaz'd, and wondring at the sight,
While that a dame,
That shone like to the heauens rich sparkling light,
Discourst the fame,
And said, My friend, this worme within the fire :
Which lyes
content,
Is Venus worme, and represents desire.

A Salamander is this princely beaft,
Deck'd with a crowne,
Giuen him by Cupid as a gorgeous creakt,
Gainst Fortunes frowne.
Content he lyes, and bathes him in the flame,
And goes
not foorth,
For why, he cannot liue without the fame.

As he, fo Louers liue within the fire
Of feruent loue :
And shrink not from the flame of hote desire,
Nor will not moue
From any heate that Venus force imparts :
But lie
content,
Within a fire, and waste away their harts.

Vp flewe the Dame, and vanish'd in a cloud,
But there stood I,
And many thoughts within my mind did shroud
My loue : for why
I felt within my hart a scorching fire,
And yet
as did
The Salamander, twas my whole desire.

FINIS.

Ro. Greene.

The Sheepheard Firminus his Song.

Sheepheards giue eare, and now be still
Vnto my passions, and their cause,
 and what they be :
Since that with such an earnest will,
And such great signes of friendships lawes,
 you aske it me.

It is not long since I was whole,
Nor since I did in euery part
 free-will resigne :
It is not long since in my sole
Possession, I did know my hart,
 and to be mine.

It is not long, since euen and morrow,
All pleasure that my heart could finde,
 was in my power ;
It is not long, since greefe and sorrow,
My louing hart began to binde,
 and to deuoure.

It is not long, since companie
I did esteeme a ioy indeede
 still to frequent :
Nor long, since solitarilie
I liu'd, and that this life did breede
 my sole content.

Desirous I (wretched) to see,
But thinking not to see so much
 as then I sawe :
Loue made me know in what degree,
His valour and braue force did touch
 me with his lawe.

First he did put no more nor lesse
Into my hart, then he did view
 that there did want :
But when my breast in such excesse
Of liuely flames to burne I knew,
 then were so scant

My ioyes, that now did so abate,
(My selfe estraunged euery way
 from former rest :)
That I did know, that my estate,
And that my life was euery day,
 in deaths arrest.

I put my hand into my side,
To see what was the cause of this
 vnwonted vaine :
Where I did finde, that torments hied
By endlesse death to preiudice
 my life with paine.

Because I sawe that there did want
My hart, wherein I did delight,
 my dearest hart :

And he that did the fame supplant,
 No iurisdiction had of right
 to play that part.

The Iudge and Robber, that remaine
 Within my foule, their cause to trie,
 are there all one :
 And so the giuer of my paine,
 And he that is condemn'd to die
 or I, or none.

To die I care not any way,
 Though without why, to die I greeue,
 as I doo fee :
 But for because I heard her say,
 None die for loue, for I beleeeue
 none such there be.

Then this thou shalt beleeeue by me
 Too late, and without remedie
 as did in brieve :
 Anaxarete, and thou shalt see,
 The little she did fatisfie
 with after grieve.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

The Sheepheards praise of his sacred Diana.

Prayfed be Dianaes faire and harmleffe light,
 Praised be the dewes, where-with she moistes the ground :
 Praised be her beames, the glory of the night,
 Prais'd be her power, by which all powers abound.

Prais'd be her Nymphs, with whom she decks the woods,
Prais'd be her Knights, in whom true honour liues :
Prais'd be that force, by which she mooues the floods,
Let that Diana shine which all these giues.

In heauen Queene she is among the Spheares,
She Mistresse-like makes all things to be pure :
Eternity in her oft change she beares,
She beauty is, by her the faire endure.

Time weares her not, she dooth his Chariot guide,
Mortality below her Orbe is plaft :
By her the vertue of the starres downe slide.
In her is vertues perfect Image cast.

A knowledge pure it is her woorth to know :
With Circes let them dwell, that thinke not so.

FINIS.

S. W. R.

The Sheepheards dumpe.

Like defart Woods, with darksome shades obscured,
Where dreadfull beasts, where hatefull horror raigneth,
Such is my wounded hart, whom forrow paineth.

The Trees are fatall shafts, to death inured,
That cruell loue within my hart maintaineth,
To whet my greefe, when as my forrow waineth.

The ghastly beafts, my thoughts in cares affured,
Which wadge me warre, whilst hart no succour gaineth,
With false suspect, and feare that still remaineth.

The horrors, burning fighs, by cares procured,
Which foorth I fend, whilst weeping eye complaineth,
To coole the heate the helplesse hart containeth.

But shafts, but cares, fighs, horrors vnrecured,
Were nought esteemd, if for their paines awarded:
Your Sheepheards loue might be by you regarded.

*FINIS.**S. E. D.*

The Nymph Dianaes Song.

When that I poore foule was borne,
I was borne vnfortunate:
Presently the Fates had sworne,
To fore-tell my haplesse state.

Titan his faire beames did hide,
Phœbe 'clips'd her filuer light:
In my birth my Mother died,
Young and faire in heauie plight.

And the Nurse that gaue me suck,
Haplesse was in all her life:
And I neuer had good luck,
Being mayde or married wife.

I lou'd well, and was belou'd,
And forgetting, was forgot :
This a haplesse marriage mou'd,
Greeuing that it kills me not.

With the earth would I were wed,
Then in such a graue of woes
Daylie to be buried,
Which no end nor number knowes.

Young my Father married me,
Forc'd by my obedience :
Syrenus, thy faith, and thee
I forgot without offence.

Which contempt I pay so farre,
Newer like was paid so much :
Iealousies doo make me warre,
But without a cause of such.

I doo goe with iealous eyes,
To my folds, and to my Sheepe :
And with iealousie I rise,
When the day begins to peepe.

At his table I doo eate,
In his bed with him I lie :
But I take no rest, nor meate,
Without cruell iealousie.

If I aske him what he ayles,
And whereof he iealous is ?

Englands Helicon.

In his aunfwere then he failes,
Nothing can he fay to this.

In his face there is no cheere,
But he euer hangs the head :
In each corner he dooth peere,
And his speech is fad and dead.

Ill the poore foule liues ywis :
That fo hardly married is.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

Rowlands Madrigall.

Faire Loue rest thee heere,
Neuer yet was morne fo cleere,
Sweete be not vnkinde,
Let me thy fauour finde,
Or else for loue I die.
Harke this pretty bubling spring,
How it makes the Meadowes ring,
Loue now stand my friend,
Heere let all sorrow end,

And I will honour thee.
See where little Cupid lyes,
Looking babies in her eyes.
Cupid helpe me now,
Lend to me thy bowe,
to wound her that wounded me.
Heere is none to see or tell,
All our flocks are feeding by,

This banke with Rofes fpred,
Oh it is a dainty bed,
fit for my Loue and me.

Harke the birds in yonder Groaue,
How they chaunt vnto my Loue,
Loue be kind to me,
As I haue beene to thee,

for thou haft wonne my hart.
Calme windes blow you faire,
Rock her thou fweete gentle ayre,
O the morne is noone,
The euening comes too foone,
to part my Loue and me.

The Rofes and thy lips doo meete,
Oh that life were halfe fo fweete,
Who would refpect his breath,
That might die fuch a death,
oh that life thus might die.

All the bufhes that be neere,
With fweet Nighingales befet,
Hufh fweete and be ftill,
Let them fmg their fill,
there's none our ioyes to let.

Sunne why doo'ft thou goe fo faft?
Oh why doo'ft thou make fuch haft?
It is too early yet,
So foone from ioyes to flit,
why art thou fo vnkind?
See my little Lambkins runne,

Looke on them till I haue done,
 Haft not on the night,
 To rob me of her fight,
 that liue but by her eyes.
 Alas, sweet Loue, we must depart,
 Harke my dogge begins to barke,
 Some bodie's comming neere,
 They shall not finde vs heere,
 for feare of being chid.
 Take my Garland and my Gloue,
 Weare it for my fake my Loue,
 To morrow on the greene,
 Thou shalt be our Shepheards Queene,
 crowned with Rofes gay.

*FINIS.**Mich. Drayton.*

*Alanius the Shepheard, his dolefull Song,
 complayning of Ismeniaes crueltie.*

No more (ô cruell Nymph,) now hast thou prayed
 Enough in thy reuenge, prooue not thine ire
 On him that yeelds, the fault is now appayed
 Vnto my cost : Now mollifie thy dire
 Hardnes, and brest of thine so much obdured :
 And now raife vp (though lately it hath erred,)
 A poore repenting foule, that in the obscured
 Darknes of thy obliuion lyes enterred.
 For it falls not in that, that should commend thee :
 That such a Swaine as I may once offend thee.

If that the little Sheepe with speede is flying
From angry Sheepheard (with his words afrayed)
And runneth here and there with fearefull crying,
And with great grieve is from the flock estrayed :
But when it now perceiues that none doth follow,
And all alone, so farre estraying mourneth,
Knowing what danger it is in, with hollow
And fainting bleates, then fearefull it returneth
Vnto the flock, meaning no more to leaue it :
Should it not be a iust thing to receaue it ?

Lift vp those eyes (Ismenia) which so stately
To view me, thou hast lifted vp before me,
That liberty, which was mine owne but lately,
Giue me againe, and to the same restore me :
And that mild hart, so full of loue and pittie,
Which thou didst yeeld to me, and euer owe me ;
Behold (my Nymph) I was not then so wittie
To know that sincere loue that thou didst shew me :
Now wofull man, full well I know and rue it,
Although it was too late before I knew it.

How could it be (my enemie ?) say, tell me,
How thou (in greater fault and errour being
Then euer I was thought) should'st thus repell me ?
And with new league and cruell title seeing
Thy faith so pure and worthy to be changed ?
And what is that Ismenia, that dooth bind it
To loue, whereas the same is most estranged,
And where it is impossible to finde it ?
But pardon me, if heerein I abuse thee :
Since that the cause thou gau'st me dooth excuse me.

But tell me now, what honour hast thou gayned,
 Auenging such a fault by thee committed,
 And there-vnto by thy occasion trayned?
 What haue I done, that I haue not acquitted?
 Or what exceffe that is not amply payed,
 Or suffer more, that I haue not endured?
 What cruell minde, what angry breast displayed,
 With fauage hart, to fierceness so adiuured?
 Would not such mortall grieve make milde and tender:
 But that, which my fell Sheepheardesse dooth render?

Now as I haue perceaued well thy reasons,
 Which thou hast had, or hast yet to forget me,
 The paines, the griefes, the guilts of forced treasons,
 That I haue done, wherein thou first didst set me:
 The passions, and thine eares and eyes refusing
 To peare and see me, meaning to vndoe me:
 Cam'st thou to know, or be but once perusing
 Th'vnfought occasions, which thou gau'st vnto me:
 Thou shouldst not haue where-with to more torment me:
 Nor I to pay the fault my rashnes lent me.

*FINIS.**Bar. Yong.*

Montana the Sheepheard. his loue to Aminta.

I serue Aminta, whiter then the snowe,
 Straighter then Cedar, brighter then the glasse:
 More fine in trip, then foote of running Roe,
 More pleasant then the field of flowring grasse.
 More gladfome to my withering ioyes that fade:
 Then Winters Sunne, or Sommers cooling shade.

Sweeter then fwelling Grape of ripeſt wine,
Softer then feathers of the faireſt Swan :
Smoother then Iet, more ſtately then the Pine,
Freſher then Poplar, ſmaller then my ſpan.

Clearer then Phœbus fierie pointed beame :
Or Icie cruſt of Chriſtalls frozen ſtreame.

Yet is ſhe curfter then the Beare by kind,
And harder harted then the aged Oake :
More glib then Oyle, more fickle then the wind,
More ſtiffe then ſteele, no ſooner bent but broake.

Loe thus my ſeruice is a laſting fore :
Yet will I ſerue, although I die therefore.

FINIS.

Shep. Tonie.

The Shepheards ſorrow for his Phœbes diſdaine.

Oh Woods vnto your walks my body hies,
To looſe the trayterous bonds of tiring Loue,
Where trees, where hearbs, where flowers,
Their natiue moiſture poures
From forth their tender ſtalkes, to helpe mine eyes,
Yet their vnited teares may nothing moue.

When I behold the faire adorned tree,
Which lightnings force and Winters froſt reſiſts,
Then Daphnes ill betide,
And Phœbus lawleſſe pride
Enforce me ſay, euen ſuch my ſorrowes be :
For ſelfe diſdaine in Phœbes hart conſiſts.

If I behold the flowers by morning teares
Looke louely fweete : Ah then forlorne I crie
 Sweete showers for Memnon shed,
 All flowers by you are fed.
Whereas my pittious plaint that still appeares,
Yeelds vigor to her scornes, and makes me die.

When I regard the pretty glee-full bird,
With teare-full (yet delightfull) notes complaine :
 I yeeld a terror with my teares
 And while her musique wounds mine eares,
Alas say I, when will my notes afford
Such like remorse, who still beweepe my paine ?

When I behold vpon the leafe-lesse bow
The haplesse bird lament her Loues depart :
 I draw her biding nigh,
 And sitting downe I figh,
And fighting say : Alas, that birds auow
A fetled faith, yet Phœbe scornes my smart.

Thus wearie in my walke, and wofull too,
I spend the day, fore-spent with daily greefe :
 Each obiect of distresse
 My sorrow dooth expresse.
I doate on that which dooth my hart vndoo :
And honour her that scornes to yeeld releefe.

*FINIS.**M. F. G.*

*Espilus and Therion, their contention in Song
for the May-Ladie.*

Espilus. Tvne vp my voyce, a higher note I yeeld,
To high conceite, the Song must needes neede
be hie :
More high then starres, more firme then flintie field
Are all my thoughts, in which I liue and die.
Sweete foule to whom I vowed am a slaue :
Let not wild woods so great a treasure haue.

Therion. The highest note comes oft from basest minde,
As shallow Brookes doo yeeld the greatest sound :
Seeke other thoughts thy life or death to finde,
Thy starres be false, plowed is thy flinty ground.
Sweete foule, let not a wretch that serueth Sheepe,
Among his Flock so sweete a treasure keepe.

Espilus. Two thousand Sheepe I haue as white as milke,
Though not so white as is thy louely face :
The pasture rich, the wooll as soft as filke,
All this I giue, let me possesse thy grace.
But still take heede, least thou thy selfe submit :
To one that hath no wealth, and wants his wit.

Therion. Two thousand Deere in wildest woods I haue,
Them can I take, but you I cannot hold :
He is not poore who can his freedome saue,
Bound but to you, no wealth but you I would.
But take this beast, if beasts you feare to misse :
For of his beasts the greatest beast he is.

Both kneeling to her Maiestie.

Espilus. Iudge you, to whom all beauties force is lent:

Therion. Iudge you of loue, to whom all loue is bent.

This Song was sung before the Queenes most excellent Maiestie, in Wansted Garden: as a contention betweene a Forrester and a Sheepheard for the May-Ladie.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

Olde Melibeus Song, courting his Nymph.

Loues Queene long wayting for her true-Loue,
Slaine by a Boare which he had chafed,
Left off her teares, and me embraced,
She kist me sweete, and call'd me new-Loue.

With my filuer haire she toyed,
In my stayed looks she ioyed.
Boyes (she sayd) breede beauties forrow:
Olde men cheere it euen and morrow.

My face she nam'd the feate of fauour,
All my defects her tongue defended,
My shape she praisd, but most commended.
My breath more sweete then Balme in fauour.

Be old man with me delighted,
Loue for loue shall be requited.
With her toyes at last she wone me:
Now she coydes that hath vndone me.

FINIS.

M. F. G.

The Sheeheard Syluanus his Song.

My life (young Sheeheardefse) for thee
Of needes to death mustt poft :
But yet my greefe mustt stay with me,
After my life is loft.

The greeuous ill, by Death that cured is,
Continually hath remedy at hand :
But not that torment that is like to this,
That in flow time, and Fortunes meanes dooth stand.

And if this forrow cannot be
Ended with life (at mostt :)
What then dooth this thing profit me,
A forrow wonne or loft ?

Yet all is one to me, as now I trie
A flattering hope, or that that had not been yett :
For if to day for want of it I die,
Next day I doo no lesse for hauing feene it.

Faine would I die, to end and free
This greefe, that kills me mostt :
If that it might be loft with me,
Or die when life is loft.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

Coridons Song.

A blithe and bonny Country-Lasse,
heigh hoe bonny-Lasse,
Sate fighing on the tender grasse,
and weeping fayd : will none come woo me ?

A fmicker Boy, a lither Swaine,
 heigh hoe a fmicker Swaine :
That in his loue was wanton faine,
 with fmiling lookes ftraite came vnto her.

When as the wanton Wench espied,
 heigh hoe when fhe espied,
The meanes to make her felfe a Bride,
 fhe fimpred fsmooth like bonnie-bell :
The Swaine that fawe her fquint-eyed kinde,
 heigh hoe fquint-eyed kinde,
His armes about her body twin'd
 and fayd, Faire Laffe, how fare ye, well ?

The Country-Kit fayd, well forfooth,
 heigh hoe well forfooth,
But that I haue a longing tooth,
 a longing tooth that makes me crie :
Alas (faid he) what garres thy greefe ?
 heigh hoe what garres thy greefe ?
A wound (quoth fhe) without releefe,
 I feare a mayde that I fhall die.

If that be all, the Sheepheard fayd,
 heigh hoe the Sheepheard fayd,
Ile make thee wiue it gentle Mayde,
 and fo recure thy maladie :
Heereon they kift with many an oath,
 heigh hoe many an oath,
And fore God Pan did plight their troath,
 fo to the Church apace they hie.

And God fend euery pretty peate,
 heigh hoe the pretty peate,
That feares to die of this conceite,
 fo kind a friend to helpe at last :
Then Maydes fhall neuer long againe,
 heigh hoe to long againe,
When they finde ease for fuch a paine,
 thus my Roundelay is pafte.

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

The Shepheard's Sonnet.

*My faireft Ganimede difdaine me not,
 Though fillie Shepheard I, prefume to loue thee,
 Though my harfh Songs and Sonnets cannot mooue thee :
Yet to thy beauty is my loue no blot :
Apollo, Ioue, and many Gods befide
 S'dain'd not the name of Country Shepheards Swaines,
 Nor want we pleasures, though we take some paines.
We liue contentedly : A thing call'd pride
Which fo corrupts the Court and euery place,
 (Each place I meane where learning is neglected,
 And yet of late, euen learning's felfe's infected,)
I know not what it meanes in any cafe.
 We onely (when Molorchus gins to peepe,
 Learne for to fold, and to vnfold our Sheepe.*

FINIS.

Rich. Barnefelde.

Seluagia and Siluanus, their Song to Diana.

Sel. I fee thee iolly Sheepheard merrie,
And firme thy faith, and found as a berrie.

Sil. Loue gaue me ioy, and Fortune gaue it,
As my desire could wish to haue it.

Sel. What didst thou wish, tell me (fweete Louer,)
Whereby thou might'st such ioy recouer?

Sil. To loue where loue should be inspired:
Since there's no more to be desired.

Sel. In this great glory, and great gladnes,
Think'st thou to haue no touch of fadnes?

Sil. Good Fortune gaue me not such glorie:
To mock my Loue, or make me forrie.

Sel. If my firme loue I were denying,
Tell me, with fighs would'st thou be dying?

Sil. Those words (in ieast) to heare thee speaking:
For very grieve this hart is breaking.

Sel. Yet would'st thou change, I pre-thee tell me,
In feeing one that did excell me?

Sil. O no, for how can I aspire,
To more, then to mine owne desire?

Sel. Such great affection doo'st thou beare me:
As by thy words thou seem'st to fweare me?

Sil. Of thy deserts, to which a debter
I am, thou maist demaund this better.

Sel. Sometimes me thinks, that I should sweare it,
Sometimes me thinks, thou should'ft not beare it.

Sil. Onely in this my hap dooth greeue me,
And my desire, not to beleue me.

Sel. Imagine that thou doo'ft not loue mine,
But some braue beauty that's aboue mine.

Sil. To such a thing (fweete) doo not will me :
Where faining of the fame dooth kill me.

Sel. I fee thy firmeneffe gentle Louer,
More then my beauty can discouer.

Sil. And my good fortune to be higher
Then my desert, but not desire.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

Montanus his Madrigall.

It was a Vallie gawdie greene,
Where Dian at the Fount was feene,
Greene it was,
And did passe
All other of Dianaes bowers,
In the pride of Floraes flowers.

A Fount it was that no Sunne fees,
Cirkled in with Cipres trees
Set so nie,
As Phœbus eye
Could not doo the Virgins scathe,
To see them naked when they bathe.

She fate there all in white,
Colour fitting her delight,
Virgins fo
Ought to goe :
For white in Armorie is plaſte
To be the colour that is chaſte.

Her taffata Caſſock you might ſee,
Tucked vp aboue her knee,
Which did ſhow
There below
Legges as white as Whales bone,
So white and chaſt was neuer none.

Hard by her vpon the ground
Sate her Virgins in a round,
Bathing their
Golden haire,
And ſinging all in notes hie :
Fie on Venus flattering eye.

Fie on Loue, it is a toy,
Cupid witleſſe, and a boy,
All his fires,
And deſires,
Are plagues that God ſent from on hie :
To peſter men with miſerie.

As thus the Virgins did diſdaine
Louers ioy and Louers paine,
Cupid nie
Did eſpie

Greeuing at Dianaes Song,
Slily stole these Maydes among.

His bowe of steele, darts of fire,
He shot amongst them sweete desire,
Which straite flies
In their eyes,
And at the entraunce made them start,
For it ranne from eye to hart.

Calisto straite supposd Ioue,
Was faire and frolique for to loue.
Dian she,
Scap'd not free,
For well I wote heere-vpon,
She lou'd the Swaine Endimion.

Clitia, Phœbus, and Chloris eye
Thought none so faire as Mercurie.
Venus thus
Did discusse
By her Sonne in darts of fire :
None so chaste to check desire.

Dian rose with all her Maydes,
Blushing thus at Loues braides,
With sighs all
Shew their thrall,
And flinging thence, pronounc'd this saw :
What so strong as Loues sweete law ?

FINIS.

Ro. Greene.

Astrophell to Stella, his third Song.

*If Orpheus voyce had force to breathe such musiques loue
Through pores of sencelesse trees, as it could make them moue:
If stones good measure daunc'd, the Thebane walls to build
To cadence of the tunes, which Amphyons Lyre did yeeld,
More cause a like effect at least-wise bringeth,
O stones, ô trees, learne hearing, Stella singeth.*

*If Loue might sweet'n so a boy of Sheeheard's broode,
To make a Lizard dull to tast Loues daintie foode:
If Eagle fierce could so in Grecian Mayde delight,
As his light was her eyes, her death his endlesse night:
Earth gaue that Loue, heav'n I trow Loue defineth,
O beasts, ô birds, looke, Loue, loe, Stella shineth.*

*The birds, stones, and trees feele this, and feeling Loue,
And if the trees, nor stones stirre not the same to proue:
Nor beasts, nor birds doo come vnto this blessed gaze,
Know, that small Loue is quicke, and great Loue dooth amaze.
They are amaz'd, but you with reason armed,
O eyes, ô eares of men, how are you charmed?*

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

A Song betweene Syrenus and Syluanus.

Syrenus. *Who hath Cupids cates and dainties prayed,
May feede his stomach with them at his pleasure:
If in his drinke some ease he hath assayed,*

*Then let him quench his thirsting without measure:
And if his weapons pleasant in their manner,
Let him embrace his standard and his banner.
For being free from him, and quite exempted:
Ioyfull I am, and proud, and well contented.*

Syluanus. *Of Cupids daintie cates who hath not prayed,
May be deprived of them at his pleasure:
If wormewood in his drinke he hath assayed,
Let him not quench his thirsting without measure:
And if his weapons in their cruell manner,
Let him abiure his standard and his banner:
For I not free from him, and not exempted,
Ioyfull I am, and proud, and well contented.*

Syrenus. *Loue's so expert in giuing many a trouble,
That now I know not why he should be praised:
He is so false, so changing, and so double,
That with great reason he must be dispraised.
Loue in the end is such a iarring passion,
That none should trust vnto his peeuish fashion,
For of all mischiefe he's the onely Maister:
And to my good a torment and disafter.*

Syluanus. *Loue's so expert in giuing ioy, not trouble,
That now I know not but he should be praised:
He is so true, so constant, neuer double,
That in my minde he should not be dispraised.
Loue in the end is such a pleasing passion,
That euery one may trust vnto his fashion.
For of all good he is the onely Maister:
And foe vnto my harmes, and my disafter.*

Syrenus. *Not in these sayings to be proou'd a lyer,
 He knowes that dooth not loue, nor is beloued :
 Now nights and dayes I rest, as I desire,
 After I had such greefe from me remooued.
 And cannot I be glad, since thus estraunged,
 My selfe from false Diana I haue chaunged ?
 Hence, hence, false Loue, I will not entertaine
 thee :
 Since to thy torments thou doost seeke to
 traine me.*

Syluanus. *Not in these sayings to be proou'd a lyer,
 He knowes that loues, and is againe beloued :
 Now nights and dayes I rest in sweete desire,
 After I had such happy fortune prooued.
 And cannot I be glad, since not estraunged,
 My selfe into Seluagia I haue chaunged ?
 Come, come, good Loue, and I will enter-
 taine thee :
 Since to thy sweete content thou seek'st to
 traine me.*

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

Ceres Song in emulation of Cinthia.

Swell Ceres now, for other Gods are shrinking,
 Pomona pineth,
 Fruitlesse her tree :
 Faire Phœbus shineth
 Onely on me.

Conceit dooth make me smile whilst I am thinking,
How euery one dooth reade my storie,
How euery bough on Ceres lowreth,
Cause heauen plenty on me powreth,
And they in leaues doo onely glorie,
All other Gods of power bereauen,
Ceres onely Queene of heauen.

With robes and flowers let me be dressed,
Cinthia that shineth
Is not so cleare :
Cinthia declineth
When I appeare.

Yet in this Isle she raignes as blessed,
And euery one at her dooth wonder,
And in my eares still fond fame whispers
Cinthia shall be Ceres Mistres,
But first my Carre shall riue in funder.
Helpe Phœbus helpe, my fall is suddaine :
Cinthia, Cinthia must be Soueraigne.

*This Song was sung before her Maiestie, at
Biffam, the Lady Ruffells, in prograce. The
Authors name vnkowne to me.*

A Pastorall Ode to an honourable friend.

As to the blooming prime,
Bleake Winter being fled :
From compasse of the clime,
Where Nature lay as dead,

The Riuers dull'd with time,
 The greene leaues withered,
 Fresh Zephyrs (the Westerne brethren) be :
 So th' honour of your fauour is to me.

For as the Plaines reuiue,
 And put on youthfull greene :
 As plants begin to thriue,
 That difattir'd had beene :
 And Arbours now aliue,
 In former pompe are feene.
 So if my Spring had any flowers before :
 Your breathes Fauonius hath encreast the store.

*FINIS.**E. B.**A Nimphs disdaine of Loue.*

Hey downe a downe did Dian sing,
 amongst her Virgins fitting :
 Then loue there is no vainer thing,
 for Maydens most vnfitting,
 And so think I, with a downe downe derrie.

When women knew no woe,
 but liu'd them-selues to please :
 Mars fayning guiles they did not know,
 the ground of their diseafe.
 Vnborne was false suspect,
 no thought of iealousie :

From wanton toyes and fond affect,
The Virgins life was free.
Hey downe a downe did Dian sing &c.

At length men vsed charmes,
to which what Maides gaue eare :
Embracing gladly endlesse harmes,
anone enthralled were.
Thus women welcom'd woe,
disguis'd in name of loue :
A iealous hell, a painted shew,
so shall they finde that proue.

Hey downe a downe did Dian sing,
amongst her Virgins fitting :
Then loue there is no vainer thing,
for Maydens most vnfitting.
And so thinke I, with a downe downe derrie.

*FINIS.**Ignoto.*

Apollos Loue-Song for faire Daphne.

My hart and tongue were twinnes, at once conceaued,
The eldest was my hart, borne dumbe by destinie :
The last my tongue, of all sweet thoughts bereaued,
Yet strung and tun'd, to play harts harmonie.
Both knit in one, and yet a-sunder placed.
What hart would speake, the tongue doth still discouer :
What tongue dooth speake, is of the hart embraced,
And both are one, to make a new-found Louer.

Engrauē vpon this tree Daphnes perfection:
That neither men nor Gods can force affection.

This Dittie was sung before her Maieftie, at the right honourable the Lord Chandos, at Sudley Castell, at her last being there in pro- grace. The Author thereof vnknowne.

The Sheepheard Delicius his Dittie.

Neuer a greater foe did Loue difdaine,
Or trode on graffe fo gay,
Nor Nymph greene leaues with whiter hand hath rent,
More golden haire the wind did neuer blow,
Nor fairer Dame hath bound in white attire,
Or hath in Lawne more gracious features tied,
Then my fweete Enemye.

Beautie and chastitie one place refraine,
 In her beare equall fway :
 Filling the world with wonder and content.
 But they doo giue me paine and double woe,
 Since loue and beautie kindled my desire,
 And cruell chastitie from me denied
 All fence of iollitie.

There is no Rose, nor Lillie after raine,
Nor flower in moneth of May,
Nor pleafant meade, nor greene in Sommer fent,
That feeing them, my minde delighteth fo,
As that faire flower which all the heauens admire,
Spending my thoughts on her, in whom abide
All grace and gifts on hie.

Me thinks my heauenly Nymph I fee againe
Her neck and breaft display :
Seeing the whiteft Ermine to frequent
Some plaine, or flowers that make the faireft show.
O Gods, I neuer yet beheld her nier,
Or farre, in fhade, or Sunne, that fatisfied
I was in paffing by.

The Meade, the Mount, the Riuer, Wood, and Plaine,
With all their braue array,
Yeeld not fuch fweete, as that faire face that's bent
Sorrowes and ioy in each foule to beftow
In equall parts, procur'd by amorous fire
Beauty and Loue in her their force haue tried,
to blind each humane eye.

Each wicked mind and will, which wicked vice dooth ftaine,
her vertues breake and ftay :
All ayres infect by ayre are purg'd and fpent,
Though of a great foundation they did grow.
O body, that fo braue a foule doo'ft hire,
And bleffed foule, whose vertues euer pried
about the ftarrie fkie.

Onely for her my life in ioyes I traine
my foule fings many a Lay :
Musing on her, new Seas I doo inuent
Of foueraigne ioy, wherein with pride I rowe.
The deserts for her sake I doo require,
For without her, the Springs of ioy are dried
and that I doo defie.

Sweete Fate, that to a noble deede doo'ſt ſtraine,
and liſt my hart to day :
Sealing her there with glorious ornament,
Sweete ſeale, ſweete greefe, and ſweeteſt ouerthrowe.
Sweete miracle, whoſe fame cannot expire,
Sweete wound, and golden haſt, that ſo eſpied
such heauenly companie
Of beauties graces in ſweete vertues died,
As like were neuer in ſuch yeares deſcried.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

Amintas for his Phillis.

*Aurora now began to rise againe,
From watry couch, and from old Tithons side:
In hope to kisse vpon Acteian plaine,
Young Cephalus, and through the golden glide
On Easterne coast he cast so great a light,
That Phæbus thought it time to make retire
From Thetis bower, wherein he spent the night,
To light the world againe with heavenly fire.*

*No sooner gan his winged steedes to chafe
The Stigian night, mantled with duskie vale :
But poore Amintas hasteth him apace,
In deserts thus, to weepe a wofull tale.
You silent shades, and all that dwell therein,
As birds, or beasts, or wormes that creepe on ground :
Dispose your selues to teares, while I begin
To rue the greefe of mine eternall wound.*

*And dolefull ghosts, whose nature flies the light,
Come seate your selues with me on eu'ry side :
And while I die for want of my delight,
Lament the woes through fancie me betide.
Phillis is dead, the marke of my desire,
My cause of loue, and shipwrack of my ioyes,
Phillis is gone that set my hart on fire,
That clad my thoughts with ruinous annoyes.*

*Phillis is fled, and bides I wote not where,
Phillis (alas) the praise of woman-kinde :
Phillis the Sunne of this our Hemisphere,
Whose beames made me, and many others blinde.
But blinded me (poore Swaine) aboue the rest,
That like olde Oedipus I lue in thrall :
Still feele the woorst, and neuer hope the best,
My mirth in moane, and honey drown'd in gall.*

*Her faire, but cruell eyes, bewitcht my sight,
Her sweete, but fading speech enthrall'd my thought :
And in her deedes I reaped such delight,
As brought both will and libertie to nought.*

*Thcrefore all hope of happines adiew,
Adiew desire the source of all my care :
Despaire tells me, my weale will nere renue,
Till that my soule dooth passe in Charons Crare.*

*Meane time my minde must suffer Fortunes scorne,
My thoughts still wound, like wounds that still are greene :
My weakened limbs be layd on beds of thorne,
My life decayes, although my death's fore-seene.
Mine eyes, now eyes no more, but Seas of teares,
Weepe on your fill, to coole my burning brest :
Where loue did place desire, twixt hope and feares,
(I say) desire, the Author of vnrest.*

*And would to God, Phillis where ere thou be,
Thy soule did see the sower of mine estate :
My ioyes ecclips'd, for onely want of thee
My being with my selfe at foule debate.
My humble vowes, my sufferance of woe,
My sobs and sighs, and euer-watching eyes :
My plaintiue teares, my wandring to and fro,
My will to die, my neuer-ceasing cries.*

*No doubt but then these sorrowes would perswade,
The doome of death, to cut my vitall twist :
That I with thee amidst th' infernall shade,
And thou with me might sport vs as we list.
Oh if thou waite on faire Proserpines traine,
And hearest Orpheus neere th' Elizian springs :
Entreate thy Queene to free thee thence againe,
And let the Thracian guide thee with his strings.*

FINIS.

Tho. Watson.

Faustus and Firmius sing to their Nymph by turnes.

Firmius. Of mine owne felfe I doo complaine,
And not for louing thee so much,
But that in deede thy power is such :
That my true loue it dooth restraine,
And onely this dooth giue me paine,
For faine I would
Loue her more, if that I could.

Faustus. Thou doo'ft obserue who dooth not fee,
To be belou'd a great deale more :
But yet thou shalt not finde such store.
Of loue in others as in me :
For all I haue I giue to thee.
Yet faine I would
Loue thee more, if that I could.

Firmius. O trie no other Sheepheard Swaine,
And care not other loues to proue,
Who though they giue thee all their loue :
Thou canst not such as mine obtaine.
And would'ft thou haue in loue more gaine ?
O yet I would
Loue thee more, if that I could.

Faustus. Impossible it is (my friend)
That any one should me excell
In loue, whose loue I will refell,
If that with me he will contend :

My loue no equall hath, nor end.
 And yet I would
 Loue her more, if that I could.

Firminus. Behold how Loue my foule hath charm'd,
 Since first thy beauties I did see,
 (Which is but little yet to me,)
 My freest senses I haue harm'd
 (To loue thee) leauing them vnarm'd :
 And yet I would
 Loue thee more, if that I could.

Faustus. I euer gaue, and giue thee still
 Such store of loue, as Loue hath lent me :
 And therefore well thou maist content thee,
 That Loue dooth so enrich my fill :
 But now behold my cheefest will,
 That faine I would
 Loue thee more, if that I could.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

*Sireno a Sheepheard, hauing a lock of his faire Nymphs
 haire, wrapt about with greene filke, mournes
 thus in a Loue-Dittie.*

What chang 's heere, ô haire,
 I see since I saw you ?
 How ill fits you this greene to weare,
 For hope the colour due ?

In deede I well did hope,
Though hope were mixt with feare :
No other Sheeheard should haue scope
Once to approach this heare.

Ah haire, how many dayes,
My Dian made me shew,
With thousand prettie childish playes,
If I ware you or no ?
Alas, how oft with teares,
(Oh teares of guilefull brest :)
She seemed full of iealous feares,
Whereat I did but iest ?

Tell me ô haire of gold,
If I then faultie be :
That trust those killing eyes I would,
Since they did warrant me ?
Haue you not seene her moode,
What streames of teares she spent :
Till that I fware my faith so stoode,
As her words had it bent ?

Who hath such beautie seene,
In one that changeth so ?
Or where one loues, so constant beene,
Who euer saw such woe ?
Ah haire, you are not greeu'd,
To come from whence you be :
Seeing how once you saw I liu'd,
To see me as you see.

On fandie banke of late,
 I faw this woman fit :
 Where, *Sooner die then change my state,*
 She with her finger writ.
 Thus my beleefe was stay'd,
 Behold Loues mighty hand
 On things, were by a woman fay'd,
 And written in the fand.

*Translated by S. Phil. Sidney, out of
 Diana of Montmaior.*

*A Song betweene Taurisius and Diana,
 aunswering verse for verse.*

Taurisius. The cause why that thou doo'st denie
 To looke on me, sweete foe impart ?
Diana. Because thou dooth not please the eye,
 Which dooth offend and greeue the hart.
Taurisius. What woman is, or euer was,
 That when she looketh, could be mou'd ?
Diana. She that resolues her life to passe,
 Neyther to loue, nor to be lou'd.
Taurisius. There is no hart so fierce and hard
 That can so much torment a foule :
Diana. Nor Sheepheard of so small regard,
 That reason will so much controule.
Taurisius. How falls it out Loue dooth not kill
 Thy crueltie with some remorse ?
Diana. Because that Loue is but a will,
 And free-will doth admit no force.

- Taurifius.* Behold what reason now thou hast,
To remedie my louing smart :
- Diana.* The very fame bindes me as fast,
To keepe such daunger from my hart.
- Taurifius.* Why doo'st thou thus torment my minde,
And to what end thy beautie keepe?
- Diana.* Because thou call'st me still vnkinde,
And pittileffe when thou doo'st weepe.
- Taurifius.* Is it because thy crueltie
In killing me dooth neuer end?
- Diana.* Nay, for because I meane thereby,
My hart from sorrow to defend.
- Taurifius.* Be bold so foule I am no way
As thou doo'st think, faire Sheepheardeffe :
- Diana.* With this content thee, that I say,
That I beleue the fame no leffe.
- Taurifius.* What, after giuing me such store
Of passions, doo'st thou mock me too?
- Diana.* If aunsweres thou wilt any more,
Goe seeke them without more adoo.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

*Another Song before her Maiestie at Oxford, sung by a
comely Sheepheard, attended on by sundrie other
Sheepheards and Nymphs.*

*Hearbs, words, and stones, all maladies haue cured,
Hearbs, words, and stones, I vsed when I loued :
Hearbs smells, words winde, stones hardnes haue procured,
By stones, nor words, nor hearbs her mind was moued.*

*I ask'd the cause : this was a womans reason,
 Mongst hearbs are weedes, and thereby are refused :
 Deceite as well as trueth speakes words in season,
 False stones by foiles haue many one abused.
 I figh'd, and then she sayd, my fancie smoaked,
 I gaz'd, she sayd, my lookes were follies glauncing :
 I sounded dead, she sayd, my loue was choaked,
 I started vp, she sayd, my thoughts were dauncing.
 Oh sacred Loue, if thou haue any Godhead :
 Teach other rules to winne a maydenhead.*

*FINIS.**Anonimus.*

*The Shepheards Song : a Caroll or Himne for
 Christmas.*

Sweete Musique, sweeter farre
 Then any Song is sweete :
 Sweete Musique heauenly rare,
 Mine eares (ô peeres) dooth greete.
 You gentle flocks, whose fleeces pearl'd with dewe,
 Resemble heauen, whom golden drops make bright :
 Listen, ô listen, now, ô not to you
 Our pipes make sport to shorten wearie night,
 But voyces most diuine,
 Make blisfull Harmonie :
 Voyces that seeme to shine,
 For what else cleares the skie ?
 Tunes can we heare, but not the Singers see :
 The tunes diuine, and so the Singers be.

Loe how the firmament,
Within an azure fold :
The flock of starres hath pent,
That we might them behold.
Yet from their beames proceedeth not this light,
Nor can their Christalls such reflection giue :
What then dooth make the Element so bright ?
The heauens are come downe vpon earth to liue.
But harken to the Song,
Glorie to glories King :
And peace all men among,
These Queristers doo sing.
Angels they are, as also (Sheepheards) hee,
Whom in our feare we doo admire to see.

Let not amazement blinde
Your foules (faid he) annoy :
To you and all mankinde,
My message bringeth ioy.
For loe the worlds great Sheepheard now is borne
A bleffed Babe, an Infant full of power :
After long night, vp-risen is the morne,
Renowing Bethlem in the Sauour.
Sprung is the perfect day,
By Prophets seene a farre :
Sprung is the mirthfull May,
Which Winter cannot marre.
In Dauids Cittie dooth this Sunne appeare :
Clouded in flesh, yet Sheepheards fit we heere.

*FINIS.**E. B.*

*Arfileus his Caroll, for ioy of the new mariage,
betweene Syrenus and Diana.*

Let now each Meade with flowers be depainted,
Of fundry colours sweetest odours glowing :
Roses yeeld forth your smells so finely tainted,
Calmewinds the greene leaues moue with gentle blowing,
The Christall Riuers flowing
With waters be encreased :
And since each one from sorrow now hath ceased,
From mournfull plaints and fadnes,
Ring forth faire Nymphs your ioyfull Songs for
[gladnes.

Let Springs and Meades all kinde of sorrow banish,
And mournfull harts the teares that they are bleeding :
Let gloomie cloudes with shining morning vanish,
Let euery bird reioyce that now is breeding.
And since by new proceeding,
With mariage now obtained,
A great content by great contempt is gained,
And you deuoyd of fadnes,
Ring forth faire Nymphs your ioyfull Songs for
[gladnes.

Who can make vs to change our firme desires,
And soule to leaue her strong determination,
And make vs freeze in Ice, and melt in fires,
And nicest harts to loue with emulation,
Who rids vs from vexation,
And all our minds commaundeth ?
But great Felicia, that his might withstandeth,

That fill'd our harts with fadnes,
Ring foorth faire Nymphs your ioyfull Songs for
[gladnes.

Your fields with their distilling fauours cumber
(Bridegroome and happy Bride) each heauenly power
Your flocks, with double Lambs encreas'd in number,
May neuer tast vnfaurie grasse and fower.
The Winters frost and shower
Your Kids (your pretie pleasure)
May neuer hurt, and blest with so much treasure,
To driue away all fadnes :
Ring foorth faire Nymphs your ioyfull Songs for
[gladnes.

Of that sweete ioy delight you with such measure,
Betweene you both faire issue to engender :
Longer then Nestor may you liue in pleasure,
The Gods to you such sweete content surrender,
That may make you mild and tender,
The beasts in euery mountaine,
And glad the fields, and woods, and euery Fountaine,
Abiuring former fadnes,
Ring foorth faire Nymphs your ioyfull Songs for
[gladnes.

Let amorous birds with sweetest notes delight you,
Let gentle winds refresh you with their blowing :
Let fields and Forrests with their good requite you,
And Flora decke the ground where you are going.
Roses and Violets strowing,
The Iasmine and the Gilliflower,
With many more, and neuer in your bower,

To tast of household fadnes :
 Ring foorth faire Nymphs your ioyfull Songs for
 [gladnes.
 Concord and peace hold you for aye contented,
 And in your ioyfull state liue you so quiet :
 That with the plague of iealousie tormented
 You may not be, nor fed with Fortunes diet.
 And that your names may flie yet,
 To hills vnknowne with glorie.
 But now because my breast so hoarce, and forrie
 It faints, may rest from finging : [ringing.
 End Nymphs your Songs, that in the clouds are

*FINIS.**Bar. Yong.**Philistus farewell to false Clorinda.*

Clorinda false adiew, thy loue torments me :
 Let Thirsis haue thy hart, since he contents thee.
 Oh greefe and bitter anguish,
 For thee I languish,
 Faine I (alas) would hide it,
 Oh, but who can abide it ?
 I can, I cannot I abide it.
 Adiew, adiew then,
 Farewell,
 Leaue my death now desiring :
 For thou hast thy requiring.
 Thus spake Philistus, on his hooke relying :
 And sweetly fell a dying.

*FINIS.**Out of M. Morleyes Madrigalls.*

Rosalindes Madrigall.

Loue in my bosome like a Bee,
dooth suck his sweete :
Now with his winges he playes with me,
now with his feete.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender brest,
My kiffes are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah wanton will ye ?

And if I fleepe, then pierceth he,
with prettie flight :
And makes his pillow of my knee,
the liue-long night.
Strike I my Lute, he tunes the string,
He musique playes if I but sing,
He lends me euery louely thing,
Yet cruell he my hart dooth sting.
Whift wanton, still ye.

Else I with Rosfes euery day
will whip ye hence :
And binde ye when ye long to play,
for your offence.
Ile shut mine eyes to keepe ye in,
Ile make you fast it for your finne,
Ile count your power not woorth a pin.
Alas, what heereby shall I winne
If he gaine-say me ?

What if I beate the wanton boy
 with many a rod ?
 He will repay me with annoy,
 because a God.
 Then sit thou safely on my knee,
 And let thy bower my bosome be :
 Lurke in mine eyes, I like of thee.
 O Cupid, so thou pittie me,
 Spare not, but play thee.

*FINIS.**Thom. Lodge.**A Dialogue Song betweene Syluanis and Arfilius.*

Syl. Sheepheard, why doo'st thou hold thy peace ?
 Sing, and thy ioy to vs report :

Arfil. My ioy good Sheepheard) should be leffe,
 If it were told in any fort.

Syl. Though such great fauours thou doo'st winne,
 Yet daigne thereof to tell some part :

Arfil. The hardest thing is to begin,
 In enterprizes of such Art.

Syl. Come make an end, no cause omit,
 Of all the ioyes that thou art in :

Arfil. How should I make an end of it,
 That am not able to begin ?

Syl. It is not iust, we should consent,
 That thou should'st not thy ioyes recite :

Arfil. The foule that felt the punishment,
 Dooth onely feele this great delight.

- Syl.* That ioy is small, and nothing fine,
That is not told abroad to manie :
- Arfil.* If it be such a ioy as mine,
It neuer can be told to anie.
- Syl.* How can this hart of thine containe
A ioy, that is of such great force ?
- Arfil.* I haue it, where I did retaine
My passions of so great remorse.
- Syl.* So great and rare a ioy is this,
No man is able to with-hold :
- Arfil.* But greater that a pleasure is,
The lesse it may with words be told.
- Syl.* Yet haue I heard thee heeretofore,
Thy ioyes in open Songs report :
- Arfil.* I said, I had of ioy some store,
But not how much, nor in what fort.
- Syl.* Yet when a ioy is in excesse,
It selfe it will oft-times vnfold :
- Arfil.* Nay, such a ioy would be the lesse,
If but a word thereof were told.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

Montanus Sonnet.

When the dogge
Full of rage
With his irefull eyes
Frownes amidst the skies : .
The Sheepheard to asswage

The furie of the heate,
Him felfe dooth fafely feate
 By a Fount,
 Full of faire
 Where a gentle breath
 Mounting from beneath,
 tempereth the ayre.
There his flocks
Drinke their fill,
 And with ease repofe,
 While sweet fleepe doth clofe
Eyes from toyling ill,
But I burne,
Without reft,
 No defenfue power
 Shields from Phœbus lower,
 forrow is my beft.
Gentle Loue
Lower no more,
 If thou wilt inuade
 In the fecret fhade,
Labour not fo fore
I my felfe
And my flocks,
 They their Loue to please,
 I my felfe to ease
Both leaue the fhadie Oakes,
Content to burne in fire,
Sith Loue dooth fo defire.

*FINIS.**S. E. D.*

The Nymph Seluagia her Song.

Sheepheard, who can passe such wrong,
And a life in woes so deepe?
Which to liue is to too long,
As it is too short to weepe.

Greeuous sighs in vaine I waft,
Leefing my affiance, and
I perceauē my hope at laft
with a candle in the hand.

What time then to hope among
bitter hopes, that neuer sleepe?
When this life is to too long,
as it is too short to weepe.

This greefe that I feele so rife,
(wretch) I doo deferue as hire:
Since I came to put my life
in the hands of my desire.

Then cease not my complaints so strong,
for (though life her course dooth keepe :)
It is not to liue so long,
as it is too short to weepe.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

The Heard-mans happie life.

What pleasure haue great Princes,
more daintie to their choice,
Then Heardmen wilde, who carelesse,
in quiet life reioyce?
And Fortunes Fate not fearing,
Sing sweet in Sommer morning.

Their dealings plaine and rightfull
are voide of all deceite:
They neuer know how spightfull,
it is to kneele and waite;
On fauourite presumptuous,
Whose pride is vaine and sumptuous.

All day theyr flocks each tendeth,
at night they take their rest:
More quiet then who fendeth
his ship into the East;
Where gold and pearle are plentie,
But getting very daintie.

For Lawyers and their pleading,
they 'steeme it not a straw:
They thinke that honest meaning,
is of it felse a law;
Where conscience iudgeth plainely,
They spend no money vainely.

Oh happy who thus liueth,
not caring much for gold :
With cloathing that fuffifeth,
to keepe him from the cold.
Though poore and plaine his diet :
Yet merrie it is and quiet.

FINIS. Out of M. Birds set Songs.

Cinthia the Nymph, her Song to faire Polydora.

Neere to the Riuer banks, with greene
And pleafant trees on euery fide,
Where freeft minds would moft haue beene,
That neuer felt braue Cupids pride,
To paffe the day and tedious howers :
Amongft thofe painted meades and flowers.

A certaine Sheeheard full of woe,
Syrenus call'd, his flocks did feede :
Not forrowfull in outward fhow,
But troubled with fuch greefe indeede,
As cruell Loue is wont t' impart
Vnto a painefull louing hart.

This Sheeheard euery day did die,
For loue he to Diana bare :
A Sheeheardesse fo fine perdie,
So liuely, young, and paffing faire,
Excelling more in beauties feature :
Then any other humane creature.

Who had not any thing, of all
She had, but was extreame in her,
For meanely wife none might her call,
Nor meanely faire, for he did erre
 If so he did : but should deuise
 Her name of passing faire and wife.

Fauours on him she did bestow,
Which if she had not, then be sure
He might haue suffered all that woe
Which afterward he did endure
 When he was gone, with lesser paine :
 And at his comming home againe.

For when indeede the hart is free
From suffering paine or torments smart :
If wisedome dooth not ouer-see
And beareth not the greatest part ;
 The smallest greefe and care of minde :
 Dooth make it captiue to their kinde.

Neere to a Riuer swift and great,
That famous Ezla had to name :
The carefull Sheepheard did repeate
The feares he had by absence blame,
 Which he suspect where he did keepe :
 And feede his gentle Lambs and Sheepe.

And now sometimes he did behold
His Sheepheardeffe, that there about
Was on the mountaines of that old

And auncient Leon, seeking out
From place to place the pastures best :
Her Lambs to feede, her selfe to rest.

And sometime musing, as he lay,
When on those hills she was not seene :
Was thinking of that happie day,
When Cupid gaue him such a Queene
Of beautie, and such cause of ioy :
Wherein his minde he did imploy.

Yet sayd (poore man) when he did see
Him selfe so funke in forrowes pit :
The good that Loue hath giuen me,
I onely doo imagine it,
Because this neereft harme and trouble :
Heereafter I should suffer double.

The Sunne for that it did decline,
The carelesse man did not offend
With fierie beames, which scarce did shine,
But that which did of loue depend,
And in his hart did kindle fire :
Of greater flames and hote desire.

Him did his passions all inuite,
The greene leaues blowne with gentle winde :
Christaline streames with their delight,
And Nightingales were not behinde,
To helpe him in his louing verse :
Which to himselfe he did rehearse.

*FINIS.**Bar. Yong.*

The Sheeheard to the flowers.

*Sweete Violets (Loues Paradise) that spread
 Your gracious odours, which you couched beare
 Within your palie faces :
 Vpon the gentle wing of some calme-breathing-winde
 That playes amidst the Plaine,
 If by the fauour of propitious starres you gaine
 Such grace as in my Ladies bosome place to finde :
 Be proude to touch those places.
 And when her warmth your moysture forth dooth weare,
 Whereby her daintie partes are sweetly fed :
 Your honours of the flowrie Meades I pray,
 You prettie daughters of the earth and Sunne :
 With mild and seemely breathing straite display
 My bitter sighs, that haue my hart undone.*

*Vermillion Rosés, that with new dayes rise
 Display your crimson folds fresh looking faire,
 Whose radiant bright, disgraces
 The rich adorned rayes of roseate rising morne,
 Ah if her Virgin hand
 Doo pluck your pure, ere Phæbus view the land,
 And vaile your gracious pompe in louely Natures scorne.
 If chaunce my Mistres traces
 Fast by your flowers to take the Sommers ayre :
 Then wofull blushing tempt her glorious eyes,
 To spread their teares, Adonis death reporting,
 And tell Loues torments, sorrowing for her friend :*

*Whose drops of blood within your leaues consorting,
Report faire Venus moanes to haue no end.*

*Then may remorse, in pittying of my smart :
Drie vp my teares, and dwell within her hart.*

FINIS.

Ignoto.

The Sheepheard Arfilius, his Song to his Rebeck.

Now Loue and Fortune turne to me againe,
And now each one enforceth and affures
A hope, that was dismayed, dead, and vaine :
And now from the harbour of mishaps affures
A hart that is consum'd in burning fire,
With vnexpected gladnes, that admires
My foule to lay a-side her mourning tire,
And fences to prepare a place for ioy,
Care in obliuion endlesse shall expire.
For euery greefe of that extreame annoy,
Which when my torment raign'd, my foule (alas)
Did feele, the which long absence did destroy,
Fortune so well appayes, that neuer was
So great the torment of my passed ill :
As is the ioy of this same good I passe.
Returne my hart, fursaulted with the fill
Of thousand great vnrests, and thousand feares :
Enioy thy good estate, if that thou will,
And wearied eyes, leaue off your burning teares,
For soone you shall behold her with delight,
For whom my spoiles with glorie Cupid beares.

Sences which feeke my starre so cleare and bright,
 By making heere and there your thoughts estray :
 Tell me, what will you feele before her fight ?
 Hence folitarineffe, torments away,
 Felt for her fake, and wearied members cast
 Of all your paine, redeem'd this happie day.
 O stay not time, but passe with speedie haft,
 And Fortune hinder not her comming now,
 O God, betides me yet this greefe at last ?
 Come my sweete Sheepheardefse, the life which thou
 (Perhaps) didst thinke was ended long agoe,
 At thy commaund is readie still to bow.
 Comes not my Sheepheardefse desired so ?
 O God, what if she's lost, or if she stray
 Within this wood, where trees so thicke doo grow ?
 Or if this Nymph that lately went away,
 Perhaps forgot to goe and seeke her out :
 No, no, in (her) obliuion neuer lay.
 Thou onely art my Sheepheardefse, about
 Whose thoughts my foule shall finde her ioy and rest :
 Why comm'ft not then to assure it from doubt ?
 O seeft thou not the Sunne passe to the West ?
 And if it passe, and I behold thee not :
 Then I my wonted torments will request
 And thou shalt waile my hard and heauie lot.

*FINIS.**Bar. Yong.*

Another of Astrophell to his Stella.

In a Groaue most rich of fhade,
 Where birds wanton musique made ;

May, then young, his pyed weedes shewing,
New perfum'd, with flowers fresh growing.
Astrophell with Stella sweete,
Did for mutuall comfort meete
Both within them-selues oppressed,
But each in the other blessed.

Him great harmes had taught much care,
Her faire necke a foule yoake bare :
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoake did vanish.
Wept they had, alas the while,
But now teares them-selues did smile.
While their eyes by Loue directed,
Enterchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did, but now betwixt,
Sighs of woes, were glad sighs mixt,
With armes crost, yet testifying
Restlesse rest, and liuing dying.
Their eares hungry of each word,
Which the deare tongue would afford,
But their tongues restrain'd from walking,
Till their harts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not speake,
Loue it selfe did silence breake,
Loue did set his lips a-funder,
Thus to speake in loue and wonder.
Stella, Soueraigne of my ioy,
Faire triumpher of annoy,
Stella, starre of heauenly fire,
Stella, Loadstarre of desire.

Stella in whose shining eyes,

Are the lights of Cupids skies,
Whose beames where they once are darted,
Loue there-with is straite imparted.
Stella, whose voyce when it speakes,
Sences all a-funder breakes.
Stella, whose voyce when it fingeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.

Stella, in whose body is
Writ each Character of blisse,
Whose face all, all beauty passeth,
Saue thy minde, which it surpasseth.
Graunt, ô graunt: but speech alas
Failes me, fearing on to passe.
Graunt, ô me, what am I saying?
But no fault there is in praying.

Graunt (ô deere) on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground he then did stay)
That not I, but since I loue you,
Time and place for me may mooue you.
Neuer season was more fit,
Neuer roome more apt for it.
Smiling ayre allowes my reason,
The birds sing, now vse the season.

This small winde, which so sweete is,
See how it the leaues dooth kisse,
Each tree in his best attyring
Sence of loue to loue inspiring.
Loue makes earth the water drinke,
Loue to earth makes water sinke:
And if dumbe things be so wittie,
Shall a heauenly grace want pittie?

There his hands in their speech, faine
Would haue made tongues language plaine.
But her hands, his hands repelling :
Gauē repulse, all grace excellēg.
Then she spake ; her speech was such,
As not eares, but hart did touch :
While such wise she loue denied,
As yet loue she signified.

Astrophell, said she, my Loue,
Cease in these effects to proue.
Now be still, yet still beleue me,
Thy greefe more then death dooth greeue me.
If that any thought in me,
Can tast comfort but of thee,
Let me feede with hellish anguish,
Ioyleffe, helpleffe, endleffe languish.

If those eyes you praised, be
Halfe so deere as you to me :
Let me home returne starke blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder minded.
If to secret of my hart
I doo any wish impart :
Where thou art not formost placed ;
Be both with and I defaced.

If more may be said, I say
All my blisse on thee I lay.
If thou loue, my loue content thee,
For all loue, all faith is meant thee.
Trust me, while I thee denie,
In my selfe the smart I trie.
Tirant, honour dooth thus vse thee,

Stellaes felfe might not refuse thee.

Therefore (deere) this no more moue,
Leaft, though I leaue not thy loue,
Which too deepe in me is framed :
I fhould blufh when thou art named.
There-with-all, away ſhe went,
Leauing him to paſſion rent :
With what ſhe had done and ſpoken,
That there-with my Song is broken.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

Syrenus his Song to Dianaes Flocks.

Paffed contents,

O what meane ye ?

Forſake me now, and doo not wearie me.

Wilt thou heare me ô memorie,

My pleaſant dayes and nights againe,

I haue appai'd with feuen-fold paine.

Thou haſt no more to aſke me why,

For when I went, they all did die

As thou doo'ſt fee :

O leaue me then, and doo not wearie me.

Greene field, and fhadowed valley, where

Sometime my chiefeſt pleaſure was,

Behold what I did after paſſe.

Then let me reſt, and if I beare

Not with good cauſe continuall feare :

Now doo you fee,

O leaue me then, and doo not trouble me.

I saw a hart changed of late,
And wearied to assure mine :
Then was I forced to recure mine
By good occasion, time, and fate,
My thoughts that now such passions hate
O what meane ye ?
Forfake me now, and doo not wearie me.

You Lambs and Sheepe that in these Layes,
Did sometime follow me so glad :
The merrie houres and the sad
Are passed now, with all those dayes.
Make not such mirth and wanted playes
As once did ye.
For now no more, you haue deceaued me.

If that to trouble me you come,
Or come to comfort me in deede :
I have no ill for comforts neede.
But if to kill me : Then (in some)
Now my ioyes are dead and dombe,
Full well may ye
Kill me, and you shall make an end of me.

*FINIS.**Bar. Yong.*

To Amarillis.

Though Amarillis daunce in greene,
Like Faerie Queene,
And sing full cleere,
With smiling cheere.

Yet since her eyes make hart so fore,
hey hoe, chill loue no more.

My Sheepe are lost for want of foode
And I so wood
That all the day :
I sit and watch a Heard-mayde gay,
Who laughs to see me sigh so fore :
hey hoe, chill loue no more.

Her louing lookes, her beautie bright,
Is such delight,
That all in vaine :
I loue to like, and loose my gaine.
For her that thanks me not therefore,
hey hoe, chill loue no more.

Ah wanton eyes, my friendly foes,
And cause of woes,
Your sweet desire
Breeds flames of yce, and freeze in fire.
You scorne to see me weepe so fore :
hey hoe, chill loue no more.

Loue ye who list, I force him not,
Sith God it wot
The more I waile :
The lesse my sighes and teares preuaile.
What shall I doo, but say therefore,
hey hoe, chill loue no more ?

FINIS.

Out of M. Bird's set Songs.

Cardenia the Nymph, to her false Sheepheard Faustus.

Faustus, if thou wilt reade from me
 These fewe and simple lines,
By them most clearely thou shalt see,
How little should accounted be
 Thy fained words and signes.
For noting well thy deedes vnkinde,
 Sheepheard, thou must not scan :
That euer it came to my minde,
To praise thy faith like to the winde,
 Or for a constant man.

For this in thee shall so be found,
 As smoake blowne in the aire :
Or like Quick-siluer turning round,
Or as a house built on the ground
 Of sands that doo impaire.
To firmenesse thou art contrarie,
 More slipp'rie then the Eele :
Changing as Weather-cocke on hie,
Or the Camelion on the die,
 Or Fortunes turning wheele.

Who would beleue thou wert so free,
 To blaze me thus each houre ?
My Sheepheardeffe, thou liu'ft in me,
My foule dooth onely dwell in thee,
 And euery vitall power.
Pale Atropos my vitall string
 Shall cut, and life offend :

A A

The streames shall first turne to their spring,
The world shall end, and euery thing,
Before my loue shall end.

This loue that thou didst promise me,
Sheepheard, where is it found ?
The word and faith I had of thee,
O tell me now, where may they be,
Or where may they resound ?
Too soone thou did'st the tytle gaine
Of giuer of vaine words :
Too soone my loue thou did'st obtaine,
Too soone thou lou'dst Diana in vaine,
That nought but scornes affords.

But one thing now I will thee tell,
That much thy pacience mooues :
That though Diana dooth excell
In beautie, yet she keepes not well
Her faith, nor loyall prooues.
Thou then hast chosén, each one faith,
Thine equall, and a shrow :
For if thou hast vndone thy faith,
Her Loue and Louer she betrayeth,
So like to like may goe.

If now this sonnet which I send
Will anger thee : Before
Remember Faustus (yet my friend,)
That if these speeches doo offend,
Thy deedes doo hurt me more.

Thus let each one of vs amend,
Thou deedes, I words so spent :
For I confesse I blame my pen,
Doo thou as much, so in the end,
Thy deedes thou doo repent.

*FINIS.**Bar. Yong.*

Of Phillida.

*As I beheld, I saw a Heardman wilde,
with his sheepe-hooke a picture fine deface :
Which he sometime his fancie to beguile,
had caru'd on bark of Beech in secret place.
And with despight of most afflicted minde,
through deepe dispaire of hart, for loue dismaid :
He pull'd euen from the tree the carued rinde,
and weeping sore, these wofull words he said.
Ah Phillida, would God thy picture faire,
I could as lightly blot out of my brest :
Then should I not thus rage in deepe dispaire,
and teare the thing sometime I liked best.
But all in vaine, it booteth not God wot :
What printed is in hart, on tree to blot.*

FINIS. Out of M. Birds set Songs.

Melisea her Song, in scorne of her Sheepheard Narcissus.

Young Sheepheard turne a-side, and moue
Me not to follow thee :
For I will neither kill with loue,
Nor loue shall not kill me.

Since I will liue, and neuer shew,
Then die not, for my loue I will not giue
For I will neuer haue thee loue me so,
As I doo meane to hate thee while I liue.

That since the louer so dooth proue,
His death, as thou doo'ft see :
Be bold I will not kill with loue,
Nor loue shall not kill me.

*FINIS.**Bar. Yong.*

His aunswere to the Nymphs Song.

If to be lou'd it thee offend,
I cannot choose but loue thee still :
And so thy greefe shall haue no end,
whiles that my life maintaines my will.

O let me yet with greefe complaine,
since such a torment I endure :
Or else fulfill thy great disdaine,
to end my life with death most sure.
For as no credite thou wilt lend,
and as my loue offends thee still :
So shall thy forrowes haue no end,
whiles that my life maintaines my will.

If that by knowing thee, I could
leaue off to loue thee as I doo :

Not to offend thee, then I would
 leauē off to like and loue thee too.
But ſince all loue to thee dooth tend,
 and I of force muſt loue thee ſtill :
Thy greefe ſhall neuer haue an end,
 whiles that my life maintaines my will.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

Her preſent aunſwere againe to him.

Me thinks thou tak'ſt the worſer way,
 (Enamoured Sheepheard) and in vaine
That thou wilt ſeeke thine owne decay,
 To loue her, that dooth thee diſdaine.

For thine owne ſelfe, thy wofull hart
 Keepe ſtill, elſe art thou much to blame :
For ſhe to whom thou gau'ſt each part
 Of it, diſdaines to take the ſame.

Follow not her that makes a play,
 And ieſt of all the greefe and paines :
And ſeeke not (Sheepheard) thy decay,
 To loue her that thy loue diſdaines.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

His laſt replie.

Since thou to me wert ſo vnkinde,
 My ſelfe I neuer loued, for

I could not loue him in my minde,
Whom thou (faire Mistresse) doo'ft abhorre.

If viewing thee, I fawe thee not,
And seeing thee, I could not loue thee
Dying, I should not liue (God wot)
Nor liuing, should to anger mooue thee.

But it is well that I doo finde
My life so full of torments, for
All kinde of illls doo fit his minde
Whom thou (faire Mistresse) doo'ft abhorre.

In thy obliuion buried now
My death I haue before mine eyes :
And heere to hate my felfe I vow,
As (cruell) thou doo'ft me despise.

Contented euer thou didst finde
Me with thy scornes, though never (for
To say the trueth) I ioyed in minde,
After thou didst my loue abhorre.

FINIS.

Bar. Yong.

Philon the Sheepheard, his Song.

While that the Sunne with his beames hot,
Scorched the fruites in vale and mountaine :
Philon the Sheepheard late forgot,
Sitting besides a Christall Fountaine :

In shaddow of a greene Oake tree,
Vpon his Pipe this Song plaid he.
Adiew Loue, adiew Loue, vntrue Loue,
Vntrue Loue, vntrue Loue, adiew Loue:
Your minde is light, foone loft for new loue.

So long as I was in young fight,
I was your hart, your foule, and treasure:
And euermore you fob'd and figh'd,
Burning in flames beyond all measure.
Three dayes endured your loue to me:
And it was loft in other three.
Adiew Loue, adiew Loue, vntrue Loue, &c.

Another Sheepheard you did fee,
To whom your hart was foone enchained:
Full foone your loue was leapt from me,
Full foone my place he had obtained.
Soone came a third, your loue to win:
And we were out, and he was in.
Adiew Loue, &c.

Sure you haue made me passing glad,
That you your minde so foone remoued:
Before that I the leysure had,
To choose you for my best beloued.
For all my loue was past and done:
Two dayes before it was begun.
Adiew Loue, &c.

FINIS.

Out of M. Birds set Songs.

Lycoris the Nymph, her sad Song.

In dewe of Roses, steeping her louely cheekes,
 Lycoris thus fate weeping.
 Ah Dorus false, that hast my hart bereft me,
 And now vnkinde hast left me.
 Heare alas, oh heare me,
 Aye me, aye me,
 Cannot my beautie mooue thee?
 Pitty, yet pittie me,
 Because I loue thee.
 Aye me, thou scorn'st the more I pray thee:
 And this thou doo'st, and all to slay me.
 Why doo then,
 Kill me, and vaunt thee:
 Yet my Ghoast
 Still shall haunt thee.

FINIS. *Out of M. Morleyes Madrigalls.*

To his Flocks.

*Burst foorth my teares, assist my forward greefe,
 And shew what paine imperious loue prouokes
 Kinde tender Lambes, lament Loues scant releefe,
 And pine, since pensiue care my freedome yoakes,
 Oh pine, to see me pine, my tender Flocks.*

*Sad pynning care, that neuer may haue peace,
 At Beauties gate, in hope of pittie knocks:*

*But mercie sleepes, while deepe disdaines encrease,
And Beautie hope in her faire bosome yoakes :
Oh greeue to hear my greefe, my tender Flocks.*

*Like to the windes my sighes haue winged beene,
Yet are my sighs and futes repaide with mocks.
I pleade, yet she repineth at my teene,
O ruthlesse rigour, harder then the Rocks,
That both the Sheeheard kills, and his poore Flocks.*

FINIS.

To his Loue.

Come away, come fweet Loue,
The golden morning breakes :
All the earth, all the ayre,
Of loue and pleasure speakes.
Teach thine armes then to embrace,
And fweete Rosie lips to kisse :
And mixe our foules in mutuall blisse.
Eyes were made for beauties grace,
Viewing, ruing Loues long paine :
Procur'd by beauties rude disdaine.

Come away, come fweet Loue,
The golden morning wafts :
While the Sunne from his Sphere
His fierie arrowes casts,
Making all the shadowes flie,
Playing, staying in the Groaue :

To entertaine the stealth of loue.
Thither sweet Loue let vs hie
Flying, dying in desire :
Wing'd with sweet hopes and heauenly fire.

Come away, come sweet Loue,
Doo not in vaine adiorne
Beauties grace that should rise
Like to the naked morne.
Lillies on the Riuers side,
And faire Cyprian flowers new blowne,
Desire no beauties but their owne.
Ornament is Nurse of pride,
Pleasure, measure, Loues delight :
Haft then sweet Loue our wished flight.

FINIS.

Another of his Cinthia.

Away with these self-louing Lads,
Whom Cupids arrow neuer glads.
Away poore foules that sigh and weepe,
In loue of them that lie and sleepe,
For Cupid is a Meadow God :
And forceth none to kisse the rod.

God Cupids shaft like destenie,
Dooth eyther good or ill decree.
Desert is borne out of his bowe,
Reward vpon his feete doth goe.

What fooles are they that haue not knowne,
That Loue likes no lawes but his owne?

My fongs they be of Cinthias prayfe,
I weare her Rings on Holly-dayes,
On euery Tree I write her name,
And euery day I reade the fame.
Where Honor, Cupids riuall is :
There miracles are feene of his.

If Cinthia craue her ring of mee,
I blot her name out of the tree.
If doubt doe darken things held deere :
Then welfare nothing once a yeere.
For many run, but one muft win :
Fooles only hedge the Cuckoe in.

The worth that worthines fhould moue,
Is loue, which is the due of loue.
And loue as well the Sheepheard can,
As can the mightie Noble man.
Sweet Nymph tis true, you worthy be,
Yet without loue, nought worth to me.

FINIS.

Another to his Cinthia.

My thoughts are wingde with hopes, my hopes with loue,
Mount loue vnto the Moone in cleereft night :
And fay, as fhee doth in the heauens moue,

On earth she waines and wexeth my delight.
And whisper this but softly in her eares :
Hope ofte doth hang the head, and trust shed teares.

And you my thoughts that some mistrust doe carry,
If for mistrust my Mistrisse doe you blame :
Say, though you alter, yet you doe not varie,
As shee doth change, and yet remaine the same.
Distrust doth enter harts, but not infect,
And loue is sweetest, seasoned with suspect.

If shee for this with clowdes doe maske her eyes,
And make the heauens darke with her disdaine :
With windie sighes disperse them in the skyes,
Or with thy teares dissolue them into rayne.
Thoughts, hopes, and loue, returne to me no more,
Till Cinthia shine, as shee hath done before.

*These three ditties were taken out of Maister
Iohn Dowlands booke of tableture for the
Lute, the Authours names not there set downe,
& therefore left to their owners.*

Montanus Sonnet in the woods.

Alas, how wander I amidst these woods,
Whereas no day bright shine doth finde accessse ?
But where the melancholy fleeting floods,
(Darke as the night) my night of woes expresse,
Disarme of reason, spoyld of Natures goods,

Without redresse to falue my heauineffe
I walke, whilst thought (too cruell to my harmes,)
With endlesse greefe my heedlesse iudgement charmes.

My filent tongue affailde by secreet feare,
My trayterous eyes imprifond in their ioy :
My fatall peace deuour'd in fained cheere,
My hart enforc'd to harbour in annoy.
My reason rob'd of power by yeelding care,
My fond opinions, flaue to euery ioy.

Oh Loue, thou guide in my vncertaine way :
Woe to thy bowe, thy fire, the cause of my decay.

FINIS.

S. E. D.

The Shepheards sorrow, being disdained in loue.

Mufes helpe me, forrow fwarmeth,
Eyes are fraught with Seas of languish :
Haplesse hope my folace harmeth,
Mindes repaft is bitter anguifh.

Eye of day regarded neuer,
Certaine trust in world vntrustie :
Flattering hope beguileth euer,
Wearie old, and wanton luftie.

Dawne of day beholds enthroned,
Fortunes darling proud and dreadlesse :
Darkfome night dooth heare him moaned,
Who before was rich and needelesse.

Rob the Spheare of lines vnited,
Make a suddaine voide in nature :
Force the day to be benighted,
Reaue the cause of time and creature.

Ere the world will cease to varie,
This I weepe for, this I sorrow :
Muses, if you please to tarie,
Further helpe I meane to borrow.

Courted once by Fortunes fauour,
Compast now with Enuies curfes :
All my thoughts of sorrowes fauour,
Hopes runne fleeting like the Sources.

Aye me, wanton scorne hath maimed
All the ioyes my hart enioyed :
Thoughts their thinking haue disclaimed,
Hate my hopes haue quite annoyed.

Scant regard my weale hath scanted,
Looking coy, hath forc'd my lowring :
Nothing lik'd, where nothing wanted,
Weds mine eyes to ceaselesse shewing.

Former loue was once admired,
Present fauour is estraunged :
Loath'd the pleasure long desired,
Thus both men and thoughts are chaunged.

Louely Swaine with luckie speeding,
Once, but now no more so friended :

You my Flocks haue had in feeding,
From the morne, till day was ended.

Drink and fodder, foode and folding,
Had my Lambs and Ewes together :
I with them was still beholding,
Both to warmth and Winter weather.

Now they languish, since refused,
Ewes and Lambs are pain'd with pining :
I with Ewes and Lambs confused,
All vnto our deaths declining.

Silence, leaue thy Caue obscured,
Daigne a dolefull Swaine to tender :
Though disdaines I haue endured.
Yet I am no deepe offender.

Phillips Sonne can with his finger
Hide his scarre, it is so little :
Little finne a day to linger,
Wife men wander in a tittle.

Trifles yet my Swaine haue turned,
Though my Sunne he never sheweth :
Though I weepe, I am not mourned,
Though I want, no pittie groweth.

Yet for pittie, loue my Muses,
Gentle silence be their couer :
They must leaue their wonted vses,
Since I leaue to be a Louer.

They shall liue with thee enclosed,
 I will loath my pen and paper :
 Art shall neuer be supposed,
 Sloth shall quench the watching Taper.

Kisse them filence, kisse them kindly,
 Though I leaue them, yet I loue them :
 Though my wit haue led them blindly,
 Yet a Swaine did once approue them.

I will trauaile foiles remoued,
 Night and morning neuer merrie :
 Thou shalt harbour that I loued,
 I will loue that makes me wearie.

If perchaunce the Sheepheard strayeth,
 In thy walks and shades vnhaunted :
 Tell the teene my hart betrayeth,
 How neglect my ioyes haue daunted.

FINIS.

Thom. Lodge.

*A Pastorall Song betweene Phillis and Amarillis, two
 Nymphes, each aunswering other line for line.*

Fie on the fleights that men deuise,
 heigh hoe fillie fleights :
 When simple Maydes they would entice,
 Maides are yong mens chiefe delights.
 Nay, women they witch with their eyes,
 eyes like beames of burning Sunne :
 And men once caught, they soone despise,
 so are Sheepheards oft vndone.

If any young man win a maide,
happy man is he :
By trusting him she is betraide,
fie vpon such treacherie.
If Maides win young men with their guiles,
heigh hoe guilefull greefe :
They deale like weeping Crocodiles,
that murther men without releefe.

I know a simple Country Hinde,
heigh hoe fillie Swaine :
To whom faire Daphne prooued kinde,
was he not kinde to her againe ?
He vowed by Pan with many an oath,
heigh hoe Sheepheards God is he :
Yet since hath chang'd, and broke his troath,
troth-plight broke, will plagued be.

She had deceaued many a Swaine,
fie on false deceite :
And plighted troath to them in vaine,
there can be no greefe more great.
Her measure was with measure paide,
heigh hoe, heigh hoe equall meede :
She was beguil'd that had betraide,
so shall all deceauers speede.

If euery Maide were like to me,
heigh hoe hard of hart :
Both loue and louers scorn'd should be,
scorners shall be fure of smart.

If euery Maide were of my minde,
 heigh hoe, heigh hoe louely sweete :
They to their Louers should prooue kinde,
 kindnes is for Maydens meete.

Me thinks loue is an idle toy,
 heigh hoe bufie paine :
Both wit and fence it dooth annoy,
 both fence & wit thereby we gaine.
Tush Phillis cease, be not so coy,
 heigh hoe, heigh hoe coy disdaine :
I know you loue a Shepheards boy,
 fie that Maydens so should paine.

Well Amarillis, now I yeeld,
 Shepheards pipe aloude :
Loue conquers both in towne and field,
 like a Tirant, fierce and proude.
The euening starre is vp ye see,
 Vesper shines, we must away :
Would euery Louer might agree,
 so we end our Roundelay.

*FINIS.**H. C.*

The Shepheards Anthème.

Neere to a bancke with Roses fet about,
Where prettie Turtles ioyning bill to bill :
And gentle springs steale softly murmuring out,

Washing the foote of pleasures sacred hill.
There little Loue sore wounded lyes,
his bow and arrowes broken :
Bedewede with teares from Venus eyes,
Oh that it should be spoken.

Beare him my hart, flaine with her scornfull eye,
Where sticks the arrow that poore hart did kill :
With whose sharpe pyle, yet will him ere he die,
About my hart to write his latest will.

And bid him send it backe to mee,
at instant of his dying :
That cruell, cruell thee may see,
my fayth and her denying.

His Hearse shall be a mournfull Cypres shade,
And for a Chauntrie, Philomels sweete lay :
Where prayer shall continually be made,
By Pilgrime louers, passing by that way.

With Nymphs and Shepheards yeerely mone,
his timelesse death beweeeping :
And telling that my hart alone,
hath his last will in keeping.

FINIS. *Mich. Drayton.*

The Countesse of Pembrookes Pastorall.

A Shepheard and a Shepheardesse,
sate keeping sheepe vpon the downes :
His lookes did gentle blood expresse,
her beauty was no foode for clownes.
Sweet louely twaine, what might you be ?

Two fronting hills bedect with flowers,
they chose to be each others seate :
And there they stole theyr amorous houres,
with fighes and teares, poore louers meate,
Fond Loue that feed'st thy seruants fo.

Faire freend, quoth he, where shall I liue,
that am halfe dead, yet cannot die ?
Can beautie such sharpe guerdon giue,
to him whose life hangs in your eye ?
Beautie is milde, and will not kill.

Sweet Swaine, quoth shee, accuse not mee,
that long haue been thy humble thrall :
But blame the angry destinie,
whose kinde consent might finish all,
Vngentle Fate, to crosse true loue.

Quoth hee, let not our Parents hate,
disioyne what heauen hath linckt in one :
They may repent, and all too late
if chyldeffe they be left alone.
Father nor freend, should wrong true loue.

The Parents frowne, said shee, is death,
to children that are held in awe :
From them we drew our vitall breath,
they challenge dutie then by law,
Such dutie as kills not true loue.

They haue, quoth hee, a kinde of fway,
on these our earthly bodies heere :

But with our soules deale not they may,
the God of loue doth hold them deere.
Hee is most meet to rule true loue.

I know, said shee, tis worfe then hell,
when Parents choyse must please our eyes :
Great hurt comes thereby, I can tell,
forc'd loue in desperate danger dies.
Fayre mayde, then fancie thy true loue.

If wee, quoth hee, might see the houre,
of that sweet state which neuer ends,
Our heauenly gree might haue the power,
to make our Parents as deere freends.
All rancour yeelds to foueraine loue.

Then God of loue, sayd shee, consent,
and shew some wonder of thy power :
Our Parents, and our owne content,
may be confirme by such an houre,
Graunt greatest God to further loue.

The Fathers, who did alwayes tend,
when thus they got theyr priuate walke,
As happy fortune chaunc'd to send,
vnknowne to each, heard all this talke.
Poore foules to be so croft in loue.

Behind the hills whereon they fate,
they lay this while and listned all :
And were so mooued both thereat,
that hate in each began to fall.
Such is the power of sacred loue.

They shewed themselues in open fight,
 poore Louers, Lord how they were mazde?
 And hand in hand the Fathers plight,
 whereat (poore harts) they gladly gazde.
 Hope now begins to further loue.

And to confirme a mutuall band,
 of loue, that at no time should ceasse:
 They likewise ioyned hand in hand,
 the Sheeheard and the Sheeheardesse.
 Like fortune still befall true loue.

*FINIS.**Shep. Tonie.**Another of Astrophell.*

The Nightingale so soone as Aprill bringeth
 Vnto her rested fence a perfect waking:
 While late bare earth, proude of newe clothing springeth,
 Sings out her woes, a thorne her Song-booke making.
 And mournfully bewayling,
 Her throate in tunes expresseth,
 What greefe her brest oppresseth,
 For Tereus force, on her chaft will preuailing.
 Oh Philomela faire, oh take some gladnes,
 That heere is iuster cause of plaintfull sadnes.
 Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth:
 Thy thorne without, my thorne my hart inuadeth.

Alas, shee hath no other cause of languish
 But Tereus loue, on her by strong hand wroken:

Wherein fhee fuffering all her fpirits languifh,
Full woman-like complaines, her will was broken.
But I, who daily crauing,
Cannot haue to content mee :
Haue more caufe to lament mee,
Sith wanting is more woe, then too much hauing.
Oh Philomela faire, oh take fome gladnes,
That heere is iufter caufe of plaintfull fadnes,
Thine earth now fprings, mine fadeth :
Thy thorne without, my thorne my hart inuadeth.

FINIS. *S. Phil. Sidney.*

Faire Phillis and her Sheepheard.

Sheepheard, faw you not
my faire louely Phillis,
Walking on this mountaine,
or on yonder plaine ?
She is gone this way to Dianaes Fountaine,
and hath left me wounded,
with her high difdaine.
Aye me, fhe is faire,
And without compare.
Sorrow come and fit with me :
Loue is full of feares,
Loue is full of teares,
Loue without thefe cannot be.
Thus my paffions paine me,
For my loue hath flaine me,

Gentle Sheepheard beare a part :
Pray to Cupids mother,
For I know no other
that can helpe to ease my smart.

Sheepheard, I haue feene
thy faire louely Phillis
Where her flocks are feeding,
by the Riuers side :
Oh, I must admire
she so farre exceeding
In surpassing beautie,
should surpass in pride.
But alas I finde,
They are all vnkinde
Beauty knowes her power too well :
When they list, they loue,
When they please, they moue,
thus they turne our heauen to hell.
For their faire eyes glauncing,
Like to Cupids dauncing,
roule about still to deceaue vs :
With vaine hopes deluding,
Still dispraise concluding,
Now they loue, and now they leaue vs.

Thus I doo despaire,
haue her shall I neuer,
If she be so coy,
lost is all my loue :
But she is so faire
I must loue her euer,

All my paine is ioy,
 which for her I proue.
If I should her trie,
And she should denie
 heaue hart with woe will breake :
Though against my will,
Tongue thou must be still,
 for she will not heare thee speake.
Then with fighs goe prooue her,
Let them shew I loue her
 gracious Venus be my guide :
But though I complaine me,
She will still disdaine me,
 beauty is so full of pride.

What though she be faire ?
 speake, and feare not speeding,
Be she nere so coy,
 yet she may be wunne :
Vnto her repaire,
 where her Flocks are feeding,
Sit and tick and toy
 till fet be the Sunne
Sunne then being fet,
Feare not Vulcans net,
 though that Mars therein was caught :
If she doo denie
Thus to her replie
 Venus lawes she must be taught.
Then with kisses mooue her,
That's the way to prooue her,
 thus thy Phillis must be wone : D D

She will not forfake thee,
But her Loue will make thee,
When Loues duty once is done.

Happie fhall I be,
If she graunt me fauour,
Elfe for loue I die
Phillis is fo faire :
Boldly then goe fee,
thou maift quickly haue her,
Though she should denie,
yet doo not despaire.
She is full of pride,
Venus be my guide,
helpe a fillie Sheepheards fpeede :
Vfe no fuch delay,
Sheepheard, goe thy way,
venture man and doo the deede,
I will fore complaine me,
Say that loue hath flaine thee,
if her fauours doo not feede :
But take no deniall,
Stand vpon thy triall,
fpere to fpeake, and want of fpeade.

*FINIS.**I. G.*

The Sheepheards Song of Venus and Adonis.

Venus faire did ride,
filuer Doues they drew her,

By the pleafant lawnds
ere the Sunne did rife :
Veftaes beautie rich
opend wide to view her,
Philomel records
pleafing Harmonies.
Euery bird of fpring
cheerefully did fing,
Paphos Goddeffe they falute :
Now Loues Queene fo faire,
had of mirth no care,
for her Sonne had made her mute.
In her breaft fo tender
He a fhaft did enter,
when her eyes beheld a boy :
Adonis was he named,
By his Mother fhamed,
yet he now is Venus ioy.

Him alone fhe met,
ready bound for hunting,
Him fhe kindly greetes,
and his iourney ftayes :
Him fhe feeke to kiffe
no deuifes wanting,
Him her eyes ftill wooe,
him her tongue ftill prayes.
He with blufhing red
Hangeth downe the head,
not a kiffe can he afford :
His face is turn'd away,

Silence sayd her nay,
 ftill fhe woo'd him for a word.
 Speake fhee faid thou faireft,
 Beautie thou impaireft,
 fee mee, I am pale and wan :
 Louers all adore mee,
 I for loue implore thee,
 chriſtall teares with that downe ran.

Him heere-with fhee forc'd
 to come fit downe by her,
 Shee his necke embrac'de
 gazing in his face :
 Hee like once transformd
 ftird no looke to eye her
 Euery hearbe did wooe him
 growing in that place.
 Each bird with a dittie,
 prayed him for pittie
 in behalfe of beauties Queene :
 Waters gentle murmour,
 craued him to loue her,
 yet no liking could be feene.
 Boy fhee fayd, looke on mee,
 Still I gaze vpon thee,
 ſpeake I pray thee my delight :
 Coldly hee replyed,
 And in breefe denyed,
 to beſtow on her a fight.

I am now too young,
 to be wunne by beauty,

Tender are my yeeres
 I am yet a bud :
Fayre thou art, thee said
 then it is thy dutie,
Wert thou but a bloffome
 to effect my good.
Every beauteous flower,
 boasteth in my power,
 Byrds and beasts my lawes effect :
Mirrha thy faire mother,
 most of any other,
 did my louely hefts respect.
Be with me delighted,
Thou shalt be requited,
 euery Nymph on thee shall tend :
All the Gods shall loue thee,
Man shall not reprove thee,
 Loue himselfe shall be thy freend.

Wend thee from me Venus,
 I am not disposed,
Thou wring'st mee too hard,
 pre-thee let me goe :
Fie, what paine it is
 thus to be enclosed,
If loue begin with labour,
 it will end in woe.
 kisse mee, I will leaue,
 heere a kisse receiue,
 a short kisse I doe it find :
Wilt thou leaue me so ?

Yet thou shalt not goe,
 breathe once more thy balmie wind :
It smelleth of the Mirh-tree,
That to the world did bring thee,
 neuer was perfume so sweet :
When she had thus spoken,
Shee gaue him a token,
 and theyr naked bosoms meet.

Now he sayd, let's goe,
 harke, the hounds are crying,
Griefflie Boare is vp,
 Hunts-men follow fast :
At the name of Boare,
 Venus feemed dying,
Deadly coloured pale,
 Roses ouer-cast.
 Speake sayd shee, no more,
 of following the Boare,
 thou vnfit for such a chafe :
Course the fearefull Hare,
 Venson doe not spare,
 if thou wilt yeeld Venus grace.
Shun the Boare I pray thee,
Else I still will stay thee,
 herein he vowed to please her minde,
Then her armes enlarged,
Loth shee him discharged,
 forth he went as swift as winde.

Thetis Phœbus Steedes
 in the West retained,

Hunting sport was past,
 Loue her loue did feeke :
Sight of him too foone
 gentle Queene she gained,
On the ground he lay
 blood had left his cheeke.
 For an orped Swine
 fmit him in the groyne,
 deadly wound his death did bring :
Which when Venus found,
 thee fell in a fwound,
 and awakte, her hands did wring.
Nimphs and Satires skipping,
Came together tripping,
 Eccho euey cry exprest :
Venus by her power,
Turnd him to a flower,
 which thee weareth in her creast.

*FINIS.**H. C.*

Thirsis the Sheeheard his deaths song.

Thirsis to die desired,
 marking her eyes that to his hart was neereft :
And thee that with his flame no lesse was fiered,
 fayd to him : Oh hart's loue deereft :
 Alas, forbear to die now,
 By thee I liue, by thee I wish to die too.

Thirsis that heate refrained,
 wherewith to die poore louer then hee hafted,

Thinking it death while hee his lookes maintained,
 full fixed on her eyes, full of pleasure,
 and louely Nectar sweet from them he tasted.
 His daintie Nymph, that now at hand espyed
 the haruest of loues treasure,
 Said thus, with eyes all trembling, faint and wafted :
 I die now,
 The Sheepheard then replied,
 and I sweet life doe die too.

Thus these two Louers fortunately dyed,
 Of death so sweet, so happy, and so desired :
 That to die so againe their life retired.

FINIS.

*Out of Maister N. Young,
 his Musica Transalpina.*

Another stanza added after.

Thirsis enioyed the graces,
 Of Chloris sweet embraces,
 Yet both their ioyes were scantied :
 For darke it was, and candle-light they wanted.
 Wherewith kinde Cinthia in the heauen that shined,
 her nightly vaile resigned,
 and her faire face disclosed.
 Then each from others lookes such ioy deriued :
 That both with meere delight dyed, and reuiued.

FINIS.

Out of the same.

Another Sonet thence taken.

*Zephirus brings the time that sweetly senteth
with flowers and hearbs, which Winters frost exileth :
Progne now chirpeth, Philomel lamenteth,
Flora her Garlands white and red compileth :
Fields doo reioyce, the frowning skie relenteth,
Ioue to behold his dearest daughter smileth :
The ayre, the water, the earth to ioy consenteth,
each creature now to loue him reconcileth.
But with me wretch, the stormes of woe perseuer,
and heauie sighs which from my hart she straineth
That tooke the key thereof to heauen for euer,
so that singing of birds, and spring-times flowring :
And Ladies loue that mens affection gaineth,
are like a Desert, and cruell beasts deuouring.*

FINIS.

The Sheepheards slumber.

In Pescod time, when Hound to horne,
giues eare till Buck be kild :
And little Lads with pipes of corne,
fate keeping beafts a field.
I went to gather Strawberies tho,
by Woods and Groaues full faire :
And parcht my face with Phœbus so,
in walking in the ayre.
That downe I layde me by a streame,
with boughs all ouer-clad :

E E

And there I met the straungest dreame,
that euer Sheepheard had.
Me thought I saw each Christmas game,
each reuell all and some :
And euery thing that I can name,
or may in fancie come.
The substance of the fights I saw,
in silence passe they shall :
Because I lack the skill to draw,
the order of them all.
But Venus shall not passe my pen,
whose maydens in disdaine :
Did feed vpon the harts of men,
that Cupids bowe had slaine.
And that blinde boy was all in blood,
be-bath'd to the eares :
And like a Conquerour he stood,
and scorned Louers teares.
I haue (quoth he) more harts at call,
then Cæsar could commaund :
And like the Deare I make them fall,
that runneth o're the lawnd.
One drops downe heere, another there,
in bushes as they groane ;
I bend a scornfull carelesse eare,
to heare them make their moane.
Ah Sir (quoth Honeft Meaning) then,
thy boy-like brags I heare :
When thou hast wounded many a man,
as Hunts-man doth the Deare.
Becomes it thee to triumph so ?
thy Mother wills it not :

For she had rather breake thy bowe,
 than thou shouldst play the fot.
What faucie merchant speaketh now,
 sayd Venus in her rage :
Art thou so blinde thou knowest not how
 I gouerne euery age ?
My sonne doth shoote no shaft in wast,
 to me the boy is bound :
He neuer found a hart so chaste,
 but he had power to wound,
Not so faire Goddesse (quoth Free-will,)
 in me there is a choise :
And cause I am of mine owne ill,
 if I in thee reioyce.
And when I yeeld my selfe a slaue,
 to thee, or to thy Sonne :
Such recompence I ought not haue,
 if things be rightly done.
Why foole stept forth Delight, and said,
 when thou art conquer'd thus :
Then loe dame Lust, that wanton maide,
 thy Mistresse is ihus.
And Lust is Cupids darling deere,
 behold her where she goes :
She creepes the milk-warme flesh so neere,
 she hides her vnder clofe.
Where many priuie thoughts doo dwell,
 a heauen heere on earth :
For they haue neuer minde of hell,
 they thinke so much on mirth.
Be still Good Meaning, quoth Good Sport,
 let Cupid triumph make :

For fure his Kingdome shall be short
if we no pleasure take.
Faire Beautie, and her play-feares gay,
the virgins Vestalles too :
Shall sit and with their fingers play,
as idle people doo.
If Honest Meaning fall to frowne,
and I Good Sport decay :
Then Venus glory will come downe,
and they will pine away.
Indeede (quoth Wit) this your deuice,
with straungenes must be wrought,
And where you see these women nice,
and looking to be sought :
With scowling browes their follies check,
and so give them the Fig :
Let Fancie be no more at beck,
when Beautie lookes so big.
When Venus heard how they conspir'd,
to murther women so :
Me thought indeede the house was fier'd,
with stormes and lightning tho.
The thunder-bolt through windowes burst,
and in their steps a wight :
Which seem'd some foule or sprite accurst,
so vgly was the fight.
I charge you Ladies all (quoth he)
looke to your selues in haft :
For if that men so wilfull be,
and haue their thoughts so chafte ;
And they can tread on Cupids brest,
and march on Venus face :

Then they shall sleepe in quiet rest,
when you shall waile your case.
With that had Venus all in spight,
ftir'd vp the Dames to ire :
And Lust fell colde, and Beautie white,
fat babling with Desire.
Whose mutt'ring words I might not marke,
much whispering there arose :
The day did lower, the Sunne wext darke,
away each Lady goes.
But whether went this angry flock,
our Lord him-felfe doth know :
Where-with full lowdly crewe the Cock,
and I awaked fo.
A dreame (quoth I ?) a dogge it is,
I take thereon no keepe :
I gage my head, fuch toyes as this,
dooth spring from lack of sleepe.

*FINIS.**Ignoto.*

Another.

In wonted walkes, since wonted fancies change,
Some cause there is, which of strange cause doth rife :
For in each thing whereto my minde doth range,
Part of my paine me seemes engraue'd lies.

The Rockes which were of constant minde, the marke
In climbing steepe, now hard refusall show :
The shading woods seeme now my funne to darke,
And stately hils disdaine to looke so low.

The restfull Caues, now restlesse visions giue,
 In dales I see each way a hard assent :
 Like late mowne Meades, late cut from ioy I liue,
 Alas, sweet Brookes, doe in my teares augment.

Rocks, woods, hills, caues, dales, meades, brookes
 aunswer mee :

Infected mindes infect each thing they see.

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

Of disdainfull Daphne.

Shall I say that I loue you,
 Daphne disdainfull ?
 Sore it costs as I proue you,
 louing is painfull.

Shall I say what doth greeue mee ?
 Louers lament it :
 Daphne will not releue mee,
 late I repent it.

Shall I dye, shall I perrish,
 through her vnkindnes ?
 Loue vntaught loue to cherrish,
 sheweth his blindnes.

Shall the hills, shall the valleyes,
 the fieldes the Cittie,
 With the found of my out-cryes,
 moue her to pittie ?

The deepe falls of fayre Riuers,
and the windes turning :
Are the true musique giuers,
vnto my mourning.

Where my flocks daily feeding,
pining for forrow :
At their maisters hart bleeding,
shot with Loues arrow.

From her eyes to my hart-string,
was the shaft launced :
It made all the woods to ring,
by which it glaunced.

When this Nymph had vſde me ſo,
then ſhe did hide her :
Hapleſſe I did Daphne know,
hapleſſe I ſpyed her.

Thus Turtle-like I waild me,
for my loues looſing :
Daphnes truſt thus did faile me,
woe worth ſuch chuſing.

FINIS.

M. H. Nowell.

The passionate Shepheard to his loue.

Come liue with mee, and be my loue,
And we will all the pleasures proue,
That Vallies, groues, hills and fieldes,
Woods, or ſteepie mountaine yeeldes.

And wee will fit vpon the Rocks,
Seeing the Shepheards feede theyr flocks,
By fhallow Riuers, to whose falls,
Melodious byrds fings Madrigalls.

And I will make thee beds of Rofes,
And a thoufand fragrant poefies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Imbroydred all with leaues of Mirtle.

A gowne made of the fineft wooll,
Which from our pretty Lambes we pull,
Fayre lined flippers for the cold :
With buckles of the pureft gold.

A belt of ftrow, and Iuie buds,
With Corall clasps and Amber ftuds,
And if thefe pleasures may thee moue,
Come liue with mee, and be my loue.

The Shepheards Swaines fhall daunce & fmg,
For thy delight each May-morning,
If thefe delights thy minde may moue ;
Then liue with mee, and be my loue.

*FINIS.**Chr. Marlow.*

The Nymphs reply to the Shepheard.

If all the world and loue were young,
And truth in euery Shepheards tongue,
Thefe pretty pleasures might me moue,
To liue with thee, and be thy loue.

Time driues the flocks from field to fold,
When Riuers rage and Rocks grow cold,
And Philomell becommeth dombe,
The rest complaines of cares to come.

The flowers doe fade, & wanton fieldes,
To wayward winter reckoning yeeldes,
A honny tongue, a hart of gall,
Is fancies ſpring, but forrowes fall.

Thy gownes, thy ſhooes, thy beds of Roſes,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poeſies,
Soone breake, ſoone wither, ſoone forgotten :
In follie ripe, in reaſon rotten.

Thy belt of ſtraw and Iuie buddes,
Thy Corall claſpes and Amber ſtuddes,
All theſe in mee no meanes can moue,
To come to thee, and be thy loue.

But could youth laſt, and loue ſtill breede,
Had ioyes no date, nor age no neede,
Then theſe delights my minde might moue,
To liue with thee, and be thy loue.

*FINIS.**Ignoto.*

Another of the ſame nature, made ſince.

Come liue with mee, and be my deere,
And we will reuell all the yeere,
In plaines and groaues, on hills and dales :
Where fragrant ayre breeds ſweeteſt gales.

F F

There shall you haue the beauteous Pine,
The Cedar, and the spreading Vine,
And all the woods to be a skreene :
Least Phœbus kisse my Sommers Queene.

The feate for your disport shall be
Ouer some Riuer in a tree,
Where siluer sands and pebbles sing,
Eternall ditties with the spring.

There shall you see the Nymphs at play,
And how the Satires spend the day,
The fishes gliding on the sands :
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds with heauenly tuned throates,
Possesse woods Ecchoes with sweet noates,
Which to your fences will impart,
A musique to enflame the hart.

Vpon the bare and leafe-lesse Oake,
The Ring-Doues wooings will prouoke
A colder blood then you possesse,
To play with me and doo no lesse.

In bowers of Laurell trimly dight,
We will out-weare the silent night,
While Flora busie is to spread :
Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten thousand Glow-wormes shall attend,
And all their sparkling lights shall spend,

All to adorne and beautifie :
Your lodging with most maieftie.

Then in mine armes will I enclose
Lillies faire mixture with the Rose,
Whose nice perfections in loues play :
Shall tune me to the highest key.

Thus as we passe the welcome night,
In sportfull pleasures and delight,
The nimble Fairies on the grounds,
Shall daunce and sing mellodious sounds.

If these may serue for to entice,
Your prefence to Loues Paradice,
Then come with me, and be my Deare :
And we will then begin the yeare.

FINIS.

Ignoto.

The Wood-mans walke.

Through a faire Forrest as I went
vpon a Sommers day,
I met a Wood-man queint and gent,
yet in strange aray.
I meruail'd much at his disguise,
whom I did know so well :
But thus in tearmes both graue and wife,
his minde he gan to tell.

Friend, muse not at this fond aray,
but list a while to me :
For it hath holpe me to furuay
what I will shew to thee.
Long liu'd I in this Forrest faire,
till wearie of my weale :
Abroade in walks I would repaire,
as now I will reueale.
My first dayes walke was to the Court,
where Beautie fed mine eyes :
Yet found I that the Courtly sport,
did maske in flie disguise.
For falshood fate in fairest lookes,
and friend to friend was coy :
Court-fauour fill'd but empty bookes,
and there I found no ioy.
Defert went naked in the cold,
when crouching craft was fed :
Sweet words were cheapely bought and sold,
but none that stood in sted,
Wit was imployed for each mans owne,
plaine meaning came too short :
All these deuises seene and knowne
made me forsake the Court
Vnto the Citty next I went,
in hope of better hap :
Where liberally I launch'd and spent,
as set on Fortunes lap.
The little stock I had in store,
me thought would nere be done :
Friends flockt about me more and more,
as quickly lost as wone.

For when I spent, they then were kinde,
but when my purse did faile :
The foremost man came last behinde,
thus loue with wealth doth quaille.
Once more for footing yet I stroue,
although the world did frowne :
But they before that held me vp,
together trod me downe.
And least once more I should arise,
they fought my quite decay :
Then got I into this disguise,
and thence I stole away.
And in my minde (me thought) I faide,
Lord bleffe me from the Cittie :
Where simplenes is thus betraide,
and no remorse or pittie.
Yet would I not giue ouer so,
but once more trie my fate :
And to the Country then I goe,
to liue in quiet state.
There did appeare no subtile shoves,
but yea and nay went smoothly :
But Lord how Country-folks can glose,
when they speake most foothly.
More craft was in a buttond cap,
and in an old wiues rayle :
Then in my life it was my hap,
to see on Downe or Dale.
There was no open forgerie,
but vnder handed gleaning :
Which they call Country pollicie,
but hath a worser meaning.

Some good bold-face beares out the wrong,
 because he gaines thereby :
 The poore mans back is crackt ere long,
 yet there he lets him lye.
 And no degree among them all,
 but had such close intending :
 That I vpon my knees did fall,
 and prayed for their amending.
 Back to the woods I got againe,
 in minde perplexed fore :
 Where I found ease of all this paine,
 and meane to stray no more.
 There Citty, Court, nor Country too,
 can any way annoy me :
 But as a wood-man ought to doo,
 I freely may imploy me.
 There liue I quietly alone,
 and none to trip my talke :
 Wherefore when I am dead and gone,
 think on the Wood-mans walke.

*FINIS.**Shep. Tonie.**Thirsfs the Shepheard, to his Pipe.*

*Like desert woods, with darksome shades obscured,
 Where dreadfull beasts, where hatefull horror raigneth :
 Such is my wounded hart, whom sorrow payneth,*

*The Trees are fatall shafts to death inured,
 That cruell loue within my breast maintaineth,
 To whet my greefe, when as my sorrow wayneth.*

*The ghastly beasts, my thoughts in cares assured,
Which wage me warre, while hart no succour gaineth :
With false suspect, and feare that still remaineth.*

*The horrors, burning sighs by cares procured,
Which foorth I send, whilst weeping eye complaineth :
To coole the heate, the helplesse hart containeth.*

*But shafts, but cares, but sighs, horrors vnrecured,
Were nought esteem'd, if for these paines awarded :
My faithfull loue by her might be regarded.*

FINIS.

Ignoto.

An excellent Sonnet of a Nymph.

*Vertue, beauty, and speach, did strike, wound, charme,
My hart, eyes, eares, with wonder, loue, delight :
First, second, last, did binde, enforce, and arme,
His works, showes, sutes, with wit, grace, and vowes-might.*

*Thus honour, liking, trust, much, farre, and deepe,
Held, pearst, possesst, my iudgement, sence, and will ;
Till wrongs, contempt, deceite, did grow, steale, creepe,
Bands, fauour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.*

*Then greefe, unkindnes, prooffe, tocke, kindled, taught,
Well grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdaine :
But ah, alas, (in vaine) my minde, sight, thought,
Dooth him, his face, his words, leaue shunne, refraine.*

*For nothing, time, nor place, can loose, quench, ease :
Mine owne, embraced, sought, knot, fire, disease.*

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

*A Report Song in a dreame, betweene a Sheepheard
and his Nymph.*

Shall we goe daunce the hay? The hay?
Neuer pipe could euer play
better Sheepheards Roundelay.

Shall we goe sing the Song? The Song?
Neuer Loue did euer wrong:
faire Maides hold hands all a-long.

Shall we goe learne to woo? To woo?
Neuer thought came euer too,
better deede could better doo.

Shall we goe learne to kisse? To kisse?
Neuer hart could euer misse
comfort, where true meaning is.

Thus at bafe they run, They run,
When the sport was scarfe begun:
but I wakt, and all was done.

FINIS.

N. Breton.

Another of the same.

Say that I should fay, I loue ye?
would you fay, tis but a faying?
But if Loue in prayers mooue ye?
will you not be moou'd with praying?

Think I think that Loue should know ye ?
will you thinke, tis but a thinking ?
But if Loue the thought doo shew ye,
will ye loose your eyes with winking ?

Write that I doo write you blessed,
will you write, tis but a writing ?
But if truth and Loue confesse it :
will ye doubt the true enditing ?

No, I say, and thinke, and write it,
write, and thinke, and say your pleasure :
Loue and truth and I endite it,
you are blessed out of measure.

FINIS.

N. Breton.

The Shepheards conceite of Prometheus.

Prometheus, when first from heauen hie,
He brought downe fire, ere then on earth vnseene :
Fond of delight, a Satyre standing by,
Gaued it a kisse, as it like sweete had beene.

Feeling forth-with the other burning power,
Wood with the smart, with shouts and shriekings shrill :
He fought his ease in Riuer, field, and bower,
But for the time his greefe went with him still.

So filly I, with that vnwonted fight,
In humane shape, an Angell from aboue :

G G

Feeding mine eyes, th' impressiō there did light,
 That since I runne, and rest as pleaseth Loue.
 The difference is, the Satires lips, my hart :
 He for a while, I euermore haue smart.

FINIS.

S. E. D.

Another of the same.

*A Satyre once did runne away for dread,
 with sound of horne, which he him-selfe did blow :
 Fearing and feared thus, from him-selfe he fled,
 deeming strange euill in that he did not know.*

*Such causelesse feares, when coward minds doo take,
 it makes them flie that, which they faine would haue :
 As this poore beast, who did his rest forsake,
 thinking not why, but how him-selfe to saue.*

*Euen thus mought I, for doubts which I conceaue
 of mine owne words, mine owne good hap betray :
 And thus might I, for feare of may be, leaue
 the sweete pursute of my desired pray.*

*Better like I thy Satire, dearest Dyer :
 Who burnt his lips, to kisse faire shining fire.*

FINIS.

S. Phil. Sidney.

The Sheepheards Sunne.

Faire Nymphs, sit ye heere by me,
 on this flowrie greene :

While we this merrie day doo fee,
 some things but fildome feene.
Sheepheards all, now come sit a-round,
 on yond checquerd plaine :
While from the woods we heere resound,
 some comfort for Loues paine.
 Euery bird fits on his bowe,
 As brag as he that is the best :
 Then sweet Loue, reueale howe
 our minds may be at rest ?
 Eccho thus replyed to mee,
 Sit vnder yonder Beechen tree,
 And there Loue shall shew thee
 how all may be redrest.

Harke, harke, harke the Nightingale,
 in her mourning lay :
She tells her stories wofull tale,
 to warne yee if shée may.
Faire maydes, take yee heede of loue,
 it is a perlous thing :
As Philomele her selfe did proue,
 abused by a King.
 If Kings play false, beleeeue no men,
 That make a seemely outward shew :
 But caught once, beware then,
 for then begins your woe.
 They will looke babies in your eyes,
 And speake so faire as faire may be :
 But trust them in no wife,
 example take by mee.

Fie, fie, said the Threstle-cocke,
you are much too blame :
For one mans fault, all men to blot,
impayring theyr good name.
Admit you were vsde amisse,
by that vngentle King,
It followes not that you for this,
should all mens honours wring.
There be good, and there be bad,
And some are false, and some are true :
As good choyse is still had
amongst vs men, as you.
Women haue faultes as well as wee,
Some say for our one, they haue three.
Then smite not, nor bite not,
when you as faultie be.

Peace, peace quoth Madge-Howlet then,
fitting out of fight :
For women are as good as men,
and both are good alike.
Not so, said the little Wrenne,
difference there may be :
The Cocke alway commaunds the Henne ,
then men shall goe for mee.
Then Robbin-Redbreft stepping in,
Would needs take vp the tedious strife,
Protesting, true-louing,
In eyther lengthened life.
If I loue you, and you loue mee,
Can there be better harmonie ?

Thus ending, contending,
Loue must the vmpiere be.

Faire Nymphs, Loue must be your guide,
chast, vnspotted loue :
To such as doe your thralles betyde,
resolu'de without remoue.
Likewise iolly Sheeheard Swaines
if you doe respect,
The happie issue of your paines,
true loue must you direct.

You heare the birds contend for loue,
The bubling springs do sing sweet loue,
The Mountaines and Fountaines
do Eccho nought but loue.

Take hands then Nymphes & Sheeheards all,
And to this Riuers musiques fall
Sing true loue, and chast loue
begins our Festiuall.

FINIS.

Shep. Tonic.

*Colin the enamoured Sheeheard, singeth this passion
to his loue.*

O gentle Loue, vngentle for thy deede,
thou makest my hart,
a bloodie marke,
With piercing shot to bleede.

Shoote soft fweete Loue, for feare thou shoote amiffe,
 for feare too keene,
 thy arrowes beene :
 And hit the hart, where my beloued is.

Too faire that fortune were, nor neuer I
 fhall be fo blest,
 among the rest :
 That loue fhall ceaze on her by fimpathy.

Then fince with Loue my prayers beare no boote,
 this doth remaine,
 to ease my paine,
 I take the wound, and die at Venus foote.

*FINIS.**Geo. Peele.**Oenones complaint in blanke verse.*

Melpomene the Muse of tragicke fongs,
 With mournfull tunes in stole of difmall hue,
 Affist a fillie Nimphe to waile her woe,
 And leaue thy lustie company behind.

This lucklesse wreathe becomes not me to weare,
 The Poplar tree for tryumph of my loue,
 Then as my ioy, my pride of loue is left ;
 Be thou vncloathed of thy louely greene.

And in thy leaues my fortunes written be,
And then some gentle winde let blow abroad,
That all the world may see, how false of loue,
False Paris hath to his Oenone beene.

FINIS.

Geo. Peele.

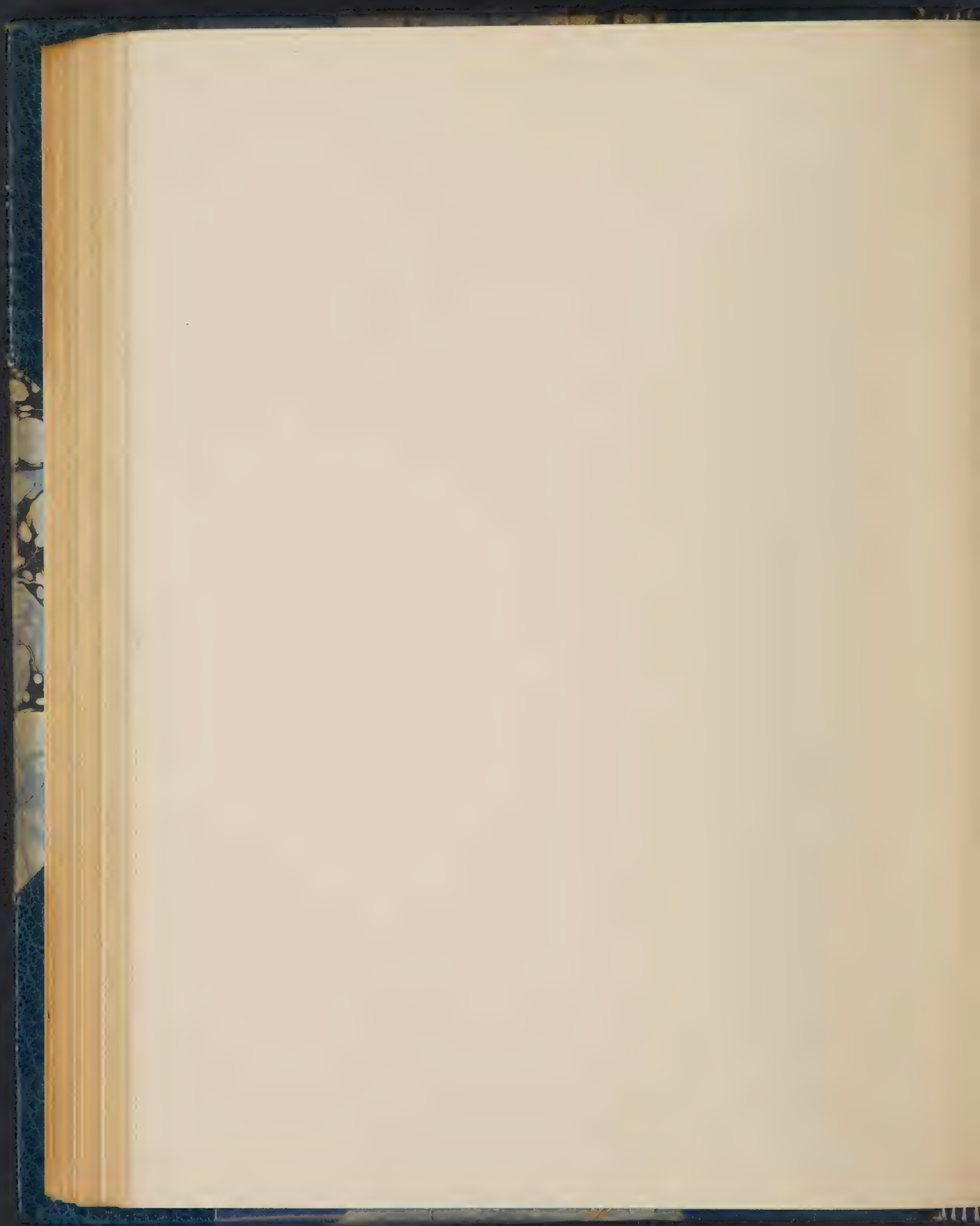
The Shepheards Confort.

Harke iollie Shepheards,
harke yon lustie ringing :
How cheerefully the bells daunce,
the whilst the Lads are springing ?
Go we then, why sit we here delaying :
And all yond mery wanton lasses playing ?
How gailie Flora leades it,
and sweetly treads it ?
The woods and groaues they ring,
louely refounding :
With Ecchoes sweet rebounding.

FINIS.

Out of Ma. Morleys Madrigals.

[*FINIS.*]



A
POETICAL RAPSODY

CONTAINING,

*Diuerse Sonnets, Odes, Elegies,
Madrigalls, and other Poesies, both in
Rime, and Measured Verse.*

Neuer yet published.

*The Bee and Spider by a diuerse power,
Sucke Hony & Poyson from the selfe same flower.*

*Printed at London by V. S. for Iohn Baily, and are
to be solde at his Shoppe in Chancerie lane,
neere to the Office of the six Clarkes.*

1602.



*To the most Noble, Honorable, and Worthy Lord,
William Earle of Pembroke, Lord Herbert of
Cardiffe, Marmion and Saint Quintine.*

GREAT Earle, whose high and noble minde, is higher
And nobler, then thy noble high Degree :
Whose outward fhape, though it moft louely bee,
Doth in faire Robes a fairer Soule attier :
Who Rich in fading Wealth, in endleffe Treasure
Of Vertue, Valour, Learning, richer art :
Whose prefent greatnes, men esteeme but part
Of what by line of future hope they meafure.
Thou Worthy Sonne, vnto a peereleffe MOTHER,
Thou Nephew to great SIDNEY of renowne,
Thou that deferu'ft thy CORONET to crowne
With Lawrell Crowne, a Crowne excelling t' other ;
I confecrate thefe Rimes to thy great NAME,
Which if thou like, they feeke no other fame.

The deuoted Admirer of your Lord-
fhips noble virtues,

FRA. DAVISON

humbly dedicates, his owne, his Bro-
thers, and Anomos Poems, both
in his owne, and their names.

TO THE READER.

BEING induced, by some priuate reasons, and by the instant intreatie of speciall friendes, to suffer some of my worthlesse Poems to be published, I desired to make some written by my deere friend *Anomos*, and my deerer Brother, to beare them company: Both without their consent, the latter being in the low Country Warres, and the former vtterly ignorant thereof. My friendes name I concealed, mine owne, and my Brothers, I willed the Printer to suppress, as well as I had concealed the other: which he hauing put in, without my priuity, we must both now vndergoe a sharper censure perhaps then our names works should haue done, and I especially. For if their Poems be liked, the praise is due to their inuention, if disliked the blame both by them, and all men will be deriued vpon me, for publishing that which they meant to suppress.

If thou thinke wee affect fame by these kindes of writings, though I thinke them no disparagement euen to the best iudgements, yet I answere in all our behalves, with the Princely Shepheard Dorus;

Our hearts doe seeke another estimation.

If thou condemne Poetry in generall, and affirme, that it doth intoxicate the braine, and make men vtterly vnfit, either for more serious studies or for any actiue course of life, I only say, *Fubeo te stultum esse libenter*: Since experience proues by examples of many, both dead and liuing, that diuers delighted and excelling herein, being Princes or States-men, haue gouerned and counceled as wisely, being Souldiers, haue commanded armies as fortunately, being Lawyers haue pleaded as iudicially and eloquently, being Diuines, haue written and taught as profoundly, and being of any other Profession, haue discharged it as sufficiently as any other men whatsoeuer: If liking other kindes, thou mislike the Lyricall, because the chiefeſt ſubject thereof is Loue; I reply, that Loue being virtuously intended, & worthily placed, is the Whetstone of witt, and Spurre to all generous actions: and that many excellent ſpirits with great fame of witt, and no ſtaine of iudgement, haue written excellently in this kind, and ſpecially the euer-praiſe worthy Sidney: So as if thou wilt needs make it a fault, for mine owne part

*Haud timeo, ſi iam nequeo defendere crimen
Cum tanto commune viro.*

If any except againſt the mixing (both at the beginning

and ende of this booke) of diuerſe thinges written by great and learned Perſonages, with our meane and worthles Scriblings, I vtterly diſclaime it, as being done by the Printer, either to grace the forefront with Sir Ph. Sidneys, and others names, or to make the booke grow to a competent volume.

For theſe Poems in particular, I could aledge theſe excuſes; that thoſe vnder the Name of Anomos were written (as appeareth by diuers things to Syr Philip Sidney liuing, and of him dead) almoſt twentie yeeres ſince, when Poetry was farre from that perfection to which it hath now attained; that my Brother is by profeſſion a ſouldier, and was not 18 yeeres olde when he writt theſe Toyes: that mine owne were made moſt of them fixe or ſeuen yeeres ſince, at idle times as I iourneyed vp and downe during my Trauails. But to leaue their workes to iuſtifie themſelues, or the Authors to iuſtifie their workes, and to ſpeake of myne owne; thy miſlikes I contemne, thy prayſes (which I neither deſerue nor expect) I eſteeme not, as hoping (God willing) ere long, to regaine thy good opinion, if loſt, or more deſeruedly to continue it, if already obtained, by ſome grauer Worke. *Farewell.*

FRA. DAVISON.

TWO PASTORALLS
MADE BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,
NEUER YET PUBLISHED.

*Vpon his meeting with his two worthy Friends and fellow-
Poets, Sir Edward Dier, and Maister Fulke Grenill.*

I OYNE Mates in mirth with me,
Graunt pleasure to our meeting :
Let Pan our good God see,
How gratefull is our greeting.
*Ioyne hearts and hands, so let it be,
Make but one Minde in Bodies three.*

Ye Hymnes, and finging skill
Of God Apolloes giuing,
Be prest our reedes to fill,
With found of musicke liuing.
Ioyne hearts and hands, &c.

Sweete Orpheus Harpe, whose found
The stedfast mountaynes moued,
Let heere thy skill abound,
To ioyne sweete friends beloued.
Ioyne hearts and hands, &c.

My two and I be met,
 A happy blessed Trinitie ;
 As three most ioyntly fet,
 In firmeft band of Vnitie.

Ioyne hands, &c.

Welcome my two to me, E. D. F. G. P. S.
 The number beft beloued,
 Within my heart you be
 In friendship vnremoued.

Ioyne hands, &c.

Giue leaue your flockes to range,
 Let vs the while be playing,
 Within the Elmy grange,
 Your flockes will not be ftraying.

Ioyne hands, &c.

Cause all the mirth you can,
 Since I am now come hether,
 Who neuer ioy, but when
 I am with you together.

Ioyne hands, &c.

Like Louers do their Loue,
 So ioy I, in your feeing ;
 Let nothing mee remoue
 From alwayes with you beeing.

Ioyne hands, &c.

And as the Turtle-Doue
 To mate with whom he liueth,

Such comfort, feruent loue
Of you, to my hart giueth.

Ioyne hands, &c.

Now ioyned be our hands,
Let them be ne'r a funder,
But linkt in binding bonds
By metamorphoz'd wonder.
So should our feuer'd bodies three
As one for euer ioyned bee.

Sir Ph. Sidney.

Dispraysse of a Courtly life.

Walking in bright Phœbus blaze
Where with heat opprest I was,
I got to a shady wood
Where greene leaues did newly bud.
And of grasse was plenty dwelling,
Deckt with pyde flowers sweetely smelling.

In this wood a man I met,
On lamenting wholly fet:
Rewing change of wonted state,
Whence he was transformed late,
Once to Shepheards God retayning,
Now in fervile Court remayning.

There he wandring malecontent,
Vp and downe perplexed went,

Daring not to tell to mee,
Spake vnto a fencelesse tree,
One among the rest electing
These same words, or this effecting.

My old mates I grieue to see,
Voyde of me in field to bee,
Where we once our louely sheepe,
Louingly like friends did keepe,
Oft each others friendship prouing,
Neuer striuing but in louing.

But may Loue abiding bee
In poore shepheards base degree?
It belongs to such alone
To whom arte of Loue is knowne:
Seely shepheards are not witting
What in art of Loue is fitting.

Nay, what neede the Arte to those,
To whom we our loue disclose?
It is to be vsed then,
When we doe but flatter men:
Friendship true in hart assured,
Is by natures giftes procured.

Therefore shepheardes wanting skill,
Can Loues duties best fulfill:
Since they know not how to faine,
Nor with Loue to cloake Disdaine,
Like the wiser fort, whose learning,
Hides their inward will of harming.

Well was I, while vnder fhade
Oten Reedes me muficke made,
Striuing with my Mates in Song,
Mixing mirth our Songs among,
Greater was that fhepheards treasure,
Then this falfe, fine, Courtly pleafure.

Where, how many Creatures be,
So many pufft in minde I fee,
Like to Iunoes birdes of pride,
Scarce each other can abide,
Friends like to blacke Swannes appearing,
Sooner thefe than thofe in hearing.

Therefore Pan, if thou mayft be
Made to liften vnto me,
Grant, I fay (if feely man
May make treaty to god Pan)
That I, without thy denying,
May be ftill to thee relying.

Only for my two loues fake, *Sir Ed. D. and M.F.G.*
In whose loue I pleafure take,
Only two do me delight
With their euer-pleafing fight,
Of all men to thee retaining,
Grant me with thofe two remaining.

So fhall I to thee alwayes
With my reedes, found mighty praife ;
And firft Lambe that fhall befall,

Yearely decke thine Altar shall :
If it please thee be reflected,
And I from thee not reiected.

So I left him in that place,
Taking pittie on his case,
Learning this among the rest,
That the meane estate is best,
Better filled with contenting,
Voyde of wishing and repenting.

Sir Ph. Sidney.

*Fiction how Cupid made a Nymph wound her selfe with
his Arrowes.*

It chaunst of late a Shepheards fwaine,
That went to seeke a strayed sheepe,
Within a thicket on the plaine,
Espide a daintie Nymph asleepe.

Her golden Haire ore-spread her face,
Her carelesse Armes abroad were cast,
Her Quiuer had her Pillowes face,
Her breast lay bare to euery blast.

The Shepheard stood and gazde his fill,
Nought durst he doo, nought durst he say :
When Chance or else perhaps his Will,
Did guide the God of Loue that way.

The crafty boy that fees her fleep,
Whom if fhee wakte, he durft not fee,
Behinde her clofely feeke to creepe,
Before her nap fhould ended bee.

There come, he fteales her fhafte away,
And puttes his owne into their place,
Ne dares he any longer ftay,
But ere fhe wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was hee gone, when fhee awakes,
And fpies the Shepheard ftanding by ;
Her bended Bowe in hafte fhee takes,
And at the fimple Swaine let fly.

Foordh flew the fhafte, and pierft his hart,
That to the ground he fell with paine :
Yet vp againe forthwith hee ftart,
And to the Nymphe he ran amaine :

Amaz'de to fee fo ftrange a fight,
She fhoot, and fhoot, but all in vaine,
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Loue yeeldeth ftrengh in midft of paine.

Her angry Eyes are great with teares,
She blames her hands, fhe blames her fkill ;
The bluntneffe of her Shaftes fhe feares,
And try them on her felfe fhe will.

Take heed, fweet Nymph, try not the fhafte,
Each little touch will pricke the harte,

Alas, thou knowest not Cupids craft,
Reuenge is ioy, the End is smart.

Yet try she wil, and prick some bare,
Her hands were glou'd, and next to hand
Was that faire Breast, that breast so rare,
That made the shepheard fencelesse stand.

That brest she prickt, and through that brest,
Loue findes an entry to her hart :
At feeling of this new-come Guest,
Lord how the gentle Nymph doth start.

Shee runnes not now, she shootes no more,
Away she throwes both shaftes and bowe,
Shee seekes for that she shun'd before,
She thinks the Shepherds haste too slowe.

Though mountaines meet not, Louers may :
So others doo, and so doo they.
The God of Loue fittes on a tree,
And laughes that pleafant fight to see.

Anomos.

*A Dialogue betweene two shepheards, Thenot and Piers, in
praise of Astrea, made by the excellent Lady, the Lady
Mary Countesse of Pembroke, at the Queenes Maiesties
being at her house at Anno 15 .*

Then. I sing diuine Aftreas praife,
O Muses ! help my wittes to raife,
And heaue my Verses higher.

Piers. Thou needst the truth, but plainly tell,
Which much I doubt thou canst not well,
Thou art so oft a liar.

Then. If in my Song no more I show,
Than Heav'n, and Earth, and Sea do know,
Then truly I have spoken.

Piers. Sufficeth not no more to name,
But being no lesse, the like, the fame,
Else lawes of truth be broken.

Then. Then say, she is so good, so faire,
With all the earth she may compare,
Not Momus selfe denying.

Piers. Compare may thinke where likenesse holds,
Nought like to her the earth enfoldes,
I lookt to finde you lying.

Then. Aftrea fees with Wisedoms fight,
Aftrea workes by Vertues might,
And ioyntly both do stay in her.

Piers. Nay take from them, her hand, her minde,
The one is lame, the other blinde,
Shall still your lying stayne her?

Then. Soone as Aftrea shewes her face,
Strait every ill auoides the place,
And every good aboundeth.

Piers. Nay long before her face doth showe,
The last doth come, the first doth goe,
How lowde this lie refoundeth

Then. Aftrea is our chieft ioy,
Our chieft garde againft annoy,
Our chieft wealth, our treasure.

Piers. Where chieft are, three others bee,
To vs none else but only shee ;
When wilt thou speake in measure ?

Then. Aftrea may be iustly fayd,
A field in flowry Roabe arrayd,
In Season freshly springing.

Piers. That Spring indures but shortest time,
This neuer leaues Aftreas clime,
Thou liest, instead of finging.

Then. As heauenly light that guides the day,
Right so doth shine each louely Ray,
That from Aftrea flyeth.

Piers. Nay, darknes oft that light enclowdes,
Aftreas beames no darknes shrowdes ;
How lowdly Thenot lyeth !

Then. Aftrea rightly terme we may,
A manly Palme, a Maiden Bay,
Her verdure neuer dying.

Piers. Palme oft is crooked, Bay is lowe,
Shee still vpright, still high doth growe,
Good Thenot leaue thy lying.

Then. Then Piers, of friendship tell me why,
My meaning true, my words should ly,
And striue in vaine to raise her.

Piers. Words from conceit do only rise,
Aboue conceit her honour flies ;
But filence, nought can praife her.

Mary Countesse of Pembroke.

*A Roun-de-lay in inuerted Rimes, betweene the two friendly
Riualls, Strephon and Klaius, in the presence of Vrania,
Mistris to them both.*

Strephon.

O whither shall I turne mee,
From thine eies fight,
Whose sparkling light
With quenchles flames, present, & absent burne me ?
For I burne whenas I view them,
And I burne when I eschew them.

Klaius.

Since I cannot eschew them
But that their light
Is in my fight,
Both when I view them not, and when I view them,
Ere their flames will cease to burne me,
From my selfe my selfe must turne me.

Strephon.

When none are present by you,
I feele their might,
And your eies bright
Appeare more glorious, others being nie you.

So alone, or else compared,
Wretch, I am by them enfnared.

Klarius.

Since that I am infnared
By your eies bright,
And feele their might,
Whether alone they be, or else compared,
Wherefoeuer I am nie you,
Loue I must, if I be by you.

Strephon.

When you looke kindely on me,
They loue incite :
And spite of Spite
I loue them likewise, when you frowne vpon me.
So, how e're your lookes are framed,
By your lookes I am inflamed.

Klarius.

Since that I am inflamed,
Ee'n by their spite ;
And they incite
Soul-warming flames whē they are mildly framed,
Howfoe're you looke vpon me,
Loue I must, if you looke on me.

Strephon.

O when shall I them banish,
Since against right,
Nor day nor night,
Though absent from me, from me they do vanish ?
So no respite Time doth graunt me,
But incessantly they haunt me.

Klarius.

Since they (alas) do haunt me

Both day and night.
And wonted right
Obtain'd by absence, absence doth not grant me.
Night and day may sooner vanish,
Then from me I can them banish.

Strephon.

They, when the Day doth leaue mee,
Lodge in my spirite ;
And of their fight,
No fight by day discerned can bereaue mee.
So, nor Day ought else reuealeth,
Nor the Night the same concealeth.

Klaius.

Since Day, like Night concealeth
Each other fight,
And to my spirite
Concealing Darknes, them like Day reuealeth.
Time of time must quite bereaue mee,
Ere your lookes, sweet lookes, will leaue mee.

Walter Dauifon.

STREPHONS PALINODE.

*Strephon, vpon some vnkindenes conceiued, hauing made shew
to leaue Vrania, and make loue to another Nymph, was
at the next solemne assembly of shepheards, not onely
frowned vpon by Vrania, but commanded with great
bitternesse out of her prefence: Whereuppon, sory for
his offence, and desirous to regaine her grace whom he
had neuer forsaken, but in shew, vpon his knees he in*

this Song humbly craues pardon : and Vrania finding his true penitence, and vnwilling to loose so worthy a seruant, receives him again into greater grace, and fauour than before.

Sweete, I doe not pardon craue,
 Till I haue,
 By deserts this fault amended :
 This, I onely this desire,
 That your ire
 May with penance be suspended.

Not my Wil, but Fate did fetch
 Me poore wretch,
 Into this vnhappy error.
 Which to plague, no Tyrants minde
 Paine can finde,
 Like my hearts selfe-guiltie terror.

Then, O then ! let that suffize ;
 Your deare Eies
 Need not, need not more afflict me.
 Nor your sweet Tongue dipt in gall,
 Need at all
 From your prefence interdict me.

Vnto him that Hell sustaines,
 No new paines
 Need be fought to his tormenting.
 O my paines helles paines surpas :
 Yet, alas,
 You are still new paines inuenting.

By my Loue, long firme and true,
 Borne to you.
By these teares my greefe expressing.
By this Pipe which nights and daies
 Sounds thy praise,
Pitty mee my fault confessing.

Or if I may not desire,
 That their yre
May with pennance bee suspended;
Yet let me full pardon craue,
 When I haue,
With soone death my fault amended.

Vraniaes Answer in inuerted Rimes, Staffe for Staffe.

Since true pennance hath suspended
 Fained yre,
More Ile grant then you desire.
Faults confest are halfe amended,
 And I haue
In this halfe, al that I craue.

Therefore banish now the terror,
 Which you finde
In your guiltlesse griued minde.
For though you haue made an error
 From mee wretch
First beginning it did fetch.

Ne're my fight Ile interdict thee
More at all.
Ne're speake words more dipt in gall.
Ne're, ne're will I more afflict thee
With these Eies,
What is past, shal now suffice.

Now new Ioyes Ile be inuenting,
Which (alas)
May thy passed woes surpas.
Too long thou hast felt tormenting,
Too great paines
So great Loue and Faith sustaines.

Let these Eies (by thy confessing
Worthy praise)
Neuer see more nights nor daies.
Let my woes be past expressing,
When to you
I cease to be kind and true.

Thus are both our States amended,
For you haue
Fuller pardon then you craue,
And my feare is quite suspended,
Since mine ire
Wrought th' effect I most desire.

Fra : Davison.

I. EGLOGVE.

A Shepheard poore, Eubulus call'd he was,
(Poore now alas, but erst had iolly beene)
One pleafant morne, whenas the Sunne did paffe
The fiery hornes of raging Bull betweene,
His little Flocke into a Meade did bring,
As foone as day-light did begin to fpring.

Frefh was the Meade, in Aprils liuerie dight,
Deckt with green Trees, bedewd with filuer Brooks,
But ah! all other was the fhepheards plight,
All other were both fheep and fhepheards lookes.
For both did fheew by their dull heauy cheere,
They tooke no pleafure of the pleafant yeere.

He weeping went, ay me that he should weepe!
They hung their heads as they to weep would learn.
His heauy Heart did fend forth fighings deepe.
They in their bleating voyce did feeme to yearne.
He leane and pale, their fleece was rough & rent:
They pinde with paine, and he with dolours fpend.

His pleafant Pipe was broke, (alas the while)
And former meriment was banisht quite.
His fhepheards Crooke that him vpheld ere-while,
He erst had throwne away with great despite.
Tho leaning gainft a shrubbe that him fustained,
To th' earth, fun, birds, trees, Eccho thus he plained.

Thou all-forth-bringing earth, though winter chill,
With boystrous blasts blow off thy Mantle greene,
And with his Snows and hoary Frosts doe spill,
Thy Flora-pleasing flowers, and kill them cleene.

Yet foone as Spring returnes againe

To driue away thy Winters paine,

Thy Frost and Snowe

Away doe goe.

Sweet Zephyres breath cold Boreas doth displace,

And fruitfull showers

Reuiue thy flowers,

And nought but Ioy is seene in euery place.

But ah! how long, alas, how long doth last

My endlesse Winter without hope of Spring?

How haue my fighes, my blustering fighes defaste

The flowers and buds which erst my youth did bring.

Alas the tops that did aspire

Lie troaden now in filthy mire.

Alas! my head

Is all bespread

With too vntimely snow: and eke my hart

All fence hath lost,

Through hardned frost,

Of cold Despaire, that long hath bred my smart.

What though Soone-rising Torrents ouerflow

With nought-regarding streams thy pleasant green,

And with their furious force do lay full lowe,

Thy drowned flowers, how euer sweet they been!

Soone fall those flouds, as foone they rose,

(For fury soone his force doth lose ;)
And then full eath
Apolloes breath,
The cold, yet drying North-wind, so doth warme,
That by and by
Thy Meades be dry,
And grow more fruitfull by their former harme.

O would the teares that Torrent-like do flowe
A downe my hollow cheekes with restlesse force,
Would once (O that they could once) calmer grow !
Would like to thine, once cease their ceasles course !
Thine last not long, mine still endure :
Thine cold, and so thy wealth procure :
Hot mine are still,
And so do kill
Both flower and roote, with most vnkindely dew.
What Sun or Winde
A way can finde,
The roote once dead, the flowers to renew ?

Thou, though the scorching heate of Summer Sun,
(While ill-breath'd Dog the raging Lyon chaceth)
Thy peckled flower do make of colour dun,
And pride of all thy greeny haire defaceth ;
And in thy moysture-wanting side
Deepe wounds do make, and gashes wide :
Yet as thy weate,
By Phœbus heate,
To turne to wholsome drynesse is procured.
So Phœbus heate

By South-winds weate,
Is foone affwaged, and all thy wounds recured.

Such heate as Phoebus hath me almost flaine.
As Phoebus heate? ah no, farre worfe then his.
It is Aftreas burning hot Difdaine
That parched hath the roote of all my blis:
That hath (alas) my youth defaced,
That in my face deep wounds hath placed.
Ah that no Heate
Can dry the weate,
The flowing weate of my still-weeping Eies!
Ah that no weate
Can quench the heate,
The burning heate within my Hart that lies!

Thou doft, poor Earth, beare many a bitter ftound,
While greedy Swaines forgetting former neede,
With crooked plowes thy tender backe do wound,
With harrowes biting teeth do make thee bleede.
But earth (fo may thofe greedy Swaines
With pitteous Eye behold thy paines)
O Earth, tel mee,
When thou doft fee,
Thy fruitfull Back with golden Eares befet,
Doth not that ioy
Kil all annoy,
And make thee all thy former wounds forget?

And I, if once my tired Hart might gaine
The Harueft faire that to my faith is due:

If once I might Aftreas grace regaine :
If once her hart would on my sorrows rue,
 Alas, I could these plaints forgo,
 And quite forget my former wo.
 But (O ! to speake
 My Hart doth breake)
For all my seruice, faith, and patient minde,
 A crop of greefe,
 Without releefe,
A crop of scorne, and of contempt, I finde.

Soone as the Shepheards Star abroad doth wend
(Nights harbinger) to shut the bright-some Day ;
And gloomy Night, on whom black clouds attend,
Doth Tirant-like through skie vsurpe the fway,
 Thou art (poore Earth) of Sunne depriued
 Whose beames to thee all ioy deriued :
 But when Aurore
 Doth ope her Dore,
Her purple dore, to let in Phœbus waine,
 The night giues place
 Vnto his race,
And then, with ioy, thy Sun returnes againe.

O would my Sunne would once returne againe !
Returne and driue away th' infernall night,
In which I die, since she did first refraine
Her heauenly beames, which were mine only light.
 In her alone all my light fhinde,
 And since she fhinde not, I am blinde.
 Alas, on all

Her beames doe fall,
Saue wretched me, whome she doth them deny.
And bleffed day
She giues alway,
To all, but me, who still in darkeneffe lie.

In mournfull darkeneffe I alone doe lie,
And wish, but scarcely hope, bright day to see,
For hop'd so long, and wisht so long haue I,
As hopes and wishes both are gone from mee.
My night hath lasted fifteene yeeres,
And yet no glimpse of day appeeres.
O do not let,
Him that hath fet,
His ioy, his light, his life in your sweete Grace!
Be vnrelieu'd,
And quite depriu'd
Of your deere fight, which may this night displace.

Phoebus, although with firy-hoofed steedes,
Thou daily doe the steepy Welkin beate,
And from this painefull taske art neuer freed,
But daily bound to lend the world thy heate:
Though thou in fiery Chariot ride,
And burning heate thereof abide,
Yet foone at night
Doth dim the light,
And hale her fable Cloake through vaulted skie,
Thy iournie's ceast,
And thou doth rest,
In cooling waues of Tethis foueraigntie.

Thrice happy Sun, whose pains are eas'de by night,
O haplesse I, whose woes last night and day.
My paines by day do make me wifh for night,
My woes by night do make me cry for day.

By day I turmoyle vp and downe,
By night in seas of teares I drowne.

O painefull plight !

O wretched night,

Which neuer findes a morne of ioyfull light !

O fad decay,

O wretched day,

That neuer feelles the ease of filent night !

Ye chirping Birds, whose notes might ioy my minde,
(If to my minde one drop of ioy could finke,)

Who erst, through Winters rage were almost pinde,
And kept through barren frost from meat or drinke,

A bleffed change yee now haue seene,

That changed hath your woefull teene.

By day you sing,

And make to ring

The neighbour groues with Eccho of your Song.

In filent night,

Full closely dight,

You foundly sleepe the bushes greene among.

But I, who erst (ah, woefull worde to say)

Enioy'd the pleasant spring of her sweete grace,

And then could sing and dance, and sporte and play ;

Since her fierce anger did my Spring displace,

My nightly rest haue turn'd to detriment,

To plaints haue turn'd my woonted meriment.

The Songs I sing
While day doth spring,
Are bootlesse plaints till I can plaine no more.
The rest I taste,
While night doth last,
Is broken fighes, til they my hart make fore.

Thou flowret of the field that erst did fade,
And nipt with Northerne cold didst hang the head.
Yee Trees whose bared bowes had lost their shade,
Whose with'red leaues by western blasts were shed
Yee gin to bud and spring againe,
Winter is gone that did you straine.
But I that late
With vpright gate
Bare vp my head, while happy fauour lasted ;
Now olde are growne,
Now ouerthrowne,
With wo, with grieve, with wailing now am wasted.

Your springing stalke with kindly iuice doth sprout,
My fainting legs do waste and fall away :
Your stretched armes are clad with leaues about,
My grieve-confumed armes do fast decay.
Yee gin againe your tops lift vp ;
I downe to earth-ward gin to stoope.
Each bowe and twig
Doth waxe so big,
That scarce the rinde is able it to hide ;
I so do faint,
And pine with plaint,
That flosps and Hofe, and Galage wax too wide.

Eccho, how wel may she that makes me mone,
By thy example learne to rue my paine?
Thou hear'st my plaintes when as I waile alone,
And wailing accents answereft againe.

When as my brest through greefe I beate,
That wofull found thou doft repeate.

When as I fob,
And hartly throb,
A dolefull fobbing found againe thou fendeft:
And when I weep,
And figh full deep,
A weepy fighing Voice againe thou lendeft.

But ah! how oft haue my fad plaints affaide
To pierce her Eares, deafe only vnto mee?
How oft my Woes in mournfull inke arraide
Haue tride to make her Eies my grieve to see?

And you, my Sighs and Teares, how often
Haue ye fought her hard hart to soften?

And yet her Eye,
Doth still denie

For all my woes, one bitter teare to shed.
And yet her Hart
Will not impart,
One harty figh, for grieve her felf hath bred.

Nor I, alas, do wifh that her faire Eyes,
Her blessed-making Eies should shed a teare,
Nor that one figh from her deere Breast should rife,
For all the paines, the woes, the wrongs I beare.

First let this weight oppresse me still,
Ere shee, through mee taste any ill.

Ah if I might
 But gaine her fight,
 And shew her, e're I die, my wretched case !
 O then should I
 Contented dy ;
 But ah I dy, and hope not so much grace.

With that his fainting legs to shrink, begun,
 And let him sinke with gasty look to ground
 And there he lay as though his life were don,
 Till that his Dog, seeing that wofull sound,
 With pitteous howling, kissing & with scraping,
 Brought him again from that sweet-fowre escaping.

Then gan his Teares so swiftly for to flow,
 As forst his Ey-lids for to giue them way.
 Then blust'ring fighes too boyft'rously to blow,
 As his weake lips could not their fury stay.
 And inward grieve withall so hugely sweld,
 As tears, fighes, grieve had soon al words expeld.

At last, whenas his teares began to cease,
 And weary fighes more calmely for to blowe :
 As he began with words his grieve to ease,
 And remnant of his broken plaint to show :
 He spide the skie o're-spread with nightly clouds,
 So home he went, his flocke and him to shrowde.

Eubulus his Embleme.

Uni Mihi Pergama Restant.

Francis Davison.

III. EGLOGUE.

Made long since vpon the death of Sir Phillip Sidney.

Thenot. Perin.

Perin, arreede what new mischance betide
Hath raft thee of thy wonted meriment?
Faire feeds thy flock this pleasant spring beside,
Nor Loue, I ween, hath made thee discontent,
Sild Age and Loue, to meet in one, consent.

Perin.

Ah Thenot, where the Ioy of hart doth faile,
What maruaile there, if mirth & mufick quaile?
See how the flowrets of the field do fpring,
The purple Rose, the Lilly white as Snow;
With fmell and colour for an Harueft King,
May ferue to make vs yong againe, I trow.
Yet all this pride is quickly laid full low,
Soon as the root is nipt with northerne cold,
What fmell, or beauty, can we then behold?

Thenot.

As good not heare, as heard, not vnderftand,
My borrell braines, through eld beene all too dull,
Sike mifter meaning nill by mee be fcand,
All as my Face, fo wrinckled is my fkull:
Then fay me Perin, by thy hope of wull,
And by thine Ewes blown bags and bagpipes found,
So not one Aneling in thy flock be found.

Perin.

Ah Thenot, by thine alderliefest Laffe,

Or whatfoeuer is more deere to thee ;
 No Bagpipe name, let fong and follace paffe,
 Death hath vndon my flock, my pipe, and mee.
 Dead is the Sheeps delight, and Shepheards glee,
 Broke is my Pipe, and I my felfe forlorne,
 My sheep vnfed, their fleeces rent and torne.

Thenot.

I mickle muz'de fuch vncouth change to fee,
 My flockes refuz'de to feed, yet hale they weare :
 The tender Birds fate drooping on a tree,
 The carelefse Lambs went wandring here & there :
 My felfe vnknowne a part of grieve did beare,
 Ne wift I why, yet heauy was my hart,
 Vntimely Death was caufe of all this fmart.
 Vp Perin, vp, aduaunce thy mournfull layes,
 Sound loud thy pipe, but found in dolefull wife.

Perin.

Who elfe, but Thenot, can the Mufes raife,
 And teach them fmg and dance in mournfull guife
 My fingers ftiffe, my voice doth hoarfely rife.

Thenot.

Ah, where is Collin, and his paffing fkill ?
 For him it fits our forrow to fulfill.

Perin.

Tway fore extreames our Collin preffe fo neere,
 (Alas that fuch extreames fhould preffe him fo)
 The want of wealth, and loffe of loue fo deere,
 Scarfe can he breathe from vnder heapes of woe,
 He that beares heau'n, beares no fuch weight I trow.

Thenot.

Hath he fuch fkill in making all aboue,
 And hath no fkill to get, or Wealth, or Loue ?

Perin.

Praife is the greateft prife that Poets gaine,
A fimple gaine that feeds them ne're a whit.
The wanton laffe for whom he bare fuch paine,
Like running water loues to change and flit.
But if thee lift to heare a forry fit,
Which Cuddy could in dolefull verfe endite,
Blow thou thy Pipe while I the fame recite.

Thenot.

Ginne when thou lift, all-be my fkill but fmall,
My forward minde fhall make amends for all.

Perin.

Yee Nymphs that bathe your bodies in this fpring :
Your tender bodies white as driuen Snow :
Yee Virgins chafte which in this Groue doe fing,
Which neither grieve of Loue, nor Death do know :
So may your ftreames runne cleere for ay,
So may your trees giue fhade alway.

Depart a fpace,
And giue me place,
To wayle with grieve my reftleffe woe alone,
For feare my cries,
Conftaine your eyes,
To fhed forth teares, and help lament my mone.

And thou, my Mufe, that whilome wont to eafe,
Thy Maifters minde with layes of fweete delight,
Now change thofe tunes, no ioy my hart can pleafe,
Gone is the day, come is the darkefome night,
Our Sunne clofe hid in cloudes doth lie,
We liue indeede, but liuing, die :

No light we fee,
Yet wander wee,
We wander farre and neere without a guide :
And all astray,
We loofe our way,
For in this world n' is fuch a Sunne beside.

Ye Shepheards Boyes that leade your flocks a field,
The whilst your sheepe feede safely round about,
Breake me your Pipes that pleafant found did yeeld,
Sing now no more the Songs of Collin Clout :

Lament the end of all our ioy,
Lament the fource of all annoy :
Willy is dead,
That wont to leade
Our flockes and vs in mirth and Shepheards glee :
Wel could he fing,
Wel dance and fpring ;
Of all the Shepheards was none fuch as hee.

How often hath his skill in pleafant Song,
Drawn al the water-nimphs from out their bowers ?
How haue they laine the tender graffe along,
And made him Garlands gay of fmelling flowers ?

Phœbus himfelfe that conquer'd Pan,
Striuing with Willy, nothing wan.
Ne thinkes I fee,
The time when hee
Pluckt from his golden lockes the Laurell crowne ;
And fo to raife
Our Willies praife,
Bedeckt his head, and foftly fet him downe.

The learned Muses flockt to heare his skill,
And quite forgot their water, wood, and mount;
They thought his Songs were done too quickly ftill,
Of none but Willies Pipe they made account.

Hee fung; they seemd in ioy to flowe:

Hee ceast; they seemd to weepe for woe;

The Rurall rout,

All round about,

Like Bees came swarming thicke to heare him sing:

Ne could they thinke,

On meate or drinke,

While Willies musicke in their eares did ring.

But now (alas) such pleasant mirth is past,

Apollo weepes, the Muses rend their haire.

No ioy on earth that any time can last,

See where his breathlesse corps lies on the beare.

That felse fame hand that reft his life,

Hath turned Shepherds peace to strife.

Our ioy is fled,

Our life is dead,

Our hope, our help, our glory all is gone:

Our Poets praise,

Our happy dayes,

And nothing left but grieve, to thinke thereon.

What Thames, what Seuerne, or what westerne Seas,

Shall giue me floods of trickling teares to shed?

What comfort can my restlesse grieve appease?

O that mine eies were Fountaines in my head!

Ah Collin! I lament thy case,

For thee remains no hope of grace.
The best reliefe,
Of Poets grieve,
Is dead, and wrapt full cold in filthy clay,
And nought remaines,
To ease our paines,
But hope of death, to ridde vs hence away.

Phillis, thine is greatest grieve about the rest :
Where beene thy sweetest Posies featly dight,
Thy Girlands with true-loues Knot addrest,
And all that erst, thou Willy, didst behight ?
Thy labour all is lost in vaine,
The grieve whereof shall ay remaine.
The Sunne so bright,
That fallies to night,
To morrow from the East againe shall rise.
But we decay,
And waste away,
Without returne, alas, thy Willy dies.

See how the drooping Flockes refuse to feede,
The Riuer streame with teares about the bankes,
The Trees do shed their leaues, to waile agreeed,
The beasts vnfed, go mourning all in rankes.
The Sunne denies the Earth his light,
The Spring is kill'd with winters might :
The flowers spill,
The birds are still :
No voyce of ioy is heard in any place.
The Meddows greene,

A change haue feene,
And Flora hides her pale disfigur'd face.

Watch now, ye shepheards boyes, with waking eie,
And loofe your time of sleepe, to learn to finge.
Vnhappy skill, what good is got thereby,
But painted praise that can no profit bring?
If Skill could moue the Sisters three,
Our Willy still aliue should be.

The wolfe fo wood,
Amazed flood,
At found of Willies pipe, and left his pray :
Both Pipe and Skill,
The Sisters spill,
So, worfe then any wicked Wolfe are they.

O flatt'ring hope of mortall mens delight,
So faire in outward shew, so foule within !
The deepest streames do flow full calme to fight,
The rau'ning Woolues de iet in Weathers skin ;
Wee deem'd our Willy ay should liue,
So fweete a found his Pipe could giue :
But cruel death
Hath stopt his breath :
Dumbe lies his Pipe that wont so fweete to found :
Our flockes lament
His life is spent,
And carelesse wander all the woods around.

Come now, ye shepheards daughters, come no more
To heare the Songs that Cuddy wont to finge :

Hoarse is my Muse, my throate with crying fore ;
 These woods with Eccho of my grieve doe ring.
 Your Willies life was Cuddies ioy,
 Your Willies death hath kill'd the Boy :
 Broke lies my Pipe,
 Till Reedes be ripe
 To make a new one, but a worse, I feare :
 Saue yeere by yeere,
 To waile my Deere.
 All Pipe and Song I vtterly forswear.

Thenot.

Alacke and welladay may shepheards cry,
 Our Willy is dead, our Collin kill'd with care,
 Who shall not loathe to liue, and long to die ?
 And will not grieve our little Cuddy spare,
 But must he too of sorrow haue a share ?
 Ay, how his ruefull Verse hath prickt my hart !
 How feelingly hath hee exprest my smart !

Perin.

Ah Thenot, hadst thou seene his fory looke,
 His wringed hands, his eies to heau'n vpkeft ;
 His teares that stream'd like water in the Brooke ;
 His fighes, that made his Rimes seeme rudely drest,
 To teares thou wouldst haue melted with the rest.
 But hie we homeward, night approacheth neere,
 And rainie cloudes in southerne skies appeere.

A. W.

II EGLOGVE.

Shepheard. Heard-man.

Come gentle Heard-man, sit by mee,
And tune thy Pipe by mine
Heere vnderneath this Willow tree,
To shield the hote Sunne-shine.
Where I haue made my Summer bower,
For prooffe of Summer beames,
And deckt it vp with many a flower,
Sweete feated by the streames.
Where gentle Daphne once a day,
These flowry bankes doth walke,
And in her bosome beares away
The pride of many a stalke.
But leaues the humble Heart behinde,
That should her Garland dight :
And she, sweete foule, the more vnkinde,
To set true loue so light.
But, whereas others beare the Bell,
As in her fauour blest ;
Her shepheard loueth her as well,
As those whome she loues best.

Heard-man.

Alas, poore Pastor, I finde,
Thy loue is lodg'd so high,
That on thy flocke thou hast no minde,
But feedst a wanton Eie.
If dainty Daphnes looks besot
Thy doating hearts desire,

Be fure, that farre, aboue thy lot,
Thy liking doth aspire.
To loue fo sweete a Nymph as shee,
And looke for loue againe :
Is fortune fitting high degree,
Not for a Shepheards fwaine.
For she of lordly lads becoyd,
And fought of great estates,
Her fauour scornes to be enioyde
By vs poore lowly Mates.
Wherefore I warne thee to be wise,
Go with me to my walke,
Where lowly Lasses be not nice,
Then like and chuse thy Make.
Where are no pearles or Gold to view,
No pride of filken fight,
But Petticoates of scarlet hew,
Which vaile the skin snow-white.
There truest Lasses beene to get
For loue and little cost :
There sweet desire is payd his det,
And labour feldome loft.

Shepherd.

No Heardman, no, thou rau'ft too lowde,
Our trade fo vile to hold.
My weede as great a Hart doth shrowde,
As his that's clad in gold :
And take the truth that I thee tell,
This Song faire Daphne sings,
That Cupid will be seru'd as well,
Of Shepheards as of Kings.

For prooffe whereof, old bookes recorde,
That Venus Queene of Loue,
Would fet aside her warlike Lorde,
And youthfull Pastors proue.
How Paris was as well belou'de,
A simple Shepherds Boy,
As after when that he was prou'de
King Priams Son of Troy.
And therefore haue I better hope,
As had those Lads of yore,
My courage takes as large a scope,
Although their hap were more.
And for thou shalt not dreme I iest,
And beare a minde more base ;
No meaner hope shall haunt my brest,
Then deereft Daphnes grace.
My minde no other thought retaines,
Mine Eye nought else admiers :
My hart no other passion straines,
Nor other hap defiers.
My Muse of nothing else entreates,
My Pipe nought else doth found,
My Veines no other feauer heates,
Such faith's in Shepherds found.

Heard-man.

Ah Shepheard, then I see, with grieve
Thy care is past all cure,
No remedy for thy reliefe,
But patiently endure.
Thy wonted libertie is fled,
Fond fancie breeds thy bane,

Thy fence of folly brought a bed,
Thy wit is in the wane,
I can but sorrow for thy fake,
Since loue lulles thee asleepe.
And whilst out of thy dreame thou wake,
God shield thy straying sheepe.
Thy wretched Flocke may rue and curse
This proude desire of thine,
Whose woefull state from bad to worse
Thy carelesse eye will pine.
And e'en as they, thy selfe likewise,
With them shalt weare and waste,
To see the spring before thine eyes,
Thou thirsty canst not taste.
Content thee therefore with Conceit,
Where others gaine the grace,
And thinke thy fortune at the height,
To see but Daphnees face.
Although thy truth deserued well
Reward aboue the rest,
Thy haps shall be but meanes to tell
How other men are blest.
So gentle Shepheard, farewell now,
Bee warned by my reed,
For I see written in thy brow,
Thy Hart for loue doth bleed.
Yet longer would I with thee stay,
If aught would do thee good,
But nothing can the heate allay,
Where Loue inflames the blood.

Shepherd.

Then Heardman, since it is my lot,
And my good liking fuch,
Striue not to breake the faithfull knot
That thinkes no paine too much.
For what contents my Daphne best
I neuer will despise ;
So she but with my soule good rest
When death shall close mine eyes.
Then Heard-man, farewell once againe,
For now the day is fled :
So might thy cares, poore Shepherds Swaine,
Flie from thy carefull head.

Ignoto.

IIII EGLOGVE.

*Concerning olde Age. The beginning and end of this
Eglogue are wanting.*

Perin.

For when thou art not as thou wont of yore
No cause why life should please thee any more.
Whilome I was (in course of former yeeres,
Ere freezing Eld had coolde my youthly rage)
Of mickle worth among my Shepherds Peeres.
Now for I am some-dele ystept in age,
For pleasance, strength, and beautie ginnes affwage,
Ech little Heard-groom laughs my wrinkled face,
Ech bonny lasse for Cuddy shunnes the place ;
For all this woe none can wee iustly twight,

But hatefull Eld, the foe to pleasant rest,
Which like a Theefe doth rob vs of delight.

Wrenock.

Perin, enough; few words beene alwayes best,
Needs must be borne that cannot be redrest.

Selfe am I as thou seeft in thilke estate,
The grieve is eath to beare that haz a mate.
But ficker for to speake the truth indeed,
Thou seem'ft to blame that blamelesse seems to me,
And hurtlesse Eld to sneb: (ill mought he speed,
That stayes the Dog, for Wolues so wicked bee)
The faults of men thou lay'ft on Age I fee,
For which if Eld were in it felfe too blame,
Then I and all my Peeres should taste the fame.

Perin.

Wrenock, I weene thou doat'ft through rusty Eld,
And think'ft with fained words to bleare mine eie.
Thou for thy store art euer bliffesfull held,
Thy heapes of gold will let thee sorrow spie,
Thy Flocks full safe here vnder shade doe lie,
Thy weanlings fat, thine ewes with bladders blowne
Jollier Shepheard haue we feldome knowne.

Wrenock.

For thilke my store, great Pan yherried be;
But if for thy, mine age with ioy I beare,
How falles it that thy felfe vnlike to me,
Art vexed so with grieve and bootlesse feare?
Thy store will let thee sleepe on either eare:
But neither want makes Age to wisemen hard,
Nor fools by welth from grievous pains are bard.

Perin.

Seeft not how free yond Lambkin skips and plaies,

And wrigs his tayle, and buts with tender head ;
All for he feeles the heate of youngthly dayes,
Which fecret law of kinde hath inly bred ?
Thilke Ewe from whom all Ioy with youth is fled,
See how it hangs the head, as it would weepe,
Whilome it fkipt, vneathes now may it creepe.

Wrenock.

No fellowfhip hath fstate of Beafts with man,
In them is nought but ftrength of lim and bone,
Which endes with age as it with age began.
But man they faine (as other Creature none)
Hath vncouth fire conuayd from Heau'n by one
(His name I wift) that yeelds him inward light,
Sike fire as Welkin fhowes in winter night.

Which neither Age nor Time can weare away,
Which waxeth bett for vfe as Shepheards Crooke,
That euer fhineth brighter day by day :
Alfo though wrinkled feeme the aged looke,
Bright fhines the fire that from the ftars we tooke,
And footh to fay, thilke Ewe laments the paine
That thilke fame wanton Lamb is like fustaine.

Perin.

Ah Thenot, be not all thy teeth on edge,
To fee youngths folke to fport in paftimes gay ?
To pitch the Barre, to throwe the weightie fledge,
To dance with Phillis all the holli-day,
To hunt by day, the Fox, by night, the Gray ;
Sike peereleffe pleasures wont vs for to queme,
Now lig we laide, as drownd in heauy dreame.

Anomos.

Deeft.

SONNETS, ODES, ELEGIES
AND MADRIGALLS.

BY

FRANCIS DAUISON }
AND } Brethren.
WALTER DAUISON }

SONNETS, ODES, ELEGIES, AND
MADRIGALLS.

SONET. I.

If my harsh humble stile, and Rimes ill dressed,
Arriue not at your worth and beautie glorious,
My Muses shoulders are with weight oppressed,
And heauenly beams are o're my sight victorious.
If these dimme colours haue your worth expressed,
Laide by Loues hand, and not by Arte laborious ;
Your Sun-like raies haue my wits haruest blessed,
Ennabling me to make your praise notorious.
But if alas ! (alas the heauens defend it,)
My lines your eies, my loue your hart displeasing,
Breed hate in you, and kill my hope of easing ;
Say with your self, how can the wretch amend it ?
I wondrous faire, he wondrous deerely louing,
How can his thoughts but make his pen be mouing ?

SONNET II.

I bend my wits, and beate my wearie braine,
To keep my inward grieve from outward shew.
Alas I cannot: now tis vaine I know,
To hide a fire, whose flame appeereth plaine.
I force my will, my fences I constraine,
T'imprison in my heart my secret woe:
But musing thoughts, deep sighs, or tears that flow,
Discover what my heart hides, al in vaine.
Yet blame not (Deere) this vndessembled passion;
For well may Loue, within small limits bounded,
Be wisely maskte in a disguised fashion.
But he, whose hart, like mine, is throgly wounded,
Can neuer faine, no though he were assured,
That Faining might haue greater grace procured.

SONNET III.

The fairest Eies (O Eies in blacknesse faire!)
That euer shinde, and the most heau'nly face,
The daintiest smiling, the most conquering grace,
And sweetest breath that e're perfumde the ayre.
The cherriest lippes, whose kisse might well repaire
A dead mans state; that speech which did displace
All meane desiers, and all affections base,
Clogging swift Hope, & winging dead Dispaire.
That snow-white breast, & al those faultles features
Which made her seeme a personage diuine,
And farre excelling fairest humane creatures,
Hath Absence banisht from my cursed Eine.
But in my Heart, as in a Mirrour cleere,
All these perfections to my thoughts appeere.

SONNET IIII.

*Vpon presenting her with the speech of Grayes-Inne Maske
at the Court 1594, consisting of three partes, The Story
of Proteus Transformations, the wonders of the Ada-
mantine Rocke, and a speech to her Maiestie.*

Who in these lines may better claime a parte,
That sing the praises of the Britton Queene,
Then you, faire sweet, that only Soueraign beene,
Of the poore Kingdome of my faithful Heart?
Or to whose view should I this speech impart,
Where th' adamantines rocks great powre is shewn
But to your cōq'ring eies, whose force once known
Makes euen iron harts loath thence to parte?
Or who of Proteus fundry transformations,
May better fend you the new-fayned Story,
Then I, whose loue vnfain'de felt no mutations,
Since to be yours I first receiu'de the glory?
Accept then of these lines, though meanely pend,
So fit for you to take, and me to fend.

ELEGIE I.

*He renounceth his food, and former delight in Musicke,
Poefie, and Painting.*

Sitting at board sometimes, preparte to eate,
Ift hap my minde on these my woes to thinke,
Sighs fill my mouth in steade of pleasant meate,
And teares do moist my lips in lieu of drinke:
But yet, nor sighs, nor tears, that rū amain
Can either starue my thoughts or quench my paine.

Another time with carefull thoughts o're-tane,
I thought these thoughts with musicks might to chace :
But as I gan to set my notes in frame,
A suddaine Passion did my song displace.

In stead of Rests, sighes from my hart did rise,
In stead of Notes, deep sobs and mournful cries.

Then, when I saw, that these my thoughts increas'de,
And that my thoughts vnto my woes gaue fire,
I hopte-both thoughtes and woes might be releasde
If to the Muses I did me retire.

Whose sweet delights were wont to ease my wo,
But now (alas) they could do nothing so.

For trying oft (alas) yet still in vaine
To make some pleasant numbers to arise,
And beating oft my dulled weary Braine,
In hope some sweete Conceit for to deuise :
Out of my mouth no wordes but groanes would come,
Out of my pen no inke but teares would runne.

Of all my old Delights yet one was left,
Painting alone to ease my minde remain'd ;
By which, wheras I look't to be bereft
Of these hart-vexing woes that still me strain'd,
From forth mine eies the blood for colours came,
And teares withall to temper so the same.

Adieu my foode that wontst my taste to please,
Adieu my songs that bred mine eares delight,
Adieu sweete Muse that oft my minde did ease,

Painting Adieu, that oft refresht my sight,
 Since neither taste, nor eares, nor sight, nor mind,
 In your Delights can ought faue sorrow finde.

SONNET V.

To Pitty.

Wake Pitty, wake, for thou hast slept too long,
 Within the Tygrish hart of that fierce faire,
 Who ruines most, where most she should repaire,
 And wher she ows most right, doth greatest wrōg.
 Wake Pitty, wake, O do no more prolong
 Thy needfull help! but quickly heare my pray're,
 Quickly (alas) for otherwise Despaire,
 By guiltie death, will end my guiltlesse wrong.
 Sweet Pitty, wake, and tell my cruell Sweete,
 That if my death her honour might encrease,
 I would lay downe my life at her prowde feete,
 And willing die, and dying, hold my peace.
 Tell her I liue, and liuing, crie for grace,
 Because my death her glory would deface.

ODE I.

That only her beauty and voice please him.

I.

Passion may my Iudgement bleare,
 Therefore sure I will not sweare,
 That others are not pleasing:

But I speake it to my paine,
And my life shall it maintaine,
None else yeelds my hart easing.

II.

Ladies I doo thinke there bee,
Other some as faire as shee,
(Though none haue fairer features) :
But my Turtle-like Affection,
Since of her I made Election,
Scornes other fairest creatures.

III.

Surely I wil not deny,
But some others reach as high
With their sweet warbling voices :
But since her Notes charmde mine Eare,
Euen the sweetest Tunes I heare,
To mee seeme rude harsh noyses.

MADRIGAL I. *To Cupid.*

Love, if a God thou art,
Then euermore thou must,
Be mercifull and iust.
If thou be iust; O wherefore doth thy Dart,
Wound mine alone, and not my Ladies Hart?

If mercifull, then why
Am I to paine referu'd,
Who haue thee truely feru'd :
While she that by thy powre sets not a flie,
Laughs thee to scorne, and liues at libertie?

Then, if a God thou would'st accounted be,
Heale me like her, or else wound her like me.

MADRIGAL II.

Vpon his Mistresse sickenes, and his owne health.

In health and ease am I,
Yet, as I fenlesse were, it nought contents mee.
You sicke in paine do lie,
And (ah) your paine exceedingly torments mee:
Whereof, this only is the reason true,
That dead vnto my felfe, I liue in you.

MADRIGAL III.

He begs a Kisse.

Sorrow feldome killeth any,
Sodaine ioy hath murthered many.
Then (Sweete) if you would end mee,
Tis a fond course with lingring grieve to spend mee.
For quickly to dispatch me,
Your onely way is in your armes to catch mee,
And giue me a sweete Kisse:
For such excessiue and vnlookt for blisse,
Would so much ouer-joy mee,
As it would strait destroy mee.

MADRIGAL IIII.

Vpon a Kisse receiued.

Since your fweete cherry lippes I kist,
No want of foode I once haue mist.
My stomach now no meate requires :
My throate no drinke at all desires.
For by your breath which then I gained,
Camelion-like my life's maintained.

Then grant me (Deere) those cherries still,
O let me feed on them my fill.
If by a surfet death I get,
Vpon my Tombe let this be set ;
 Heere lieth one whome Cherries two,
 Made both to liue, and life forgo.

ODE II.

*Vpon her protesting, that now hauing tried his sincere
affection, she loued him.*

I.

Ladie, you are with beauties so enriched,
 Of body and of minde,
 As I can hardly finde,
Which of them all hath most my heart bewitched.

2.

Whether your skin so white, so smoothe, so tender,
 Or face so louely faire,

Or long hart-binding haire,
Or dainty Hand, or Legge, and Foote so slender.

3.

Or whether your sharpe wit and liuely spirit,
Where Pride can finde no place ;
Or your most pleasing grace,
Or speech, which doth true eloquence inherit.

4.

Most louely all, and each of them do moue mee,
More then words can expresse ;
But yet I must confesse,
I loue you most, because you please to loue mee.

ODE II.

His restlesse estate.

Your Prefence breeds my anguish,
Your absence makes me languish :
Your fight with woe doth fill mee,
And want of your sweete fight alas doth kill mee.

If those deere Eyes that burne mee,
With milde aspect you turne mee,
For life my weake hart panteth :
If frowningly, my Spirit and Life-blood fainteth.

If you speake kindly to mee,
Alas, kind words vndoo mee :
Yet silence doth dislike mee,
And one vnkind il word stark dead would strike me.

Thus, Sunne nor shade doth ease mee,
Nor speech nor silence please mee :
Fauours and frownes annoy mee,
Both want and plentie equally destroy mee.

ELEGIE II. *Or Letter in Verse.*

My deereſt Sweete, if theſe ſad lines do happe
The raging fury of the Sea to ſcape,
O be not you more cruell then the Seas ;
Let Pitty now your angry Minde appeaſe,
So that your Hand may be the bleſſed Port,
From whence they may vnto your Eyes reſort,
And at that Throane pleading my wretched caſe,
May moue your cruell Hart to yeeld me grace.
So may no Cloudes of elder yeeres, obſcure
Your Sun-like Eyes, but ſtil as bright endure,
As then they ſhone when with one piercing Ray,
They made my ſelfe their ſlaue, my hart their pray :
So may no Sickneſſe nippe thoſe flowers ſweet,
Which euer flowring on your Cheekes doo meet :
Nor all-defacing Time haue power to rafe,
The goodly building of that heauenly Face.

Fountaine of Bliffe, yet well-ſpring of my woe,
(O would I might not iuſtly terme you ſo !)
Alas, your cruell dealing, and my Fate,
Haue now reduc'de mee to that wretched ſtate,
That I know not how I my ſtyle may frame

To thanks, or grudging, or to praise, or blame ;
And where to write, I al my powers do bend,
Thus wot I not how to beginne or ende.
And now my drifling teares trill downe apace,
As if the latter would the former chace,
Whereof some few on my pale Cheekes remaine,
Like wither'd flowers, bedewd with drops of raine :
The other falling, in my Paper finke,
Or dropping in my Pen, increafe my inke.
Which suddaine Passions Cause if you would find,
A trembling feare doth now possesse my minde,
That you will not vouchsafe these lines to reede,
Lest they some pittie in your harte might breede :
But or with angry frownes refuse to take them,
Or taking them, the fires fewell make them,
Or with those hands (made to a milder end)
These guiltlesse leaues all into peeces rend.
O Cruell Tyrant ! (yet beloued still)
Wherein haue I deferu'de of you so ill,
That all my loue you should with hate requite,
And all my paines reward with such despight ?
Or if my faulte be great (which I protest
Is only Loue, too great to be exprest,)
What, haue these Lines so harmeleffe innocent
Deferu'd to feele their Masters punishment ?
These leaues are not vnto my fault consenting :
And therefore ought not haue the same tormenting,
When you haue read them, vse them as you list,
For by your sight they shall be fully blist ;
But till you reade them, let the woes I haue
This harmeleffe Paper from your fury faue.

Cleere vp mine eyes, & drie your felues, my Teares,
And thou my Harte bannish these deadly feares ;
Perfwade thy felfe, that though her harte difdaine,
Either to loue thy loue, or rue thy paine,
Yet her faire Eyes will not a booke denie
To this fad Story of my Miferie.

O then, my Deere, behold the Portraiture
Of him that doth all kinde of woes endure,
Of him whose Head is made a Hiue of woes,
Whose fwarming number dayly greater growes :
Of him whose Sences like a Racke are bent,
With diuerfe motions my poore foule to rent ;
Whose Minde a Mirrour is, which only shoves,
The ougly Image of my present woes :
Whose Memories, a poyfon'd Knife to teare
The euer-bleeding wound my Breast doth beare,
(The euer-bleeding wound not to be cured,
But by those Eyes that first the fame procured.)
And that poore Harte, so faithfull, constant, true,
That only loues, and ferues, and honours you,
Is like a feeble Ship, which torne and rent,
The Mast of Hope being broke, and tackling spent,
Reason the Pilot dead, the Starres obscured,
By which alone to faile it was enured,
No Porte, no Land, no Comfort once expected,
All hope of Safety vtterly neglected,
With dreadfull terror tumbling vp and downe,
Passions vncertaine, waues with hideous found,
Doth daily, hourelly, minutely expect,
When either it should runne, and so be wreckt
Vpon Despaires sharpe Rocke, or be o'rethrowne,
With storme of your Disdaine so fiercely blowne.

But yet, of al the woes that doe torment my hart,
Of all the Torments that do dayly rent my hart,
There's none so great (although I am assured,
That euen the least can not be long endured :)
As that so many weekes (nay months, nay yeares,
Nay tedious Ages (for it so appeares)
My trembling Hart (besides so many anguishes,
Twixt hope & feare vncertaine howerly languishes:
Whether your hands, your Eyes, your Hart of stone
Did take my lines, and reade them, and bemone
With one kind word, one sigh, one pittying teare,
Th'vnfained grieve which for your loue I beare;
Whether y' accepted that last Monument
Of my deere Loue, the Booke (I meane) I sent
To your deere selfe, when the respectlesse winde
Bare me away, leauing my hart behinde.
And daigne sometimes when you the same do view
To thinke on him, who alwayes thinks on you.
Or whether you (as Oh I feare you doo)
Hate both my selfe, and Gifts, and Letters too.

I must confesse, that when I do confither,
How ill, alas, how ill agree together,
So peerelesse beautie, to so fierce a minde,
So hard an inside to so faire a rinde,
A Hart so bloody to so white a brest,
So proud disdaines with so milde lookes supprest;
And how my deere (O would it had beene neuer,
Accursed word, nay would it might be euer;)
How once I say, till your Hart was estranged,
(Alas how soone my day to night was changed)

You did vouchsafe my poore Eyes so much grace,
Freely to viewe the Riches of your face,
And did so high exalte my lowly Hart,
To call it yours, and take it in good part.
And (which was greatest blisse) did not disdain,
For boundlesse loue to yeeld some loue againe.
When this, I say, I call vnto my minde,
And in my Harte and Soule no cause can finde,
No fact, no word, whereby my Hart hath merited,
Of your sweete loue to be thus disinherited,
Dispaire it selfe cannot make mee dispaire,
But that you 'le prooue as kinde, as you are faire,
And that my lines, & booke, (O would twere true)
Are, though I know't not yet, receiu'de by you,
And often haue your cruelty repented,
Whereby my guiltlesse Heart is so tormented,
And now at length in lieu of passed woe,
Will pittie, grace, and loue, and fauour shew.

But then againe my curfed Memory,
To my sad thoughts confounded diuersly
Presents the time, the teare-procuring time,
That wither'd my yong Ioyes before their prime ;
The time when I with tedious absence tired,
With restlesse loue, and rackt desire inspired,
Comming to finde my Earthly paradise,
To glasse my sight in your two heauenly Eyes,
(On which alone my Earthly Ioyes depended :
And wanting which, my ioy and life were ended)
From your sweete Rosie lippes, the springs of blisse,
To draw the Nectar of a sweetest Kisse,

My greedy Eares on your sweet wordes to feede,
Which canded in your sweetest breath proceede,
In daintiest accents through the Currall dore,
Guarded with precious Pearle and Rubies store :
To touch your Hand, so white, so moist, so soft,
And with a rauisht losse redoubled oft,
Reuenge with kindest spight the bloody theft,
Whereby it closely mee my Hart bereft :
And of all blisse to taste the Consummation,
In your sweete, gracefull, heauenly Conuersation,
By whose sweet charms the foules you do inchaunt,
Of all that doo your louely presence haunt ;
In stead of all these Ioyes I did expect,
Found nought but frownes, vnkindnes, and neglect.
Neglect, vnkindnes, frownes ? nay plaine contempt,
And open Hate, from no disdaine exempt,
No bitter words, fide lookes, nor aught that might
Engreeue, encrease so vnderu'd despight.
When this (I say) I thinke, and thinke withall,
How, nor those showers of Teares mine Eyes let fall,
Nor winde of bluftring fighes with all their force,
Could moue your rocky Heart once to remorse ;
Can I expect that letters should finde grace,
Or pittie euer in your harte haue place ?
No no ; I thinke, and sad Dispaire sayes for mee,
You hate, disdaine, and vtterly abhorre mee.

Alas, my deere, if this you doe deuise,
To try the virtue of your murthering Eyes,
And in the Glasse of bleeding harts, to vew
The glorious splendour of your Beauties hew,

Ah trie it, trie it on rebellious sprights,
 That doe withstand the power of sacred lights,
 And make them feele (if any such be found)
 How deepe and curelesly your Eyes can wound.
 But spare, O spare my yeelding Hart, and saue
 Him whose cheefe glory is to be your slaue :
 Make mee, the matter of your Clemencie,
 And not the subiect of your Tyrannie.

ODE IIII.

*Being deprived of her sweete lookes, words, and gestures by
 his absence in Italie, he desires her to write vnto him.*

I.

My onely starre,
 Why, why are your deere Eyes,
 Where all my life's peace lies,
 With me at warre ?
 Why to my Ruine tending,
 Do they still lighten woe,
 On him that loues you so,
 That all his thoughts, in you haue birth and ending ?

II.

Hope of my Hart,
 O wherefore do the wordes,
 Which your sweete tongue affoordes,
 No hope impart ?
 But cruell without measure,
 To my eternall paine,
 Still thunder forth Disdaine,
 On him whose life depends vpon your pleasure.

III.

Sunne-shine of Ioy,
Why doe your Gestures, which
All Eies and Hearts bewitch,
My blisse destroy?
And Pities skie o'ver clowding
Of Hate an endlesse showre,
On that poore heart still powre,
Which in your bosome seekes his onely shrowding.

IIII.

Balme of my wound,
Why are your lines, whose sight
Should cure me with delight,
My poyson found?
Which through my veines disperfing,
Doth make my heart and minde,
And all my senses finde,
A liuing death in torments past reherfing.

V.

Alas, my Fate
Hath of your Eies depriu'd mee,
Which both kill'd and reuiu'd me,
And sweetned Hate;
Your sweet Voice and sweet Graces,
Which cloathde in louely weedes,
Your cruell wordes and deedes,
Are intercepted by farre distant places.

VI.

But O the Anguish,
Which Prefence still pretended,
Absence hath not absented,
Nor made to languish.

No, no, t' encrease my paining,
 The cause being (ah) remoued,
 For which th' effect I loued,
 Th' effect is still in greatest force remaining.

VII.

O cruell Tyger
 If to your hard harts Center,
 Teares, Vowes, and Prayers may enter,
 Desist your rigour :
 And let kind lines assure mee,
 (Since to my deadly wound,
 No salve else can be found)
 That you that kill me, yet at length will cure mee.

MADRIGAL V.

Allusion to the Confusion of Babel.

The wretched life I liue
 In my weake Senses such confusion maketh,
 That like th' accursed Rabble
 That built the Towre of Babbble,
 My wit mistaketh,
 And vnto nothing a right name doth giue.

I terme her my deere loue, that deadly hates mee,
 My cheefest Good, her that's my cheefest euill ;
 Her Saint and Goddesse, who's a Witch, a Deuill ;
 Her my sole Hope, that with despaire amates mee,
 My Balme I call her, that with poyson fills mee ;
 And her I terme my life, that daily kills mee.

[SONNET VI.]

*Vpon her acknowledging his defart, yet reiecting
his affection.*

If loue conioin'd with worth and great defart,
Merit like loue in euerie noble mind,
Why then do I you still so cruell find ?
To whom you do such praise of worth impart
And if (my Deere) you speake not from your heart,
To hainous wrongs you do together bind,
Two seeke with glozing words mine eies to blind,
And yet with hatefull deeds my loue to thwart.
To want what one deserues engrieues with paine,
Because it takes away all selfe accusing :
And vnder kindest words to make disdaine,
Is to a vexed soule too much abusing.
Then if 't be false, such glosing words refraine :
If true, O then let worth his [due] obtaine.

SONNET 7.

Her answere in the same Rimes.

If your fond loue want worth and great defart,
Then blame your selfe that you me cruell find :
If worth alone moue euerie noble mind,
Why to no worth should I my loue impart ?
And if the lesse to grieve your wounded heart,
I seeke your dazled eies with words to blind,

To iust disfauour I great fauour bind,
 With deeds and not with words your loue to thwart :
 The freeing of your mind from felfe accusing,
 By granting your defarts fhould eafe your paine,
 And fince loue is your fault 'twere fome abufing,
 With bitter words t' enuenome iust difdaine.
 Then if 't be true, all glofing I refraine,
 If falfe, why fhould no worth worths due obtaine ?]

ODE V.

His Farewell to his Vnkinde and Vnconstant Miftrefse.

Sweete, if you like and loue mee ftill,
 And yeelede me loue for my good will.
 And do not from your promife ftart,
 When your faire hand gaue me your hart.
 If deere to you I bee,
 As you are deere to mee.
 Then yours I am, and will be euer,
 Nor time, nor place my loue fhall feuer,
 But faithfull ftill I will perfeuer,
 Like constant marble ftone,
 Louing but you alone.

But if you fauour moe than mee,
 (Who loue thee ftill, and none but thee.)
 If others doe the Harueft gaine
 That's due to me for all my paine.
 If that you loue to range,
 And oft to choppe and change :

Then get you some new-fangled Mate,
 My doating Loue shall turne to Hate,
 Esteeming you (though too too late)
 Not worth a pebble stone,
 Louing not me alone.

A PROSOPOPEIA: *Wherein his Hart speakes to his
 second Ladies Brest.*

I dare not in my masters bosome rest,
 That flaming Etna would to Afhes burne mee:
 Nor dare I harbour in his Mistris brest,
 The frosty Clymate into yce would turne mee:
 So both from her and him I do retyre mee,
 Left th' one should freeze me, & the other fire me.

Wing'd with true Loue, I flie to this sweet Brest,
 Whose Snow, I hope, wil cool but t' yce not turn me:
 Where fire and snow, I trust, so tempred rest,
 As gentle heate will warme, and yet not burne mee:
 But (O deere Brest) from thee Ile ne're retire me,
 Whether thou cool, or warm, or freeze, or fire me.

ODE VI.

*Vpon her giuing him backe the Paper wherein the former
 Song was written, as though it had beene an
 answere thereunto.*

Lady of matchlesse beauty,
 When into your sweet Bosome I deliuered

A paper, with wan lookes, and hand that quivered
Twixt hope, feare, loue, and duety ;
Thought you it nothing else contain'd,
But written words in Ryme restrain'd ?
O then your thought abused was,
My Hart close wrapt therein, into your Brest infused was.

When you that Scroule restor'd me,
With grateful words, kind grace, & smiling merrily,
My brest did swell with ioy, supposing verily,
You answer did afford mee.
But finding only that I writt,
I hop't to find my Hart in it :
But you my hope abused had,
And poison of Dispaire in stead thereof infused had.

Why, why did you torment mee,
With giuing back my humble Rymes so hatefully ?
You should haue kept both hart & paper gratefully ;
Or both you should haue sent mee.
Hope you my Hart thence to remoue
By scorning mee, my Lines, my Loue ?
No, no ; your hope abused is,
Too deepe to be remou'd it in your Brest infused is.

O shall I hide or tell it ?
Deere with so spotlesse, zealous, firme Affection,
I loue your Beauty, Vertue, and perfection,
As nothing can expell it.
Scorne you my Rimes, my Loue despight ?
Pull out my Hart, yea kill me quite
Yet will your hate abused bee,
For in my very foule, your loue & lookes infused be.

ODE VII.

*Commendation of her Beauty, Stature, Behaviour
and Witt.*

Some there are as faire to see too ;
But by Art and not by Nature.
Some as tall and goodly bee too ;
But want Beauty to their stature.

Some haue gracious kinde behauour,
But are fowle, or simple Creatures :
Some haue witt, but want sweet fauour,
Or are proud of their good features.
Only you in Court or Citty,
Are both fayre, Tall, Kinde, and Witty.

MADRIGALL VI.

To her hand, vpon her giuing him her Gloue.

O Hand of all handes liuing,
The softest, moistest, whitest,
More skild then Phœbus on a Lute in running ;
More then Minerua, with a Needle cunning ;
Then Mercury more wily,
In stealing Harts most sliely.

Since thou, deere Hand, in theft so much delightest,
Why fall'st thou now a giuing ?
Ay mee ! thy gifts are thefts, and with strange Art,
In giuing me thy Gloue, thou stealst my Hart.

MADRIGALL VII.

Cupid proued a Fenfer.

Ah Cupid I mistooke thee ;
I for an Archer, and no Fenfer tooke thee.
But as a Fenfer oft faines blowes and thrusts,
Where hee doth meane no harme ;
Then turnes his balefull Arme,
And wounds his foe whereas he least mistrusts :
So thou with fencing Art,
Fayning to wound mine Eyes, hast hit my hart.

SONNET VIII.

*Vpon her commending (though most vnderfervedly)
his Verses to his first Loue.*

Praise you those barren Rimes long since cōposed ?
Which my great Loue, her greater Cruelty,
My constant faith, her false Inconstancy,
My praiseles stile, her o're-praisd worth disclosed.
O if I lou'd a scornefull Dame so deerely ;
If my wilde yeeres did yeeld so firme affection ;
If her Moon-beams, short of your Suns perfectiō,
Taught my hoars Muse to sing (as you say) cleerly
How much, how much should I loue & adore you,
(Diuineſt Creature) if you deign'd to loue me :
What beauty, fortune, time should euer moue me
In these staid yeeres to like aught els before you ?
And O ! how should my Muse, by you inspired,
Make Heauen & Earth resound your praise admired.

MADRIGAL VIII.

He compares himselfe to a Candle-flie.

Like to the feely flie,
 To the deere light I flie
 Of your disdainfull Eyes,
 But in a diuerse wife.
 Shee with the flame doth play
 By night alone; and I by night and day.
 Shee to a Candle runnes;
 I to a light, far brighter then the Sunne's.
 Shee neere at hand is fyred;
 I both neere hand, and far-away retyred.
 Soe fondly thinkes, nor dead, nor burnt to bee,
 But I my burning, and my death foresee.

MADRIGAL IX.

Answer to her question, what loue was.

If I behold your Eyes,
 Loue is a Paradize.
 But if I view my Hart,
 T'is an infernall smart.

ODE VIII.

That all other Creatures haue their abiding in heauen, hell, earth, ayre, water, or fire; but he in all of them.

In Heau'n the bleffed Angels haue their beeing;
 In hel the Fiends appointed to damnation.

To men and beafts Earth yeelds firme habitation :
The wing'd Musitians in the Aire are fleeing.

With finnes the people gliding,
Of Water haue th' enioying.

In Fire (all else destroying)

The Salamander findes a strange abiding :
But I poore wretch, since I did first aspier,
To loue your beauty, Beauties all excelling,
Haue my strange diuerse dwelling,
In heau'n, hell, earth, water, ayre, and Fier.

Mine eare, while you do sing, in Heau'n remaineth :
My mind in hell, through hope & feares contention.
Earth holds my droffy wit and dull inuention.
Th' ill foode of airie sighes my life sustaineth.

To streames of teares stil flowing

My weeping Eies are turned.

My constant Hart is burned

In quenchlesse fire within my bosome glowing.

O foole, no more, no more so high aspier ;

In Heau'n is no beauty more excelling,

In Hell no such pride dwelling,

Nor heart so hard in earth, ayre, water, fier.

MADRIGAL X.

Vpon his timerous silence in her presence.

Are Louers full of fier ?

How comes it then my Verses are so colde ?

And how, when I am nie her,

And fit occasion wills me to be bolde,

K

The more I burne, the more I do defier,
 The lesse I dare requier?
 Ah Loue! this is thy wondrous Art,
 To freeze the tongue, and fire the hart.

MADRIGAL XI.

Vpon her long Absence.

If this most wretched and infernall Anguish,
 Wherin so long your absence makes me languish,
 My vitall spirits spending,
 Do not worke out my ending.
 Nor yet your long-expected safe returning,
 To heau'nly ioy my hellish torments turning,
 With ioy so ouer-fill me,
 As presently it kill mee;
 I wil conclude, hows' euer Schooles deceaue a man,
 No Ioy, nor Sorrow, can of life bereaue a man.

Vpon seeing his Face in her Eie.

Fairest and kindest of all woman-kinde:
 Since you did me the vnderferued grace,
 In your faire Eye to shew me my bad face,
 With loane Ile pay you in the selfe-same kinde;
 Looke in mine Eie, and I will shew to you,
 The fairest face that Heau'ns Eie doth view.

But the small worthlesse Glasse of my dimme Eie,
 Scarce shewes the Picture of your heau'nly face,

Which yet each flightest turne doth strait deface.
But could, O could you once my Heart espie,
Your forme at large you there engrau'd shuld see,
Which nor by Time, nor Death can razed bee.

MADRIGAL XII.

Vpon her hiding her face from him.

Goe wayling Accents goe,
With my warm teares & scalding teares attended,
To th' Author of my woe,
And humbly aske her, why she is offended.
Say, Deere, why hide you so,
From him your blessed Eyes,
When he beholdes his earthly Paradife,
Since he hides not from you
His heart, wherin Loues heau'n you may view?

MADRIGAL XIII.

Vpon her Beauty and Inconstancie.

Whosoeuer longs to trie,
Both Loue and Iealousie,
My faire vnconstant Ladie let him see,
And he will soone a iealous Louer bee.

Then he by prooffe shall know,
As I doe to my woe,
How they make my poore heart at once dwell,
In fire and frost, in heau'n and in hell.

A DIALOGUE BETWEENE A LOUERS FLAMING HEART,
AND HIS LADIES FROZEN BREAST.

Hart. Shut not (sweet Breast) to see me all of fire.

Breast. Flie not (deere Hart) to find me all of snowe.

Hart. Thy snow inflames these flames of my desire.

Breast. And I desire, Desires sweet flames to know.

Hart. Thy Snow n'll hurt me.

Breast. Nor thy Fire will harme me.

Hart. This cold will coole me.

Breast. And this heate wil warme me.

Hart. Take this chaste fire to that pure virgin snow ;

B. Being now thus warm'd, Ile n'ere seek other fire ;

H. Thou giu'ft more blis thā mortal harts may know ;

Breast. More blisse I take than Angells can desire.

<i>Both together.</i>	{	Let one grieve harme vs ;
		And let one ioy fill vs :
		Let one loue warme vs ;
		And let one death kill vs.

ELEGIE III.

For what cause he obtaines not his Ladies fauour.

Deere, why hath my long loue, and faith vnfained,
At your faire hands no grace at all obtained ?

Ift, that my Pocke-hol'd face doth beauty lacke ?
No : Your sweet Sex, sweet beauty praifeth ;

Ours, wit and valour chiefly raifeth.
Ift, that my musk-leffe cloaths are plaine & blacke ?
No : What wife Ladie loues fine noddies,
With poore-clad mindes, and rich-clad bodies ?
Ift, that no costly gifts mine Agents are ?
No : My true Heart which I present you,
Should more than golde or pearle content you.
Ift, That my Verfes want inuention rare ?
No : I was neuer skilfull Poet,
I truely loue, and plainly shew it.
Ift, That I vaunt, or am effeminate ?
O scornefull vices ! I abhorre you,
Dwell still in Court, the place fit for you.
Ift, That you feare my loue soone turnes to hate ?
No : Though disdaine'd, I can hate neuer,
But lou'd, where once I loue, loue euer.
Ift, That your fauours iealous Eies suppress ?
No : onely Virtue neuer-fleeping,
Hath your faire Mindes and Bodies keeping.
Ift, That to many moe I loue professe ?
Goddesse, you haue my Hearts oblation,
And no Saint else lippes inuocation.
No, none of these : The cause I now discouer ;
No woman loues a faithfull worthy Louer.

A QUATRAIN.

If you reward my loue with loue againe,
My blisse, my life, my heav'n I will deeme you,
But if you prowdly quite it with disdaine,
My curse, my death, my hell I must esteeme you.

SONNET IX.

*To a worthy Lord (now dead) vpon presenting him for a
New-years-gift, with Cæsars Commentaries and
Cornelius Tacitus.*

Worthily famous Lord, whose Virtues rare,
Set in the golde of neuer-stain'd Nobilitie,
And noble minde shining in true humilitie,
Make you admir'de of all that vertuous are :
If as your Sword with enuy imitates
Great Cæsars Sword in all his deedes victorious,
So your learn'd Pen would striue to be glorious,
And write your Acts perform'd in forrein States ;
Or if some one with the deepe wit inspir'd,
Of matchles Tacitus would them historifie,
Thē Cæsars works so much we should not glorifie,
And Tacitus would be much lesse desir'd.
But tell your selfe, or some such put them forth,
Accept of these as Pictures of your worth.

TO SAMVEL DANIEL PRINCE OF ENGLISH POETS.

Vpon his three seuerall sorts of Poesie.

Liricall, in his Sonnets.

Tragicall, in his Rosamond and Cleopatra.

Heroicall, in his Ciuill Warres.

Olympiaes matchlesse Son, whenas he knew
How many crowns his fathers sword had gaind,

With smoaking fighs, and deep-fetcht fobs did rew,
And his braue cheekes with scalding teares bedew,
Because that kingdomes now so few remain'd,
By his victorious Arme to bee obtain'd.

So (Learned Daniel) when as thou didst see,
That Spenfer erst so far had spred his fame,
That hee was Monark deem'd of Poesie,
Thou didst (I gesse) eu'n burne with Iealousie,
Left Lawrell were not left enough to frame,
A neast sufficient for thine endlesse Name.

But as that Pearle of Greece, soone after past
In wondrous conquests his renowned fire,
And others all, whose names by Fame are plac'te
In highest seate : So hath thy muse surpast
Spenfer, and all that doe with hot desire,
To the Thunder-scorning Lawrel-crown aspire,

And as his Empires linked force was knowne,
When each of those that did his Kingdoms share,
The mightiest Kings in might did match alone :
So of thy skill the greatnes thus is shown,
That each of those, great Poets deemed are,
Who may in no one kinde with thee compare.

One sharde out Greece, another Asia held,
And fertile Egypt to a third did fall,
But only Alexander all did wield,
So in soft pleasing Liricks some are skild,
In Tragicke some, some in Heroicall,
But thou alone art matchlesse in them all.

Non equidem inuidco, miror magis.

THREE EPITAPHS VPON THE DEATH OF A RARE
CHILD OF SIX YEARES OLD.

I

Wits perfection, Beauties wonder,
Natures pride, the Graces treasure,
Vertues hope, his friends sole pleasure,
This small Marble Stone lies vnder.
Which is often moyft with teares,
For fuch a losse in fuch yong yeares.

2

Louely Boy, thou art not dead,
But from Earth to Heauen fled,
For bafe Earth was far vnfit,
For thy Beautie, Grace and Wit.

3

Thou aliue on Earth sweete Boy,
Had'ft an Angels wit, and face :
And now dead, thou doft enioy
In high Heauen an Angels place.

AN INSCRIPTION FOR THE STATUE OF DIDO.

O most vnhappy Dido,
Vnhappy Wife, and more vnhappy Widow !
Vnhappy in thy Mate,
And in thy Louer most vnfortunate.
By treason th' one was reft thee,
By treason th' other left thee.
That left thee meanes to flie with,

This left thee meanes to die with.
The former being dead,
From Brothers sword thou fliest ;
The latter being fled,
On Louers sword thou dieft.

Piu meritare, che conseguire.

FRA. DAVISON.

[MORE SONNETS, ODES, &c.

SONNET I.

He demaunds pardon, for looking, louing, and writing.

LET not (sweet Saint) let not these lines offend you,
Nor yet the Message that these lines impart :
The Message my vnfained Loue doth send you,
Loue, which your selfe hath planted in my heart.
For beeing charm'd with thy bewitching art
Of those inueagling graces which attend you,
Loues holy fyre makes me breath out in part,
The neuer-dying flames my brest doth lend you.
Then if my Lines offend, let Loue be blamed.
And if my Loue displease, accuse mine Eyes :
If mine Eyes sinne, their sins cause, only lies
On your bright eyes, which haue my heart inflamed.
Since eies, loue, lines, erre then by your direction,
Excuse mine Eies, my Lines, and my affection.

SONNET 2.

Loue in Iustice punishable onely with like Loue.

Bvt if my Lines may not be held excused,
Nor yet my Loue find fauour in your Eies,
But that your Eies as Iudges shall be vsed,
Euen of the fault which from them-selues doth rise,
Yet this my humble suite do not despise,
Let me be iudged as I stand accused,
If but my fault my doome do equalize,
What er'e it be, it shall not be refused.
And since my loue alreadie is-expressed,
And that I cannot stand vpon deniall,
I freely put my selfe vpon my triall,
Let Iustice iudge me as I haue confessed :
For if my doome in iustice scales be wayed
With equall loue, my loue must be repayed.

SONNET III.

*He cals his eares, eyes, and heart as witnessees of her sweete
voice, beauty, and inward vertuous perfections.*

Faire is thy face, and great thy wits perfection,
So faire alas, so hard to be exprest,
That if my tired Pen should neuer rest,
It should not blaze thy worth, but my affection
Yet let me say, the Muses make election
Of your pure minde, there to erect their nest,

And that your face is such a flint-hard brest,
By force thereof, without force feeles subiection.
Witnesse mine eare rauisht when you it heares,
Witnesse mine eyes rauisht when you they see,
Beutie and vertue, witnesse eyes and eares,
In you (sweete Saint) haue equall foueraignty.
But if nor eyes, nor eares can proue it true,
Witnesse my heart, ther's none that equals you.
How they make my poore heart at once to dwell,
In fire and frost, in heau'n and in hell.

SONNET IIII.

Praise of her eyes, excelling all comparifons.

I bend my wit, but wit cannot deuife,
Words fit to blaze the worth, your eyes containes,
Whose namles worth, their worthles name disdains,
For they in worth exceede the name of eyes.
Eyes they be not, but worlds in which there lies,
More blisse then this wide world besides containes.
Worlds they be not, but stars, whose influēce raignes,
Ouer my life and lifes felicities.
Stars they be not, but Suns, whose prefence driues
Darkenesse from night, and doth bright day impart :
Suns they be not, which outward heate deriues,
But these do inwardly inflame my heart.
Since then in Earth nor Heauen, they equal'd are,
I must confesse they be beyond compare.]

ODE I.

His Lady to bee condemned of Ignorance or Crueltie.

As thee is faire, so faithfull I,
My seruice thee, her grace I merit,
Her beautie doth my Loue inherit,
But Grace thee doth deny.
O knowes thee not how much I loue ?
Or doth knowledge in her moue
No small Remorce ?
For the guilt thereof must lie
Vpon one of these of force,
Her Ignorance, or Cruelty.

As thee is faire, so cruell thee.
I fowe true loue, but reape disdaining ;
Her pleasure springeth from my paining,
Which Pitties source should bee.
To well thee knowes how much I loue,
Yet doth knowledge in her moue,
No small remorce.
Then the guilt thereof must lie
Vpon this alone of force
Her vnderferued Cruelty.

As thee is faire, so were thee kinde :
Or beeing cruel, could I waver,
Soone should I, either win her fauer,
Or a new Mistresse finde.

But neyther out alas may bee,
 Scorne in her and loue in mee,
 So fixed are.
Yet in whom most blame doth lie
 Iudge thee may, if thee compare
My loue vnto her Crueltie.

SONNET VI.

Contention of Loue and Reason for his Hart.

Reason and Loue lately at strife, contended,
 Whose right it was to haue my minds protectiō,
Reason on his side, Natures wil pretended,
 Loues Title was, my Mistresse rare perfection.
Of power to ende this strife, each makes election,
 Reasons pretence discoursiue thoughts defended ;
But loue soon broght those thoghts into subiectiō
 By Beauties troopes, which on my faint depended.
Yet, since to rule the minde was Reason's dutie,
 On this Condition it by loue was rendred,
That endles Praise by Reason should be tendred,
 As a due Tribute to her conquering Beautie.
Reason was pleasde withall, and to loues Royalty,
He pledg'de my Hart, as Hostage for his Loyalty.

SONNET IIII.

*That she hath greater power ouer his happines and life,
 then either Fortune, Fate, or Starres.*

Let Fate, my Fortune, and my Starres conspire,
 Ioyntly to poure on me their worst disgrace ;

So I be gracious in your heauenly face,
 I wey not Fates, nor Starres, nor Fortunes yre.
 Tis not the influence of Heauens Fire,
 Hath power to make me blessed in my Race,
 Nor in my happineffe hath Fortune place,
 Nor yet can Fate my poore lifes date expyre.
 Tis your faire Eyes (my Starres) all blisse doo giue,
 Tis your disdaine (my Fate) hath power to kill,
 Tis you (my Fortune) make me happy liue,
 Though Fortune, Fate & Stars conspyre mine ill.
 Then (blessed Saint) into your fauour take mee,
 Fortune, nor Fate, nor Stars can wretched make me.

SONNET VII.

Of his Ladies weeping.

What need I say, how it doth wound my brest,
 By fate to bee thus banisht from thine Eyes,
 Since your own Tears with me doo Sympathize,
 Pleading with flow departure there to rest?
 For when with floods of teares they were opprest,
 Ouer those Iuory banks they did not rise,
 Till others enuying their felicities,
 Did presse thē forth, that they might there be blest.
 Some of which, Teares preft forth by violence,
 Your lippes with greedy kissing strait did drinke:
 And other some vnwilling to part thence,
 Inamourd on your cheekes in them did sincke.
 And some which from your Face were forc'd away,
 In signe of Loue did on your Garments stay.

SONNET VIII.

He paints out his Torments.

Sweet, to my curst life some fauour shoue,
Or let me not (accurst) in life remaine,
Let not my Senses fence of life retaine,
Since fence doth only yeeld me fence of woe.
For now mine Eyes only your frownes doo know ;
Mine Eeares heare nothing els but your disdaine,
My lips taste nought but teares, and smel is paine,
Banisht your lips, where Indian Odours grow.
And my deuoted Hart your Beauties slaue,
Feeles nought but scorne, oppression, & distresse,
Made eu'n of wretchednes the wretched Caue,
Nay, too too wretched for vilde wretchednesse.
For euen sad sighes, as loathing there to rest,
Struggle for passage from my Greefe-swolne brest.

ODE II.

A dialogue betweene him and his Hart.

At her faire hands how haue I grace intreated,
With prayers oft repeated,
Yet still my loue is thwarted :
Hart let her goe, for shee 'le not be conuarterd.
Say, shal shee goe ?
Oh no, no, no, no, no.
Shee is most faire, though shee be marble harted.

How often haue my sighs declar'de mine anguish ?
Wherein I dayly languish,
Yet doth shee still procure it :
Hart let her goe, for I can not endure it.
Say, shal shee goe ?
Oh no, no, no, no, no.

Shee gaue the wound, and shee alone must cure it.

The trickling tears that down my cheeks haue flowed,
My loue haue often showed ;
Yet still vnkind I proue her :
Hart, let her goe, for nought I do can moue her.
Say, shal shee goe ?
Oh no, no, no, no, no.

Though mee shee hate, I can not chuse but loue her.

But shall I still a true affection owe her,
Which prayers, sighs teares do shew her ;
And shall shee still disdaine mee ?
Hart, let her goe, if they no grace can gaine mee.
Say, shal shee goe ?
Oh no, no, no, no, no.
Shee made mee hers, and hers shee will retaine mee.

But of the Loue that hath, and still doth burne mee,
No loue at length returne mee,
Out of my thoughts Ile set her :
Hart, let her goe, oh hart, I pray thee let her.
Say shal shee goe ?
Oh no, no, no, no, no.
Fixt in the hart, how can the hart forget her.

But if I weepe and sigh, and often waile mee,
Till teares, sighes, prayers fayle mee,
Shall yet my Loue perseuer?
Hart, let her goe, if shee will right thee neuer.
Say, shall shee goe?
Oh no, no, no, no, no.
Teares, sighs, praiers faile, but true loue lasteth euer.

SONNET IX.

His Sighes and Teares are bootlesse.

I haue entreated, and I haue complained,
I haue disprays'd, and prayse I like wise gaue,
All meanes to win her Grace I tryed haue,
And still I loue, and still I am disdained.
So long I haue my Tongue and Pen constrained,
To praise, dispraise, complaine, and pittie craue,
That now, nor Tongue, nor Pen, to me her slaue
Remaines, whereby her Grace may be obtained.
Yet you (my Sighs) may purchase mee releefe,
And yee (my Teares) her rocky hart may moue;
Therefore my sighes sigh in her eares my greefe,
And in her Hart my Teares imprint my Loue.
But cease vaine sighes, cease cease yee fruitles teares,
Teares cannot pierce her Hart, nor sighes hir Eares.

SONNET X.

Her Beautie makes him loue, euen in despaire.

Wounded with Greefe, I weepe, & figh, & plaine,
Yet neither plaints, nor fighs, nor tears do good ;
But all in vaine I striue against the flood,
Gaining but greefe for greefe, & paine for paine.
Yet though in vaine my teares my cheekes distain ;
Leauing ingrauen Sorrow where they stood ;
And though my fighs consuming vp my blood,
For Loue deferu'd, reape vnderferu'd Disdaine :
And though in vaine I know I beg remorse
At your remorselesse harte, more hard then Steele :
Yet, such (alas) such is your Beauties force,
Charming my Sence, that though this hell I feele.
Though neither plaints, nor fighs, nor tears can moue you,
Yet must I still persist euer to loue you.

SONNET XI.

Why her Lips yeeld him no words of Comfort.

Oft doo I plaine, and shew my plants doth reede
Which in black colors do paint forth my wo,
So that of force she must my sorrow know ;
And know, for her disdaine my hart doth bleede.
And knowledge must of force some pittie breede,
Which makes me hope, she wil some fauour show
And from her sugred lippes cause comfort flowe
Into mine Eares, my hart with ioy to feede.

Yet though she reads, and reading knowes my grieve,
And knowledge moues her pitie my distresse,
Yet do her lips, sweet lips, yeeld no releefe.
Much do I muse, but find no cause but this,
That in her lips, her heauenly lips that blisse them,
Her words loth thence to part, stay there to kisse the.

SONNET XII.

Comparison of his Hart to a Tempest-beaten Ship.

Like a Sea-tossed Barke with tackling spent,
And Starres obscur'd his watry iornies guide,
By lowd tempestuous windes and raging tide,
From waue to waue with dreadfull fury sent,
Fares my poore Hart; my Hart-strings being rent,
And quite disabled your fierce wrath to bide,
Since your faire eies my Stars thefelues do hide,
Clouding their light in frownes and discontent.
For from your frowns do spring my sighes & teares,
Teares flow like seas, & sighes like winds do bloe,
Whose ioyned rage most violently beares
My Tempest-beaten hart from woe to woe.
And if your Eyes shine not that I may shun it,
On Rocke, despaire, my sighes, and teares wil run it.

ELEGIE.

To his Lady, who had vowed Virginitie.

Eu'n as my hand my Pen on Paper laies,
My trembling hand my Pen from Paper staies,

Left that thine eies which shining made me loue you
Should frowning on my fute, bid cease to moue you,
So that I fare like one at his wits end,
Hoping to gaine, and fearing to offend.
What pleaseth Hope, the same Dispaire mislikes,
What hope sets down, those lines despair outstrikes,
So that my nursing-murthering Pen affords,
A Graue and Cradle to my new-borne words.
But whilst like clouds tost vp and downe the ayre,
I racked hang twixt Hope and sadde Despaire,
Despaire is beaten vanquisht from the field,
And vnto conq'ring Hope my Hart doth yeeld.

For when mine eies vnpartially are fixed,
On thy Rose cheekes with Lillies intermixed,
And on thy forehead like a cloude of snow,
From vnder which thine eies like Sunnes do shew,
And all those partes which curiously do meete,
Twixt thy large-spreading haire and pretty feete,
Yet looking on them all, discerne no one,
That owes not homage vnto Cupids Throne ;
Then Chastitie (me thinkes) no claime should lay
To this faire Realme, vnder Loues Scepters fway.
For onely to the Queene of amorous pleasure
Belongs thy Beauties tributary treasure ;
(Treasure, which doth more than those riches please
For which men plow long furrowes in the Seas.)
If you were wrinckled olde, or Natures scorne,
Or time your beauties colours had out-worne ;
Or were you mewed vp from gazing eies,
Like to a cloystred Nunne, which liuing, dies :

Then might you waite on Chastities pale Queene,
Not being faire, or being faire, not seene.
But you are faire, so passing passing faire,
That loue I must, though louing I despaire,
For when I saw your eies (O curfed blisse !)
Whose light I would not laue, nor yet would misse,
(For tis their light alone by which I liue,
And yet their fight alone my deaths wound giue.)
Looking vpon your heart-entangling looke,
I like a heedelesse Bird was snar'd and tooke.
It lies not in our will to hate or loue,
For Natures influence our will doth moue.
And loue of Beauty Nature hath innated,
In Harts of men when first they were created.
For eu'n as Riuers to the Ocean runne,
Returning backe, from whence they first begunne :
Or as the Skie about the Earth doth wheele,
Or giddy ayre like to a Drunkard reele,
So with the course of Nature doth agree,
That Eies which Beauties Adamant do see,
Should on Affections line trembling remayne,
True-subiect-like eying their Soueraigne.

If of mine Eies you also could bereaue me,
As you already of my hart deceiue me,
Or could shut vp my rauisht eares, through which
You likewise did m' inchaunted Heart bewitch,
Or had in Absence both these illes combinde ;
(For by your Absence I am deafe and blinde,
And, neither Eares, nor Eies in aught delight,
But in your charming speach, and gracious fight)

To roote out Loue all meanes you can inuent,
Were all but labour loft, and time ill spent,
For as the sparkes being spent, which fier procure,
The fire doth brightly-burning still endure:
Though Absence so your sparkling Eies remoue,
My Hart still burnes in endles flames of Loue.

Then striue not gainst the streame, to none effect,
But let due Loue yeeld Loue a due respect.
Nor seeke to ruine what your selfe begunne,
Or loose a Knot that cannot be vndone.
But vnto Cupids bent conforme your will,
For will you, nill you, I must loue you still.
But if your Will did swimme with Reasons tide,
Or followed Natures neuer-erring guide,
It cannot chuse but bring you vnto this,
To tender that which by you gotten is.
Why were you faire to be besought of many,
If you liue chaste, not to be wonne of any?
For if that Nature loue to Beautie offers,
And Beauty shunne the loue that Nature proffers.
Then, either vniust Beauty is too blame,
With scorne to quench a lawfull kindled flame,
Or else vnlawfully if loue we must,
And be vndou'de, then Nature is vniust.
Vniustly then Nature hath hartes created,
There to loue most, where most their loue is hated,
And flattering them with a faire-seeming ill,
To poyson them with Beauties fugged Pill.

Thinke you that Beauties admirable worth

Was to no end, or idle end brought forth ?
No, no ; from Nature neuer deede did passe,
But it by wisedomes hand subscribed was.
But you in vaine are faire, if faire, not viewed,
Or being seene, mens hearts be not subdewed,
Or making each mans heart your Beauties thrall,
You be enjoyed of no one at all.
For as the Lions strength to feize his pray,
And fearefull Hares lightfoote to runne away,
Are as an idle Talent but abused,
And fruitlesse had, if had, they be not vsed,
So you in vaine haue Beauties bonds to shew,
By which, mens Eies engaged Hearts do owe,
If Time shall cancell them before you gaine
Th' indebted Tribute to your Beauties raigne.

But if (these Reafons being vainely spent)
You fight it out to the last Argument ;
Tell me but how one Body can enclose,
As louing friends two deadly hating foes.
But when as Contraries are mixt together,
The colour made, doth differ much from either.
Whil't mutually at strife they doe impeach
The glosse and lustre proper vnto each.
So, where one body ioyntly doth inuest
An Angells face, and cruell Tygres brest,
There dieth both Allegeance and Command,
For self-deuided kingdoms cannot stand.
But as a Child that knowes not what is what,
Now craueth this, and now affecteth that,
And hauing, weyes not that which he requires,

But is vnpleasde, euen in his pleasde desires :
Chaste Beauty so, both will, and will not haue,
The self-same thing it childishly doth craue :
And wanton-like, now Loue, now Hate affecteth,
And Loue, or Hate obtain'd as fast neglecteth.
So (like the Webb Penelope did weaue,
Which made by day, shee did at night vnreaue)
Fruitleffe Affections endlesse threede is spunne,
At one selfe instant twisted, and vndone.
Nor yet is this chaste Beauties greatest ill,
For where it speaketh faire, it there doth kill.
A Marble hart vnder an amorous looke,
Is of a flattering baite the murthering hooke :
For from a Ladies shining-frowning Eyes,
Deaths fable Darte, and Cupids Arrow flies.

Since then, from Chastity and Beauty spring,
Such muddy streams, where each doth raig as king ;
Let Tyrant Chastities vsurped Throane,
Bee made the seate of Beauties grace alone ;
And let your Beauty bee with this suffiz'd,
That my harts Cittie is by it surpriz'd :
Raze not my Hart, nor to your Beauty raise,
Blood-guilded Trophees of your Beauties praise ;
For wisest Conquerors doo Townes desire,
On honourable termes and not with fyre.

SONNET XIII.

That he cannot leaue to loue, though commanded.

How can my Loue in equitie bee blamed,
Still to importune though it ne'r obtayne ;
Since though her face and voice will me refraine,
Yet by her Voyce and Face I am inflamed ?
For when (alas) her face with frownes is framed,
To kill my Loue, but to reuiue my payne ;
And when her voice commands, but all in vayne,
That loue both leaue to be, and to bee named.
Her Syren voyce doth such enchantment moue,
And thogh she frown, eu'n frowns so louely make her,
That I of force am forced still to loue ;
Since then I must, and yet can not forsake her,
My fruitles praiers shall cease in vaine to moue her,
But my deuoted Hart ne're cease to loue her.

SONNET XIII.

He desires leaue to write of his Loue.

Must my deuoted Heart desist to loue her ?
No, loue I may, but I may not confesse it.
What harder thing than loue, and yet depresse it ?
Loue most conceal'd, doth most it selfe discover.
Had I no pen to shew that I approue her,
Were I tongue-tide that I might not addresse it,
In Plaints and Prayr'es vnfaigned to expresse it,

Yet could I not my deepe affection couer.
Had I no pen, my very teares would shew it,
Which write my true affection in my face.

Were I tong-tide, my sighs wold make her know it,
Which witnes that I grieue at my disgrace.
Since then, though silent, I my loue discover,
O let my pen haue leaue to say, I loue her!

*Quid pluma leuius? Puluis. Quid puluere? Ventus.
Quid vento? Mulier. Quid muliere? Nihil.*

Translated thus;

Duft is lighter than a Feather,
And the Winde more light than eather.
But a Womans fickle minde,
More than Feather, Duft, or Winde.

W. D.

[SONNETS, ODES, ELEGIES, AND
OTHER POESIES.

TEN SONNETS BY T. W.

A Dialogue betweene the Louer and his heart.

L. Speake gentle heart, where is thy dwelling place,
H. With her whose birth the heauē thēselues haue blest.
L. What dost thou there? *H.* Sometimes behold her face,
And lodge sometimes within her christall brest.

L. She cold, thou hot, how can you then agree?

H. Not nature now, but loue doth gouerne mee.

L. With her wilt thou remaine, and let me die?

H. If I returne, we both shall die for griefe.

L. If still thou stay, what shall I get thereby?

H. Ile moue her heart to purchase thy reliefe.

L. What if her heart be hard, and stop his eares?

H. Ile sigh aloud, and make him soft with teares.

L. If that preuaile, wilt thou returne from thence?

H. Not I alone, my heart shall come with me.

L. Then will you both liue vnder my defence?

H. So long as life will let vs both agree.

L. Why then despaire, go packe thee hence away.

I liue in hope to haue a happy day.

A Dialogue betweene a Louer, Death, and Loue.

Louer.

Come, gentle Death, *D.* Who cals? *L.* One that's opprest.

D. What is thy wil? *L.* That thou abridge my woe,

By cutting off my life. *D.* Cease thy request,

I cannot kill thee yet. *L.* Alas why so? [away?

D. Thou want'st thy heart. *L.* Who stole that same

D. Loue whom thou seru'st, entreat him if thou may.

Louer.

Come Cupid come. *C.* Who calleth me so oft?

L. Thy vassall true whō thou shouldst know by right.

C. What makes thy crie so faint. *L.* My voice is soft,

Quite broke and spent with crying day and night.

C. Why then what's thy request. L. That thou restore
To mee my heart, and steale the same no more.

And thou O Death when I possesse my heart,
Dispatch me then at once. D. Alas why so?

L. By promise thou art bound to end my smart.

D. But if thy heart returne, then what's thy woe?

D. That brought from frost, it neuer will desire
To rest with mee that am more hot then fire.

That time hath no power to end or diminish his loue.

Time wasteth yeares, and months, and daies, & houres
Time doth consume, fame, riches, wit, and strength,
Time kils the greenest herbes, and sweetest flowers,
Time weares out youth, and Beauties pride at length,
Time maketh euery tree to die and rot :
Time turneth oft our pleasures into paine.
Time causeth warres and wrongs to be forgot,
Time cleares the skie that first hung full of raine.
Time brings to nought the mightiest Princes state,
Time brings a floud from new resolued snow,
Time calmes the Sea where tempests roared late,
Time eates whatso'ere the Moone doth see below :

Yet shall no time vpon my heart preuaile,
Nor any time shall make my loue to faile.

Loues Hyperboles.

If Loue had lost his shafts, and Ioue downe threw
His thunder-bolts, or spent his forked fire,

They onely might recou'red be anew
From out my heart crosse-wounded with desire.
Or if debate by Mars were lost a space,
It might be found within the selfe same place.

If Neptunes waues were all dried vp and gone,
My weeping eyes so many teares distill,
That greater seas might grow from them alone :
Or if no flame were yet remaining still.
In Vulcans forge, he might from out my brest
Make choice of such as should besit him best.

If Aeole were depriued of his charge,
Yet soone could I restore his winds againe,
By fobbing sighs which forth I blow at large,
To moue her minde that pleasures in my paine.
What man but I could thus encline his will,
To liue in loue, that hath no end of ill ?

An Inuective against Loue.

Loue is a fowre delight, a fugged griefe,
A liuing death, an euer-dying life,
A breach of reasons law, a secret thiefe
A fea of teares, an euerlasting strife.
A baite for fooles, a scourge of noble wits,
A deadly wound, a shot that euer hits.

Loue is a blinded god, a way-ward boy,
A laborinth of doubts, an idle lust,

A flaue of beauties will, a witleffe toy,
 A rauinous bird, a tyrant most vniust.
 A burning heate in frost, a flattering foe,
 A priuate hell, a very world of woe.

Yet mightie Loue regard not what I say,
 Who in a trance do lie, rest of my wits
 But blame the light that leads me thus astray
 And makes my tongue thus raue by franticke fits,
 Yet hurt me not, lest I sustaine the smart,
 Which am content to lodge her in my heart.

PETRARKS SONNET TRANSLATED.

Pace non trouo, & non ho da far guerra.

I ioy not Peace where yet no warre is found,
 I feare and hope, I burne, yet freeze withall.
 I mount to heauen, yet lie still on the ground,
 I nothing hold, yet [do] I compasse all.
 I liue her bond, which neither is my foe,
 Nor friend, nor holds me fast, nor lets me goe.

Loue will not that I liue, nor let me die,
 Nor locks me fast, nor suffers me to scape,
 I want both eyes and tongue, yet see I crie.
 I wish for death, yet after helpe I gape.
 I hate my selfe, yet loue another wight,
 And feede on grieve in lieu of sweet delight.

At self same time, I both lament and ioy,
 I still am pleas'd, and yet displeas'd still :

Loue fometimes seemes a God, fometimes a Boy,
Sometimes I sinke, fometimes I swim at will.
Twixt death and life, small difference I make,
All this (deere Dame) endure I for thy sake.

*He proues himselfe to endure the hellish torments of Tantalus,
Ixion, Titius, Sisyphus and the Belides.*

In that I thirst for such a Goddesse grace,
As wants remorse, like Tantalus I die,
My state is equall to Ixions case,
Whose mangled lims are turn'd continually.
In that my rowling toiles can haue no end,
Nor loue, nor time, nor chance will stand my friend.

In that my heart consuming neuer dies,
I feele with Titius an equall paine,
Vpon whose heart a vulture feeding lies.
In that I rise through hope, and fall againe,
By feare like Sisyphus I labour still
To turne a rowling stone against a hill.

In that I make my voves to her alone,
Whose teares are deafe, and will retaine no sound,
With Belides my state is all but one
Which fill a Tub whose bottome is not found.
Thus in my heart since loue therein doth dwell
Are all the torments to be found of hell.

Loues discommodities.

Where heate of loue doth once possesse the heart,
 There cares oppresse the minde with wonders ill.
 Wit runs awry not fearing future smart,
 And fond desire doth ouermaster Will.
 The belly neither cares for meate nor drinke,
 Nor ouer-watched eyes desire to winke.

Foot-steps are false, and wauering too and fro:
 The pleasing flower of Beauty fades away,
 Reason retires, and pleasure brings in woe,
 And wisedome yeeldeth place to blacke decay
 Counsell and fame, and friendship are contemn'd,
 And bashfull fhame, and Gods themselues condemn'd.

Watchfull suspect is linked with despaire,
 Inconstant hope is often drown'd in feares,
 What folly hurts, Fortune cannot repaire,
 And miserie doth swim in seas of teares.
 Long vse of life is but a lingring foe,
 And gentle death is onely end of woe.

Allegory of his Loue to a Ship.

The Souldier worne with wars delights in peace,
 The Pilgrime in his ease when toyles are past,
 The ship to gaine the Port, when stormes doe cease,
 And I reioyce discharg'd from loue at last.
 Whom while I feru'd, peace, rest and land I lost,
 With wars, with toiles, with storms, worne, tir'd & toft.

Sweet liberty now giues me leaue to sing,
 What world it was where loue the rule did beare,
 How foolish Chaunce by lots rul'd eu'ry thing,
 How Error was man-faile, each waue a teare.
 The master loue himfelfe, deepe fighes were winde,
 Cares row'de with vowes, the ship a penfiue mind.

Falfe hope the hearme, oft turn'd the ship about,
 And constant faith stood vp for middle maft,
 Despaire the Cable twisted all with doubt,
 Helde griping grieve the piked Anchor fast.
 Beauty was all the rocks, but I at last,
 Haue gain'd the Port, and now my loue is past.

Execration of his passed loue.

I curse the time, wherein these lips of mine,
 Did pray or praise the Dame that was vnkind.
 I curse my Inke, my Paper, and each line,
 My hand hath writ in hope to please her mind.
 I curse her hollow heart, and flattering eyes,
 Whose lye deceits did cause my mourning cries.

I curse the fugged speech and Syrenes song,
 Where with so oft she hath bewicht mine eare :
 I curse my foolish will that staid so long
 And tooke delight to bide twixt hope and feare :
 I curse the howre wherein I first began,
 By louing lookes to proue a witleffe man.

I curfe those daies which I haue spent in vaine
 In louing one vngratefull and vnkind,
 I curfe the bow and shafts that bred my paine,
 And Loue I curfe that Archer nak'd and blind.
 But on that howre that my fond loue did end,
 Millions of bleffings I will euer spend.

FINIS. T. VV.

A SONNET OF THE SUNNE: *A Iewell, being a Sunne-
 shining vpon the Marigold closed in a heart of gold
 sent to his Miftresse, named Mary.*

The Sunne doth make the Marigolde to flowrish,
 The Sunnes departure makes it droupe againe,
 So golden Maries fight, my ioyes doenourish,
 But by her abfence all my ioyes are flaine.
 The Sun, the Marigold makes liue and die,
 By her the Sun fhines brighter, fo may I.
 Her fmiles doe glad the Sunne, and light the ayre,
 Reuiue my heart, and cleare the cloudy fkie.
 Her frownes the ayre make darke the Sunne to lowre,
 The Marigold to clofe, my heart to die,
 By her the Sun, the flowre, the ayre, and I,
 Shine and darken, fspread, and clofe, liue and die,
 You are the Sunne in brightneffe, gold in powre:
 I am the flowre whom you doe make to vary,
 Flowrish when you fmile, droupe when you doe lowre.
 Oh let this heart of gold, Sunn, and flowre,
 Still liue fhine, and fpring in your hearts bowre.

Cha. Bcft.

A SONNET TO THE MOONE.

Looke how the pale Queene of the filent night,
 Doth caufe the Ocean to attend vpon her,
 And he as long as ſhe is in his fight,
 With his full tide is ready her to honour :
 But when the ſiluer wagon of the Moone
 Is mounted vp ſo high he cannot follow,
 The ſea calſ home his cryftall waues to moue,
 And with low ebbe doth manifeſt his forrow :
 So you that are the ſoueraigne of my heart,
 Haue all my ioyes attending on your will,
 My ioyes low ebbing when you doe depart.
 When you returne, their tide my heart doth fill.
 So as you come, and as you doe depart
 Ioyes ebbe and flow within my tender heart.

Cha. Beſt.]

III SONNETS FOR A PROEME TO THE
 POEMS FOLLOWING.

*That Loue onely made him a Poet, and that all ſortes of
 Verſes, both in Rime and Meaſure, agree
 with his Lady.*

SONNET I.

SOME men, they ſay, are Poets borne by kinde,
 And ſuck that ſcience from their mothers breaſt :

An easie Arte that comes with so great rest,
 And happy men to so good hap assignde.
 In some, desire of praise enflames the minde,
 To clime with paine Parnassus double creft :
 Some, hope of rich Rewardes hath so possesse,
 That Gold, in Castall Sands they seeke to finde.
 Me, neither Nature hath a Poet made,
 Nor loue of Glory mou'de to learne the trade,
 Nor thirst of Golde perswaded for to write ;
 For Natures graces are too fine for mee,
 Praise like the Peacockes pride her selfe to see,
 Desire of Gaine the basest mindes delight.

SONNET II.

What mou'd me then ? say Loue, for thou cāst tel ;
 Of thee I learn'd this skill, if skill I haue :
 Thou knowst the Muse, whose help I alwaies craue
 Is none of those that on Parnassus dwell.
 My Muse is such as doth them all excell,
 They all to her alone their cunning gaue,
 To sing, to dance, to play, to make so braue ;
 Thrice threefold Graces her alone befell.
 From her do flow the streames that water mee,
 Hers is the praise, if I a Poet bee ;
 Her only looke both will and skill doth giue.
 What maruaile then if I those lawes refuse,
 Which other Poets in their making vse,
 Since by her lookes I write, by which I liue ?

SONNET III.

Thus am I free from lawes that other binde,
Who diuerse verse to diuerse matter frame ;
All kinde of Stiles doo serue my Ladies name,
What they in all the world, in her I finde.
The lofty Verse doth shew her noble minde,
By which shee quencheth Loues enraged flame,
Sweet Liricks sing her heauenly beauties fame,
The tender Elege speakes her pittie kinde.
In mournefull Tragicke Verse for her I die,
In Comicke shee reuiues me with her eye,
All serue my Goddesse both for mirth and mone,
Each looke she casts doth breede both peace & strife,
Ech word she speakes doth cause both death & life,
Out of my felse I liue in her alone.

ODE I.

Where his Lady keepes his hart.

Sweete Loue, mine only treasure
For seruice long vnfaired,
Wherein I nought haue gained,
Vouchsafe this little pleasure,
To tell mee in what parte,
My Lady keepes my Harte.

If in her haire so slender,
Like golden nets vntwined,

Which fire and art haue fined,
Her thrall my hart I render,
For euer to abide
With locks so dainty tide.

If in her Eyes fhee binde it,
Wherein that fire was framed,
By which it is inflamed,
I dare not looke to finde it;
I only wish it fight,
To see that pleafant light.

But if her Breast haue dained
With kindnes to receiue it,
I am content to leaue it,
Though death thereby were gained;
Then Lady take your owne,
That liues for you alone.

To her Eyes.

Faine would I learne of thee thou murth'ring Eie
Whether thy glance bee fire, or else a dart:
For with thy looke in flames thou mak'ft mee frie,
And with the fame thou strik'ft mee to the hart.
Pierft with thy lookes I burne in fire,
And yet those lookes I ftill desire.

The flie that buzzeth round about the flame
Knows not (poore Soule) fhe gets her death therby

I fee my death, and feeling, feeke the fame,
And seeking, finde, and finding, chuse to die.
That when thy lookes my life haue flaine
Thy lookes may giue mee life againe.

Turne then to mee those sparkling Eyes of thine,
And with their firy glances pierce my hart.
Quench not my light, lest I in darknes pine,
Strike deepe and spare not, pleasant is the smart.
So by thy lookes my life bee spilt,
Kill mee as often as thou wilt.

ODE II.

The more fauour he obtaines, the more he desires.

As foone may water wipe me drie,
And fire my heate allay,
As you with fauour of your eye,
Make hotte desire decay :
The more I haue,
The more I craue ;
The more I craue, the more desire,
As piles of wood encrease the fire.

The fencelesse stone that from on hie
Descends to Earth below,
With greater haste it selfe doth plie,
The lesse it hath to goe :
So feeles desire
Encrease of fire,

That still with greater force doth burne,
Till all into it selfe it turne.

The greater fauour you bestow,
The sweeter my delight ;
And by delight Desire doth grow,
And growing gathers might.
The lesse remaines,
The more my paines,
To see my selfe so neere the brinke,
And yet my fill I cannot drinke.

Loue the onely price of Loue.

The fairest Pearles that Northerne Seas do breed,
For pretious stones from Easterne coasts are sold.
Nought yeelds the earth that frō exchange is freed,
Gold valews all, and all things valew Gold.
Where goodnes wants an equall change to make,
There greatnes serues, or number place doth take.

No mortall thing can beare so hie a price,
But that with mortall thing it may be bought.
The corne of Sicill buies the westerne spice,
French wine of vs, of them our cloth is fought.
No pearles, no gold, no stones, no corne, no spice,
No cloth, no wine, for loue can pay the price.

What thing is loue, which nought can counteruaile ?
Nought faue it selfe, eu'n such a thing is Loue.

All worldly wealth in worth as far doth faile,
As lowest earth doth yeeld to heau'n aboue.
 Diuine is Loue, and scorneth worldly pelfe,
 And can be bought with nothing, but with felfe.

Such is the price my louing heart would pay,
Such is the pay thy Loue doth claime as due.
Thy due is Loue, which I (poore I) assay,
In vaine assay to quite with friendship true :
 True is my loue, and true shall euer bee,
 And truest loue is farre too bafe for thee.

Loue but thy felfe, and loue thy felfe alone,
For faue thy felfe, none can thy loue requite :
All mine thou haft, but all as good as none,
My small defart muft take a lower flight.
 Yet if thou wilt vouchsafe my hart fuch blis,
 Accept it for thy Prifner as it is.

His Hart arraigned of Theft, and acquitted.

My Hart was found within my Ladies Brest,
Close coucht for feare that no mā might him fee,
On whom fufpect did ferue a ftraight Arrest,
And Felon-like hee muft arraigned bee.
 What could he meane fo closely there to ftay,
 But by deceit to fteale her hart away ?

The Bench was fet, the Prifoner forth was brought,
My Miftrefse felfe cheefe Iudge to heare the caufe ;

Th' Enditemēt read, by which his blood was fought,
 That he (poore hart) by stealth had broke the lawes :
 His Plea was such as each man might descry,
 For grace and ruth were read in either Eye.

Yet forc'd to speake, his farther Plea was this,
 That fore pursude by mee that fought his blood,
 Because so oft his presence I did mis,
 [Whilst as he said, he labourd for my good :
 He void of helpe to haue his harmes redrest,
 Tooke sanctuary in her sacred brest.

The gentle Iudge that saw his true intent,
 And that his cause did touch her honour neere,
 Since he from me to her for succour went :
 That ruth might raigne, where rigour did appeare,
 Gave sentence thus : that if he there would bide,
 That place was made, a guiltlesse heart to hide.

MADRIGAL I.

Thine eyes so bright
 Bereft my sight,
 When first I viewed thy face.
 So now my light
 Is turned to night,
 I stray from place to place.
 Then guide me of thy kindnesse,
 So shall I blesse my blindnesse.

PHALEUCIAK I.

Time nor place did I want, what held me tongtide?
What charmes, what magicall abused Altars?
Wherefore wisht I so oft that houre vnhappy,
When with freedome I might recount my torments,
And plead for remedy by true lamenting
Dumbe, nay dead in a trance I stood amazed,
When those lookes I beheld that late I long'd for:
No speech, no memory, no life remained,
Now speech prateth apace, my griefe bewraying,
Now bootlesse memory my plaints remembreth,
Now life moueth againe, but all availes not.
Speech, life and memory die altogether,
With speech, life, memory, loue onely dies not.

Deadly Sweetnesse.

Sweete thoughts, the foode on which I feeding sterue,
Sweete teares, the drinke that more augmēts my thirst,
Sweete eyes, the stars by which my course doth swerue,
Sweete hope, my death, which waft my life at first.
Sweete thoughts, sweet tears, sweet hope, sweet eyes,
How chance that death in sweetnesse lies?

MADRIGALL II.

If loue be made of words, as woods of trees,
Who more belou'd then I?
If loue be hot where true desire doth freeze,
Who more then she doth frie?

Are droanes that make no hony counted Bees?
I running water drie?
Is that a gainefull trade that has no fees?
He liue, that dead doth lie,
What elfe but blinde is he, that nothing fees,
But deafe that heares no cry?
Such is her vowed loue to me,
Yet muft I thinke it true to be.

Ladies eyes, ferue Cupid both for Darts and Fire.

Oft haue I mus'd the caufe to finde,
Why loue in Ladies eyes doth dwell:
I thought, becaufe himfelfe was blinde,
He lookt that they fhould guide him well.
And fure his hope but feldome failes,
For loue by Ladies eyes preuailes.

But time, at laft, hath taught me wit.
Although I bought my wit full deere,
For by her eyes my heart is hit,
Deepe is the wound, though none appeare,
Their glancing beames as darts he throwes,
And fure he hath no fhafts but thofe.

I mus'de to fee their eyes fo bright,
And little thought they had beene fire,
I gazde vpon them with delight,
But that delight hath bred defire.

What better place can loue require,
Than there where grow both shafts and fire ?

Loues contrarieties.

I smile sometimes amidst my greatest griefe,
Not for delight, for that long since is fled,
Despaire did shut the gate against reliefe,
When loue at first, of death the sentence read.
But yet I smile sometimes in midst of paine,
To thinke what toyes doe tosse my troubled head
How most I wish, that most I should refraine,
And seeke the thing that least I long to finde,
And finde the wound by which my heart is flaine,
Yet want both skill and will to ease my minde.
Against my will I burne with free consent,
I liue in paine, and in my paine delight,
I crie for death, yet am to liue content,
I hate the day, yet neuer wish for night,
I freeze for cold, and yet refraine the fire :
I long to see, and yet I shunne her sight,
I scald in Sunne, and yet no shade desire,
I liue by death, and yet I wish to die,
I feele no hurt, and yet for helpe enquire,
I die by life, and yet my life defie.

Heu, cogor voti nescius esse mei.

ODE III.

Desire and hope.

Desire and Hope haue mou'd my minde,
To seeke for that I cannot finde,
Affured faith in woman-kinde,

And loue with loue rewarded :
Selfe-loue, all but himselfe disdaines,
Suspect as chiefeſt vertue raignes,
Desire of change vnchang'd remains.

So light is loue regarded.
True friendship is a naked name,
That idle braines in paſtime frame,
Extremes are alwaies worthy blame,
Enough is common kindneſſe.

What floods of teares do louers ſpend ?
What fighes from out their hearts they fend ?
How many may, and will not mend ?

Loue is a wilfull blindneſſe.
What is the loue they ſo deſire ?
Like loue for loue, and equall fire :
Good louing wormes, which loue require,
And know not when they haue it.
Is loue in words ? faire words may faine.
Is loue in looks ? ſweet looks are vaine,
Both theſe in common kindneſſe raigne,
Yet few or none ſo craue it.

Thou wouldst be lou'd, and that of one,
For vice? thou maist seeke loue of none,
For vertue? why of her alone?

I say no more, speake you that know the truth,
If so great loue be aught but feare of youth.

ELEGIE III.

Her praise is in her want.

She onely is the pride of Natures skill:
In none but her, all graces friendly meet.
In all faue her, may Cupid haue his will,
By none but her, is fancie vnder feet.
Most strange of all her praise is in her want,
Her heart that should be flesh, is Adamant.

Laudo quod lugeo.

Her outward gesture deceiuing his inward hope.

Smooth are thy lookes, so is thy deepest streame,
Soft are thy lips, so is the swallowing sand.
Faire is thy sight, but like vnto a dreame,
Sweet is thy promise, but it will not stand.
Smo[o]th, soft, faire, sweet, to them that lightly touch,
Rough, hard, foule, foure to them that take too much.

Thy lookes so smooth haue drawne away my sight,
Who would haue thoug[t] that hookes could so be hid?

Thy lips so soft haue fretted my delight,
Before I once suspected what they did.
Thy face so faire hath burnt me with desire,
Thy words so sweet were bellows for the fire.

And yet I loue the lookes that made me blinde,
And like to kisse the lips that fret my life,
In heate of fire an ease of heate I finde,
And greatest peace in midst of greatest strife.
That if my choice were now to make againe,
I would not haue this ioy without this paine.

PHALEUCIACKE II.

How, or where have I lost my selfe? vnhappy!
Dead, nor liue am I neither, and yet am both.
Through despaire am I dead, by hope reuiued,
Weeping wake I the night from euen to morning
Sighing waste I the day from morne to euening.
Teares are drink to my thirst, by teares I thirst more
Sighes are meate that I eate, I hunger eating,
Might I, O that I might refraine my feeding,
Soone would ease to my heart by death be purchast.
Life and light do I lacke, when I behold not
Those bright beames of her eyes, Apollo darkning:
Life and light do I lose when I behold them,
All as snow by the sun resolu'd to water.
Death and life I receiue her eyes beholding,
Death and life I refuse not in beholding,
So that, dead or aliue I may behold them.

Lenuoy in riming Phaleuciacs.

Muse not, Ladie, to reade so strange a Meeter,
Strange griefe, strange remedie for ease requireth
When sweete ioy did abound, I writ the sweeter,
Now that weareth away, my Muse retireth.
In you lies it alone to cure my sadnesse,
And therewith to reuiue my heart with gladnesse.]

SONNET IIII.

Wrongde by Desire I yeelded to disdaine,
Who call'd reuenge to worke my spite therby.
Rafh was Reuenge and fware desire should die.
No price nor prayer his pardon might obtaine.
Downe to my Hart in rage hee haftes amaine,
And stops each passage lest Desire should flie:
Within my Eares disdainfull words did lie,
Proud lookes did keepe mine Eyes with scornfull traine.
Desire that earst but flickred in my brest,
And wanton-like now prickt, now gaue me rest,
For feare of death funke deeper in my hart.
There raignes he now, and there will raigne alone,
Desire is iealous, and giues part to none,
Nor hee from mee, nor I from him can start.

That he is vnchangeable.

The loue of chāge hath chāg'd the world throwout
And nought is counted good, but what is strang ;

New things waxe olde, olde new, all turne about,
And all things change except the loue of change.
Yet feele I not this loue of change in mee,
But as I am, so will I alwayes bee.

For who can change that likes his former choice,
Who better wish, that knowes he hath the best?
How can the heart in things vnknowne reioyce,
If ioy well tride can bring no certaine rest?
My choyce is made, change he that list for mee,
Such as I am, such will I alwaies bee.

Who euer chang'd, and not confest his want?
And who confest his want, and not his woe?
Then change who list, thy woe shall not be scant,
Within thy selfe thou feedst thy mortall foe.
Change calls for change, no end, no ease for thee,
Then, as I am, so will I alwaies bee.

Mine eies confesse they haue their wished fight,
My heart affirms it fees the loue it sought.
Mine inward thoughts are fed with true delight,
Which full consent of constant ioy hath wrought.
And full content defiers no change to see,
Then, as I am, so will I alwayes bee.

Rest then (my Hart) and keep thine olde delight,
Which like the Phoenix waxeth yong each day:
Each houre presents new pleasure to my fight,
More cause of ioy increaseth eu'ry way.
True loue with age doth daily cleerer see,
Then, as I am, so wil I alwayes bee.

What gain'd faire *Cresside* by her faithlesse change,
 But losse of fame, of beauty, health, and life ?
 Marke *Jasons* hap, that euer lou'de to range,
 That lost his children, and his princely wife.
 Then Change farewell, thou art no Mate for me,
 But, as I am, so will I alwayes be.

Jamais aultre.

To his Eies.

Vnhappy Eies, the causers of my paine,
 That to my foe betray'd my strongest hold,
 Wherein, he like a Tyrant now doth raigne,
 And boasts of winning that which treason folde.
 Too late you call for help of me in vaine,
 Whom Loue hath bound in chaines of massie gold ;
 The teares you shed increase my hote desire,
 As water on the Smithie kindles fire.

The fighs that from my Heart ascend,
 Like winde disperse the flame throughout my brest,
 No part is left to harbour quiet rest,
 I burne in fire, and do not spend ;
 Like him, whose growing maw,
 The vulture still doth gnaw.

ODE III.

Vpon visiting his Lady by Moon-light.

The night say all, was made for rest,
 And so say I, but not for all :

To them the darkeſt nights are beſt,
Which giue them leaue aſleepe to fall :
But I that ſeeke my reſt by light,
Hate ſleepe, and praife the cleereſt night.

Bright was the Moone, as bright as day,
And Venus glistred in the Weſt,
Whoſe light did leade the ready way,
That brought mee to my wiſhed reſt :
Then each of them encreaſt their light,
While I inioy'd her heauenly fight.

Say, gentle Dames, what mou'd your minde
To ſhine ſo bright aboue your wont ?
Would Phœbe fayre Endimion finde ?
Would Venus ſee Adonis hunt ?
No no, you feared by her fight,
To looſe the prayſe of Beauty bright.

At laſt, for ſhame you ſhrunke away,
And thought to reaue the world of light :
Then ſhone my Dame with brighter ray,
Then that which comes from Phœbus fight :
None other light but hers I prayſe,
Whoſe nights are cleerer then the dayes.

Vpon her Abſence.

The ſummer Sun that ſcalds the groūd with heate,
And burns the Graſſe, & dries the Riuers ſource,
With milder beames, the fartheſt earth doth beate,

When through the frozen Gote he runs his course,
The fire that burnes what euer comes to hand,
Doth hardly heate that farthest off doth stand.

Not so, the heate that fets my heart on fire,
By distance, flakes, and lets me coole againe :
But still, the farther off, the more desire,
The absent fire doth burne with hotter paine.
My Ladies prefence burnt me with desire,
Her absence turnes me into flaming fire.

Whofo hath seene the flame that burneth bright,
By outward colde in narrow roome supprest,
Encrease in heate and rage with greater might,
May ghesse what force of fire torments my brest :
So run the swelling streames with double force,
Where locks or piles are fet to stay their course.

For when my heart perceiu'd her parting neere,
By whose sweete sight he liues that else should die,
It cloasde it selfe, to keepe those beames so cleere,
Which from her looke had pierst it through the Eie.
The fry beams which would breake out so faine,
By seeking vent, encrease my burning paine.

But if my Deere returne aliue, and sound
That these mine eyes may see her beautie bright,
My Hart shall spread with ioy that shall abound,
And open wide, receiuing cleerer light.
Shee shall recouer that which I possesse,
And I thereby enioy no whit the lesse.

ODE V.

Petition to haue her leaue to die.

When will the fountaine of my Teares be drie ?

When will my fighes be spent ?

When will Desire agree to let me die ?

When will thy hart relent ?

It is not for my life I pleade,

Since death the way to rest doth leade,

But stay for thy consent,

Left thou be discontent.

For if my selfe without thy leaue I kill,

My Ghost will neuer rest :

So hath it sworne to worke thine only will,

And holds that euer best.

For since it only liues by thee,

Good reason thou the ruler bee :

Then giue me leaue to die,

And shew thy powre thereby.

The frozen Snake opprest with heaped snowe,

By strugling hard gets out her tender head :

And spies far off from where shee lies belowe,

The winter Sun that from the North is fled :

But all in vaine shee looks vpon the light,

Where heate is wanting to restore her might.

What doth it helpe a wretch in prison pent,

Long time with biting hunger ouer-prest ;

To see without or smell within the sent,
Of daintie fare for others tables drest?
Yet Snake and prif'ner both behold the thing,
The which (but not with fight) might cōfort bring.

Such is my state, or worfe, if worfe may bee,
My heart opprest with heauy frost of care,
Debar'd of that which is most deere to mee,
Kild vp with colde, and pinde with euill fare:
And yet I see the thing might yeeld reliefe,
And yet the fight doth breed my greater grieve.

So Thisbe saw her loue through the wall,
And saw thereby, shee wanted that shee saw:
And so I see, and seeing want withall,
And wanting so, vnto my death I draw:
And so my death were twenty times my friend,
If with this Verse my hated life might end.

ODE VI.

If my decay be your encrease,
If my distresse bee your delight,
If warre in me procure your peace,
If wrong to me, to you be right,
I would decay, distresse, warre, wrong,
Might end the life that ends so long.

Yet, if by my decay you grow,
When I am spent your growth is past:
If from my grieve your Ioy do flow,

When my griefe ends, your Ioy flies fast :
Then for your sake, though to my paine,
I striue to liue, to die full faine.

For if I die, my warre must cease ;
Then can I suffer wrong no more :
My warre once done, farewell your peace,
My wrong, your right doth still restore :
Thus, for your right I suffer wrong,
And for your peace, my warre prolong.

But since no thing can long indure,
That sometime hath not needefull rest,
What can my life your ioy assure,
If still I waile with griefe opprest ?
The strongest stomacke faints at last,
For want of ease and due repast.

My restless fighes breake out so fast,
That time to breathe they quite deny ;
Mine Eyes so many teares haue cast,
That now the springs themselues are dry :
Then grant some little ease from paine,
Vntill the springs be full againe.

The Gyant whom the Vulture gnawes,
Vntill his heart be growne, hath peace :
And Sisyphus by hellish lawes,
Whilste that the stone rowles downe, doth cease :
But all in vaine I striue for rest,
Which breeds more sorrow in my brest.

Let my Decay bee your encrease,
Let my distresse bee your delight :
Let warre in mee procure your peace,
Let wrong in mee to you bee right ;
That by my Griefe your Ioy may liue,
Vouchsafe some little rest to giue.

ODE VII.

Cloſe your lids, vnhappy Eyes,
From the ſight of ſuch a change :
Loue hath learned to deſpiſe,
Selfe-conceit hath made him ſtrange :
Inward now his ſight he turneth,
With himſelfe in loue hee burneth.

If abroad he beautie ſpie,
As by chance he lookes abroad,
Or it is wrought by his eye,
Or forc'de out by Painters fraude :
Saue himſelfe none faire he deemeth,
That himſelfe too much eſteemeth.

Coy diſdaine hath kindnes place,
Kindnes forc'de to hide his head :
True deſire is counted baſe,
Hope with hope is hardly fed :
Loue is thought a fury needleſſe,
Hee that hath it, ſhal die ſpeedleſſe.

Then mine eies, why gaze you so?
Beautie scornes the Teares you fhed;
Death you feeke to end my woe,
O that you of death were sped!
But with Loue hath death conspired,
To kill none whom Loue haue fired.

Cupid at length I spie thy crafty wile,
Though for a time thou didst me fore beguile,
When first thy shaft did wound my tender hart,
It toucht mee light, mee thought I felt some paine;
Some litle prick at first did make mee smart,
But yet that griefe was quickly gone againe.
Full small account I made of such a fore,
As now doth ranckle inward more and more.

So poyson first the finewes lightly straines,
Then straies, and after spreads through al the vaines,
No otherwise, then he, that prickt with thorne,
Starts at the first, and feeles no other griefe,
As one whose hart so litle hurt did scorne,
And deigned not to seek despis'd reliefe:
At last, when rest doth after trauaile come,
That litle pricke the joynt with paine doth numme.

What may I thinke the cause of this thy craft,
That at the first thou stick'ft not deepe thy shaft?
If at the first I had thy stroke espi'de,
(Alas I thought thou wouldst not dally so)
To keepe my selfe all wayes I would haue tride,

At leaft, I thinke I might haue cur'd my woe :
Yet, truth to fay, I did fufpect no leffe,
And knew it too, at leaft, I fo did gheffe.

I faw, and yet would willingly be blinde.
I felt the fting, yet flatt'red ftill my minde,
And now too late I know my former guilt,
And feeke in vaine to heale my cureleffe fore ;
My life, I doubt, my health I know is fpilt,
A iuft reward for dallying fo before :
For I that would not when I might haue eafe,
No maruell though I cannot when I pleafe.

Clipeum poft vulnera.

A PARAPHRASTICALL TRANSLATION OF PETRARKES
SONNET, BEGINNING

S' Amor non è, che dunque è quel ch' io sento.

If Loue bee nothing but an idle name,
A vaine deuife of foolifh Poets fkill :
A fained fire, deuoyd of fmoke and flame ;
Then what is that which mee tormenteth ftill ?
If fuch a thing as Loue indeede there bee,
What kind of thing, or which, or where is hee ?

If it be good, how caufeth it fuch paine ?
How doth it breed fuch greefe within my brest ?
If naught, how chance the greefe that I fustaine,
Doth feeme fo fweet amidft my great vnrest ?
For fure mee thinkes it is a wondrous thing,
That fo great paine fhould fo great pleafure bring.

If with my will amidst these flames I fry,
Whence come thee teares? how chance I thus complaine?
If force perforce I beare this misery,
What help these Teares that cannot ease my paine?
How can this fancy beare such sway in mee,
But if my selfe consent, that so it bee?

And if my selfe consent, that so it bee,
Vniust I am thus to complaine and cry;
To looke that other men should succour mee,
Since by my fault I feele such misery:
Who will not helpe himselfe when well hee can,
Deferues small helpe of any other man.

Thus am I tost vpon the troublous Seas,
By fundry winds, whose blastes blow fundry waies:
And eu'ry blast still driuing where it please,
Brings hope and feare to end my lingring dayes:
The Steers-man gone, faile, helme, & tackle lost,
How can I hope to gayne the wished Coast?

Wifedome and folly is the lucklesse freight,
My ship therewith ballast vnequally:
Wifedome too light, folly of too great waight,
My Barke and I, through them, in ieopardie:
Thus, in the midst of this perplexity,
I wish for death, and yet am loath to die.

Fayre is thy face, and that thou knowest too well,
Hard is thy Hart, and that thou wilt not knowe:
Thou hear'st and smil'st, when I thy prayfes tell,

But stopst thine Eares when I my greef would shew :
Yet though in vaine, needs must I speake,
Or else my swelling Hart would breake.

And when I speake, my breath doth blow the fire,
With which my burning Hart consumes away :
I call vpon thy name and helpe require,
Thy deereft Name which doth mee still betray :
For grace, sweet Grace thy name doth found,
Yet ah! in thee no grace is found.

Alas, to what parte shall I then appeale?
Thy face so faire disdaines to looke on mee :
Thy tongue commands my hart his grieffe conceale,
Thy nimble feete from me do alwayes flee :
Thine Eyes cast fire to burne my hart,
And thou reioycest in my smart.

Then, since thou seest the life I leade in paine,
And that for thee I suffer all this grieffe,
O let my Heart this small request obtaine,
That thou agree it pine without reliefe !
I aske not Loue for my good will,
But leaue, that I may loue thee still.

Quid minus optari per mea vota potest.

ODE VIII.

Disdaine that so doth fill mee,
Hath surely sworne to kill mee,
And I must die :

Desire that still doth burne mee,
 To life againe will turne mee,
 And liue must I.
 O kill mee then disdaine!
 That I may liue againe.

Thy lookes are life vnto mee,
 And yet those lookes vndoo mee,
 O death and life!
 Thy smile some rest doth show mee,
 Thy frowne with warre o'rethrow mee,
 O peace and strife!
 Nor, life nor death is either,
 Then giue mee both, or neither.

Life only cannot please mee,
 Death only cannot ease mee,
 Change is delight.
 I liue that death may kill mee,
 I die that life may fill mee,
 Both day and night.
 If once Despaire decay.
 Desire will weare away.

An Inuective against Loue.

All is not Gold that shineth bright in show,
 Nor eu'ry flower so good, as faire, to fight,
 The deepest streames, aboue do calmest flow,
 And strongest Poysons oft the taste delight,

The pleafant baite doth hide the harmeful hooke,
And false deceit can lend a friendly looke.

Loue is the gold whose outward hew doth paffe,
Whose first beginnings goodly promise make,
Of pleasures faire and fresh as Summers grasse,
Which neither Sun can parch, nor winde can shake ;
But when the Mould should in the fire be tride,
The Gold is gone, the drosse doth still abide.

Beautie, the flower so fresh, so faire, so gay,
So sweet to smell, so soft to touch and taste ;
As seemes it should endure, by right, for ay,
And neuer be with any storme defaste :
But when the baleful Southerne wind doth blow,
Gone is the glory which it erst did show.

Loue is the streame, whose waues so calmely flow,
As might intice mens mindes to wade therein :
Loue is the poyson mixt with fugar so,
As might by outward sweetnes liking win.
But as the deepe o'reflowing stops thy breath,
So poyson once receiu'd brings certaine death.

Loue is the baite, whose taste the fish deceaues,
And makes them swallow down the choking hooke :
Loue is the face whose fairenes iudgement reaues,
And makes thee trust a false and fained looke :
But as the hooke, the foolish fish doth kill,
So flatt'ring lookes, the Louers life do spill.

Vsque adeo dulce puella malum est.

*Vpon an Heroicall Poeme which hee had begunne (in
Imitation of Virgil,) of the first Inhabiting this
famous Ile by Brute, and the Troyans.*

My wanton Muse that whilome wont to sing,
Faire Beauties praise and Venus sweet delight,
Of late had chang'd the tenor of her string,
To higher tunes then serue for Cupids fight :
 Shril Trumpets found, sharpe Swords & Lances strong,
 Warre, bloud, and death, were matter of her song.

The God of Loue by chance had heard thereof,
That I was prou'd a Rebelle to his Crowne,
Fit words for Warre, quoth he, with angry skoff,
A likely man to write of Marfes frowne :
 Well are they sped whose praises he shall write,
 Whose wanton Pen can nought but Loue indite.

This said, he whiskt his parti-coulor'd wings,
And down to earth he comes more swift thē thoght
Then to my hart in angry haste he flings,
To see what chāge these news of wars had wrought :
 He pries, and lookes, he ransacks eu'ry vaine,
 Yet findes he nought, faue loue, and Louers paine.

Then I that now perceiu'd his needles feare,
With heauy smile began to pleade my cause :
In vayne (quoth I) this endlesse greefe I beare,
In vaine I striue to keepe thy greeuous Lawes,
 If after prooffe so often trusty found,
 Vniust Suspect condemne mee as vnfound.

Is this the guerdon of my faithfull heart ?
Is this the hope on which my life is staide ?
Is this the ease of neuer-ceasing smart ?
Is this the price that for my paines is paid ?
 Yet better serue fierce Mars in bloody field,
 Where death, or conquest, end or ioy doth yeeld.

Long haue I seru'd : what is my pay but payne ?
Oft haue I fude : what gaine I but delay ?
My faithfull loue is quited with disdaine,
My greefe a game, my pen is made a play :
 Yea, Loue that doth in other fauour find,
 In mee is counted madnes out of kind.

And last of all, but greeuous most of all,
Thy selfe, sweet Loue, hath kild me with suspect ;
Could Loue beleue, that I from Loue would fall ?
Is warre of force to make mee Loue neglect ?
 No, Cupid knowes, my mind is faster set,
 Then that by war I should my Loue forget.

My Muse indeed to War enclines her minde,
The famous Actes of worthy Brute to write :
To whom the Gods this Ilands rule assignde,
Which long he fought by seas through Neptunes spight.
 With such conceits my busie head doth swel,
 But in my hart nought els but Loue doth dwell.

And in this warre thy part is not the least,
Heere shall my Muse Brutes noble Loue declare :

Heere shalt thou see the double Loue increast,
Of fayrest Twins that euer Lady bare :
Let Mars triumph in Armour shining bright,
His conquered Armes shall be thy triumphs light.

As hee the world, so thou shalt him subdue,
And I thy glory through the world will ring :
So bee my paines, thou wilt vouchsafe to rue,
And kill despayre : With that he whisk't his wing,
And bade me write, and promise wished rest,
But fore I feare false hope will bee the best.

Vpon his Ladies buying strings for her Lute.

In happy time the wished Fayre is come,
To fitt thy Lute with strings of eu'ry kinde :
Great pittie ti's, so sweete a Lute be dumme,
That so can please the Eare, and ease the minde :
Go take thy choice, and chuse the very best,
And vse them so, that head and heart find rest.

Rest thou in ioy, and let me waile alone,
My pleasant dayes haue tane their last farewell :
My Hart-strings Sorrow strook so long with mone,
That at the last they all in pieces fell :
And now they lie in pieces brooke so small,
That scarce they serue to make mee frets withall.

And yet they serue and binde my hart so strait,
That frets indeed they serue to fret it out :

No force for that, in hope thereof I waite,
That death may rid mee both of hope and doubt :
But death, alas, drawes backward all too long,
And I each day feele now encrease of wrong.

Care will not let him liue, nor Hope let him die.

My heauy Hart which Greefe and hope torment,
Beates all in vaine against my weary brest :
As if it thought with force to make a vent,
That Death might enter to procure my rest :
But, foolish hart, thy paynes are lost, I see,
For death and life both flie and follow thee.

When weight of care would presse mee downe with paine,
That I might sinck to depth of death below :
Hope lends me wings, and lifts me vp againe,
To strue for life, and liue in greater woe :
So fares the bote, which winds driue to the shore,
And Tide driues backward where it was before.

Thus neyther Hope will let me die with Care,
Nor Care consent that Hope assure my life :
I seeke for life, death dooth his stroke prepare,
I come to death, and life renewes my strife :
All as the shadow follow them that flie,
And flies from them that after it do hie.

What is my hope ? that hope will faile at last,
And greefe gett strength to worke his will on mee :

Eyther the Waxe with which hopes wings are fast,
 By scalding fighes mine Eyes shall melted see :
 Or els my Teares shall wett the feathers fo,
 That I shall fall and drowne in waues of woe.

Cupids Mariage with Diffimulation.

A new-found match is made of late,
 Blinde Cupid needs will change his wife ;
 New-fangled Loue doth Pfyche hate,
 With whom so long he led his life.

Diffembling, shee
 The Bride must bee,
 To please his wanton eye.
 Pfyche laments
 That Loue repents,
 His choyce without cause why.

Cytheron founds with musicke strange,
 Vnknowne vnto the Virgins nine :
 From flat to sharpe the Tune doth range,
 Too base, because it is too fine.

See how the Bride
 Puft vp with pride,
 Can mince it passing well,
 Shee trips on toe,
 Full faire to show,
 Within doth poyson dwell.

Now wanton Loue at last is sped,
Diffembling is his only Ioy,
Bare Truth from Venus Courte is fled,
Diffembling pleasures hides annoy.

It were in vaine
To talke of paine,
The wedding yet doth last,
But paine is neere,
And will appeere,
With a diffembling cast.

Dispaire and hope are ioyn'd in one,
And paine with pleasure linked sure:
Not one of these can come alone,
No certaine hope, no pleasure pure.

Thus fowre and sweete
In loue do meete,
Diffembling likes it so,
Of sweete small store,
Of fowre the more,
Loue is a pleasant woe.

Amor & mellis & fellis.

ODE X.

Dispraise of Loue, and Louers follies.

If Loue be life, I long to die,
Liue they that list for mee:
And he that gaines the most thereby,
A foole, at least, shall bee.

But he that feeles the forest fits,
Scapes with no lesse than losse of wits;
An happy life they gaine,
Which Loue doo entertaine.

In day by fained lookes they liue,
By lying dreames in night.
Each frowne a deadly wound doth giue,
Each smile a false delight.
Ift hap their Lady pleasant seeme,
It is for others loue they deeme,
If voyde she seeme of ioy,
Disdaine doth make her coy.

Such is the peace that Louers finde,
Such is the life they leade.
Blowne here and there with eu'ry winde,
Like flowers in the Meade.
Now warre, now peace, then warre againe,
Desire, Dispaire, Delight, Disdaine,
Though dead in midst of life,
In peace, and yet at strife.

In amore hæc insunt mala.

The golden Sunne that brings the day,
And lends men light to see withall,
In vaine doth cast his beames away,
Where they are blinde on whom they fall.
There is no force in all his light,
To giue the Mole a perfect fight.

But thou, my Sunne, more bright then hee,
That shines at noone in Summer tide,
Hast giuen me light and power to see,
With perfect skill my sight to guide.

Till now I liu'de as blinde as Mole,
That hides her head in earthly hole.

I heard the praise of beauties grace,
Yet deem'd it nought but Poets skill.
I gaz'de on many a louely face,
Yet found I none to binde my will.

Which made me thinke, that beauty bright,
Was nothing else but red and white.

But now thy beames haue cleer'd my sight,
I blush to thinke I was so blinde.
Thy flaming Eies affoord mee light,
That Beauties blaze each where I finde :
And yet these Dames that shine so bright,
Are but the shadow of thy light.

ODE XI.

To his Muse.

Rest, good my Muse, and giue me leaue to rest,
We striue in vaine.
Conceale thy skill within thy sacred brest,
Though to thy paine.
The honor great which Poets wont to haue,

With worthy deedes is buried deepe in graue,
Each man will hide his name,
Thereby to hide his shame,
And silence is the praise their virtues craue.

To praise, is flattery, malice to dispraise,
Hard is the choice.
What cause is left for thee, my Muse, to raise,
Thy heau'nly voice?
Delight thy selfe on sweet Parnassus hill,
And for a better time referue thy skill,
There let thy siluer sound,
From Cyrrha wood rebound,
And all the vale wth learned Musicke fill.

Then shall those fooles that now preferre ech Rime
Before thy skill,
With hand and foote in vaine assay to clime
Thy sacred hill.
There shalt thou sit and skorne them with disdaine,
To see their fruitles labour all in vaine;
But they shall fret with spight,
To see thy glory bright,
And know themselues thereto cannot attaine.

Mine eies haue spent their teares, & now are drie,
My weary hand will guide my pen no more.
My voice is hoarse, and can no longer cry,
My head hath left no new complaints in store.

My heart is ouerburdned so with paine,
That fence of griefe doth none therein remaine.

The teares you see distilling from mine eies,
My gentle Muse doth fhed for this my griefe.
The plaints you heare are her incessant cries,
By which she calles in vaine for some reliefe.
 She neuer parted since my griefe begunne,
 In her I liue, she dead, my life were done.

Then (louing Muse) departe, and let me die,
Some brauer Youth will sue to thee for grace,
That may aduance thy glory to the skie,
And make thee scorn blind Fortunes frowning face.
 My heart and head that did thee entertaine,
 Desire and Fortune with despite haue flaine.

My Lady dares not lodge thee in her brest,
For feare, vnwares she let in Loue with thee.
For well she thinkes some part in thee must rest,
Of that which so possessest each part of mee.
 Then (good my Muse) flie back to heau'n againe,
 And let me die, to end this endlesse paine.

Breake heauy hart, and rid mee of this paine,
This paine that still encreaseth day by day :
By day with sighes I spend my selfe in vaine,
In vayne by night with teares I waste away :
 Away I waste with teares by night in vaine,
 Teares, sighs, by night, by day encrease this paine.

Mine Eyes no Eies, but fountaines of my teares,
My teares no teares, but floods to moyft my hart :
My hart no hart, but harbour of my feares,
My feares no feares, but feelings of my fmart :
My fmart, my feares, my hart, my teares, mine eies,
Are blind, dryde, fpent, paff, wafted with my cries.

And yet mine Eyes, thogh blind, fee caufe of greefe :
And yet my teares, thogh dride, run down amaine :
And yet my hart, though fpent, attends releefe,
And yet my feares, though paff, encrease my paine :
And yet I liue, and liuing, feele more fmart,
And smarting, cry in vaine, breake heauy hart.

Where witt is ouer-rulde by will,
And will is led by fond defire :
There Reafon were as good bee ftill,
As fpeaking, kindle greater fire :
For where defire doth beare the fway,
The hart muft rule, the head obay.

What bootes the cunning Pilots fkill,
To tell which way to fhape their courfe :
When hee that fteers will haue his will,
And driue them where he lift perforce :
So Reafon fhewes the truth in vaine,
Where fond defire as King doth raigne.

Twixt heate and colde, twixt death and life,
I freeze and burne, I liue and die :
Which ioyntly worke in me such strife,
I liue in death, in cold I fry,
Nor hot, nor cold, nor liue, nor dead,
Neither, and both, this life I lead.

First burning heate fets all one fire,
Whereby I feeme in flames to fry :
Then colde despayre kills hotte desire,
That drenched deepe, in death I lie :
Heate driues out cold, and keepes my life,
Cold quencheth heate, no end of strife.

The lesse I hope to haue my will,
The more I feele desire encrease.
And as desire encreaseth still,
Despayre to quench it doth not cease :
So liue I as the Lampe, whose light,
Oft comes, oft goes, now dim, now bright.

A living death.

If meanes be none to end my restlesse care,
If needes I must orewhelm'd with sorrow lie.
What better way this sorrow to declare,
Then, that I dying liue, and cannot die.

If nought but losse I reape in steade of gaine,
If lasting paine doe euery day encrease ;

To thee (good Death) alas, I must complaine,
Thou art of force to make my sorrow cease.

If thou, because I thee refused sometime,
Now shut thine eares, and my request deny,
Still must I loue, and waile in woefull Rime,
That dying still I am, and cannot die,

Spiro, non uiuo.

Ye walles that shut me vp from sight of men,
Inclosed wherein, aliue I buried lie.
And thou, sometime my bed, but now my den,
Where, smothered vp the light of Sunne, I lie.
O shut your selues, each chinke and creuis straine,
That none but you may heare me thus complain.

My hollow cries that beate thy stony side,
Vouchsafe to beate, but beate them backe againe,
That when my griefe hath speech to me denide,
Mine eares may heare the witnes of my paine.
As for my Teares, whose streames must euer last
My silent couch shall drinke them vp as fast.

Hopelesse desire soone withers and dies.

Though naked Trees seeme dead to sight,
When winter winde doth keenely blow,

Yet if the roote maintaine her right,
The Spring their hidden life will shew.
But if the roote be dead and drie,
No maruell though the branches die.

While Hope did liue within my brest,
No winter storme could kill desire.
But now disdaine hath hope opprest,
Dead is the roote, dead is the spire.
Hope was the roote, the spire was Loue,
No fap beneath, no life aboue.

And as we see the rootelesse stocke
Retaine some fap, and spring a while,
Yet quickly prooue a lifelesse blocke,
Because the roote doth life beguile;
So liues Desire which Hope hath left,
As twylight shines when Sunne is reft.

ODE XII.

To his Heart.

Nay, nay, thou striu'ft in vaine, my Hart,
To mend thy misse.
Thou hast deferu'd to beare this smart,
And worse then this.
That wouldst thy selfe debase,
To serue in such a place.

Thou thoughtst thy selfe too long at rest,
Such was thy Pride.
Needes must thou seeke a nobler brest,
Wherein to bide.
Say now, what hast thou found?
In fetters thou art bound.

What hath thy faithfull seruice wonne,
But high disdaine?
Broke is the threede thy fancie spunne,
Thy labour vaine.
False art thou now with paine,
And canst not rise againe.

And canst thou looke for helpe of mee
In this distresse?
I must confesse I pittie thee,
And can no lesse.
But beare a while thy paine,
For feare thou fall againe.

Learne by thy hurt to shunne the fire,
Play not with all:
When clyming thoughts high things aspyre,
They seeke their fall.
Thou ween'st nought shone but golde,
So wast thou blind and bolde.

Yet lie not still for this disgrace,
But mount againe:
So that thou know the wished place

Bee worth thy paine.
Then, though thou fall and die,
Yet neuer feare to flie.

PHALEVCIACKS II.

Wisdome warns me to shun that once I fought for,
And in time to retire my hasty footsteps :
Wisdome sent from aboue, not earthly wisdom,
No such thoughts can arise from earthly wisdom.
Long, too long haue I slept in ease vneasie,
On false worldly releefe my trust reposing ;
Health and wealth in a bote, no sterne nor ankor,
(Bold and blinde that I was) to Sea be taking :
Scarce from shore had I lancht, when all about mee,
Waues like hilles did arise, till help from heauen,
Brought my Ship to the Porte of late repentance.

O nauis, referent in mare te noui Fluctus.

ODE XIII.

Now haue I learn'd with much a doo at last,
By true disdaine to kill desire :
This was the marke at which I shot so fast,
Unto this height I did aspire :
Proud Loue, now do thy worst, and spare not,
For thee and all thy shafts I care not.

What haft thou left wherewith to moue my minde,
 What life to quicken dead Defire ?
 I count thy words and oathes as light as winde,
 I feele no heate in all thy fire.
 Go change thy bow and get a stronger,
 Go breake thy shafts and buy thee longer.

In vaine thou bait'ft thy hooke with beauties blaze,
 In vaine thy wanton Eyes allure.
 Thefe are but toyes for them that loue to gaze,
 I know what harme thy lookes procure :
 Some ftrange conceit muft be deuifed,
 Or thou and all thy skill defpifed.

Scilicet afferui me, fugique catenas.

*Being scorned, and difdained, hee inueighs againft
 his Lady.*

Since iuft difdaine began to rife,
 And cry reuenge for fpitefull wrong :
 What erft I praisde, I now defpife,
 And thinke my Loue was all too long.
 I tread in durt that fcornefull pride,
 Which in thy lookes I haue defcride :
 Thy beauty is a painted fkin,
 For fooles to fee their faces in.

Thine Eyes that fome as Starres esteeme,
 From whence themfelues, they fay, take light,

Like to thee foolish fire I deme,
That leades men to their death by night.
Thy words and othes are light as winde,
And yet farre lighter is thy minde :
Thy friendship is a broken reede,
That failes thy friends in greateft neede.

Vitijs patientia victa est.

ODE XIII.

The Tombe of dead Desire.

When Venus saw Desire must die,
Whom high difdayne
Had iustly flaine
For killing Truth with scornfull Eye ;
The Earth shee leaues, and gets her to the skie,
Her golden hayre shee teares,
Blacke weedes of woe shee weares ;
For helpe vnto her father doth shee cry,
Who biddes her stay a space,
And hope for better grace.

To saue his life shee hath no skill,
Whom should shee pray,
What doo or say,
But weepe for wanting of her will ?
Meane time, Desire hath tane his last farewell ;
And in a Meddow faire,
To which the Nymphs repayre,

His breathles Corps is laid with wormes to dwell ;
 So Glory doth decay,
 When Death takes life away.

When Morning Starre had chafde the night,
 The Queene of Loue
 Lookt from aboue,
 To see the Graue of her delight :
 And as with heedfull Eye shee viewd the place,
 Shee spide a flower vnknowne,
 That on his graue was growne,
 In stead of learned Verse his Tombe to grace.
 If you the Name require,
Hearts-ease from dead Desire.

*An Altare and Sacrifice to Disdaine, for freeing him
 from loue.*

My Muse by thee restor'd to life,
 To thee Disdaine, this Altare reares,
 Whereon she offers causlesse strife,
 Self-spending sighs, and bootlesse teares

Long Sutes in vaine,
 Hate for Good will :
 Still-dying paine,
 Yet liuing still.
 Selfe-louing pride,
 Lookes coyly strange,

Will Reafons guide,
Defire of change.
And laft of all,
Blinde Fancies fire ;
Falfe Beauties thrall,
That bindes defire.

All thefe I offer to Difdaine,
By whome I liue from fancie free,
With vow, that if I loue againe,
My life the facrifce fhall bee.

Vicinus & domitum pedibus calcamus amorem.

ANOMOS.

CERTAINE OTHER POEMS VPON DIUERSE
SUBIECTS, BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

*Three Odes tranſlated out of Anacreon,
the Greeke Lyrick Poet.*

ODE I.

Of Atreus Sonnes faine would I write,
And faine of Cadmus would I ſing :
My Lute is fet on Loues delight,
And onely Loue ſounds eu'ry ſtring.

Of late my Lute I alt'red quite,
Both frets and ſtrings for tunes aboue,

I fung of fierce Alcides might,
My Lute would found no tune but Loue,
Wherefore yee worthies all farewell,
No tune but Loue my Lute can tell.

ODE II.

The Bull by nature hath his hornes,
The Horſe his hooues to daunt their foes,
The light-foot Hare the hunter ſcornes,
The Lions teeth his ſtrength diſcloſe.

The Fiſh, by ſwimming, ſcapes the weele,
The Bird, by flight, the fowlers net,
With wiſedome Man is arm'd as ſteele,
Poore women none of theſe can get.

What haue they then? faire Beauties grace,
A two-edg'd Sworde, a truſty Shielde,
No force reſiſts a louely face,
Both fire and ſworde to Beautie yielde.

ODE III.

Of late, what time the Beare turnd round
At midnight in her woonted way,
And men of all forts ſlept full found,
O'recome with labour of the day.

The God of Loue came to my dore,
And tooke the ring and knockt it hard.

Who's there, quoth I, that knocks so fore,
You breake my sleepe, my dreames are marde?

A little boy forsooth, quoth hee,
Dung-wet with raine this Moonelesse night;
With that mee thought it pittied mee,
I ope the dore, and candle light.

And straight a little boy I spide,
A winged Boy with shaftes and bow,
I tooke him to the fire side,
And fet him downe to warme him so.

His little hands in mine I straine,
To rub and warme them therewithall:
Out of his locks I crueth the raine,
From which the drops apace downe fall.

At last, when he was waxen warme,
Now let me try my bow, quoth hee,
I feare my string hath caught some harme,
And wet, will proue too flacke for mee.

Hee faid, and bent his bow, and shot,
And wightly hit me in the hart;
The wound was fore and raging hot,
The heate like fury rekes my smart.

Mine host, quoth he, my string is well,
And laugh't, so that he leapt againe:
Looke to your wound for feare it swell,
Your heart may hap to feele the paine.

ANACREONS SECOND ODE, OTHERWISE.

Nature in her worke doth giue,
To each thing that by her doth liue :
A proper gift whereby shee may,
Preuent in time her owne decay.

The Bull a horne, the horse a hoofe,
The light-foote hare to run aloofe :
The Lyons strength who may resist,
The birds aloft, flie where they list.

The fish swimmes safe in waters deepe,
The filly worme at least can creepe :
What is to come, men can forecast,
And learne more witt, by that is past :

The womans gift what might it bee,
The fame for which the Ladies three,
Pallas, Juno, Venus straue,
When each desired it to haue.

T. S.

ANACREONS THIRD ODE, OTHERWISE.

Cupid abroad, was lated in the night,
His wings were wett, with ranging in the raine,
Harbour hee fought, to mee hee tooke his flight,
To dry his plumes, I heard the Boy complayne.
I opte the doore, and granted his desire,
I rose my felfe, and made the Wag a fire.

Prying more narrow by the fiers flame,
I spide his Quiuer hanging at his backe :
Doubting the Boy might my misfortune frame,
I would haue gone for feare of further wracke.
 But what I feard, did mee poore wretch betide,
 For forth hee drew an Arrow from his side.

Hee pierft the quicke, and I began to start,
A pleasing wound, but that it was too high :
His shaft procurde a sharpe, yet fugged smart,
Away hee flew, for now his wings were dry ;
 But left the Arrow sticking in my Brest,
 That fore I greeue, I welcom'd fuch a Gueft.

R. G.

The loweft Trees haue tops, the Ante her gall,
The flie her fplene, the little sparkes their heate :
The flender haire cast shadowes, though but small,
And Bees haue ftings, although they be not great :
 Seas haue their fourfe, & fo haue shallow fprings,
 And loue is loue, in Beggars, as in Kings.

Where riuers fmoother run, deepe are the foords,
The Diall ftirres, yet none perceiues it mooue :
The firmeft faith is in the feweft wordes,
The Turtles cannot fing, and yet they loue :
 True harts haue eyes, & eares, no tongs to fpeake,
 They heare, & fee, and figh, and then they breake.

Incerto.

*An Answer to the first Staffe, that Loue is vnlike in
Beggers and in Kings.*

Compare the Bramble with the Cedar tree,
The Pismyres anger which the Lyons rage :
What is the Buzzing flie where Eagles bee ?
A drop the sparke, no seas can Aetna swage.
 Small is the heat in Beggers breasts that springs,
 But flaming fire consumes the hearts of Kings.

Who shrouds himself where slender hairs cast shade :
But mighty Oakes may scorn the Summer Sun :
Small cure will serue, where Bees the wound haue made
But Dragons poyson through each part doth run :
 Light is the loue that Beggers besome stings,
 Deepe is the wound that Cupid makes in Kings.

Small channels serue, where shallow springs do slide,
And little helpe will turne or stay their course :
The highest banks scarce holde the swelling tide,
Which ouer-throwes all stops with raging force :
 The baser fort scarce wett them in the springs,
 Which ouer-whelme the heads of mighty kings,

What though in both the hart bee fet of Loue ?
The self same ground both corne and cockle breeds
Fast by the Bryer, the Pine-tree mounts aboue,
One kinde of grasse, the Iade and Iennet feedes :
 So from the heart, by secret virtue springs,
 Vnlike desire in Beggers and in kings.

Anomos.

A Song, in praise of a Beggers life.

Bright shines the Sun, play Beggers play,
Here's scraps enough to serue to day.
What noyfe of Vials is so fweete,
As when our merry clappers ring?
What mirth doth want where Beggers meete?
A Beggers life is for a King.
 Eate, drinke, and play, sleepe when wee list,
 Go where wee will, so stocks be mist.
 Bright shines, &c.

The world is ours, and ours alone,
For wee alone haue world at will,
Wee purchase not, all is our owne,
Both fields and streetes wee Beggers fill.
 Nor care to get, nor feare to keepe,
 Did euer breake a Beggers sleepe.
 Bright shines, &c.

A hundred head of blacke and white,
Vpon our downes securely feede,
If any dare his master bite,
He dies therefore as sure as Creede.
 Thus Beggers Lord it as they please,
 And none but Beggers liue at ease.
 Bright shines the Sun, &c.

Vpon beginning without making an end.

Begin, and halfe is done, yet halfe vndone remaines,
 Begin that half, & al is done, & thou art easd of pains
 The fecond halfe is all, when halfe thereof is dun,
 The other halfe is al again, new work must be begun
 Thus he that ftill begins, doth nothing but by halues,
 And things half done, as good vndone, half oxen are but
 calues.

*An Epigram to Sir Phillip Sydney in Elegicall Verfe,
 Translated out of Iodelle, the French Poet.*

Cambridge, worthy Philip, by this verfe builds thee an
 Altar,

Gainst time & tempest, strong to abide for euer,
 That praise of verses no length of time can abolish,
 Which Greece & Italy purchased endles honor.
 I then pursuing their steps like glory to purchase,
 Will make thy memory famous in after ages,
 And in these measured verses thy glory be founded,
 So be thy holy fauor, help to my holy fury.

HEXAMETERS, *Vpon the neuer-enough praised
 Sir Phillip Sidney.*

What can I now suspect? or, what can I feare any longer?
 Oft did I feare, oft hope, whil't life in Sidney remained.
 Of nothing can I now despaire, for nought can I hope for;

This good is in misery, when great extremitie grieues vs,
That neither hope of good, nor feare of worfe can affright vs.
And can I then complaine, when no complaint can auaille
me?

How can I feeme to be discontent, or what can I weepe for?
He liues eternall, with endlesse Glorie bedecked:
Yea still on earth hee liues, and still shall liue by the
Muses.

An other vpon the same.

What strange aduenture? what now vnlook't for arriuall,
Hath drawne the Muses from sweete Boetia mountaines,
To chuse our country, to seeke in London abiding?
Are faire Castalian streames dride? stands Cyrrha no
longer?

Or loue the Muses, like wantons, oft to be changing?
Scarfe can I that suppose, scarfe thinke I those to be Muses.
No found of melody, no voyce but drery lamenting.
Yet well I wot too well, Muses most dolefully weeping.
See where Melpomene fits hidde for a shame in a corner.
Heare ye the carefull sighes, fetcht from the depth of her
entrailes?

There weepes Calliope, there sometimes lusty Thaleia.
Ay me! alas, now know I the cause, now seeke I no further,
Heere lies their glory, their hope, their onely reioycing.
Dead lies worthy Philip, the care and praise of Apollo,
Dead lies his carcase, but fame shall liue to the worldes end.

Others vpon the same,

Whom can I first accuse? whose fault account I the
greatest?

Where kept the Muses, what countries haunted Apollo?
Where loyted bloody Mars? where lingred worthy Mi-
nerua?

What could three Sisters doe more then nine in a combat?
Was force of no force? was fayre entreatie refused?

Where is the Musicke, that sometimes mooued Alecto?
That gained Eurydice, that left Proserpina weeping;
Chooſe whether of the twoo you liſt, your ſkill to be nothing,
Or your moſt faithfull ſeruants vnkindly rewarded.

And thou that braggeſt of ſkilfull ſurgery knowledge,
That canſt of Simples diſcerne the qualitie ſecret,
And giue fitt plaſters, for wounds that ſeeme to be cureleſſe,
Whereto auailles thy ſkill? that can not Sidney recouer,
And couldſt thou whilome preuaile with deſtinie fatall:

For King Admetus gainſt courſe of naturall order,
And canſt doe nothing to ſaue ſo faithfull a ſeruant?
As for Mars well I wot, cold froſt of Thracia kingdome,
Hath kild all kindnes, no ruth of him can be lookt for:
And daintie Pallas diſdain'd for-ſooth to bee preſent,
Enuie perhaps: nay greefe as I geſſe, was cauſe of her
abſence.

Only wee poore wretches, whom Gods and Muses abandon,
Lament thy timeleſſe decay with ſorrowfull outcries,
But yet if hap ſome Muſe, would adde new grace to my
verſes,

Germany, France, Italy, Spaine, Denmark, Perſia, Turkey,

India where Phœbus climes from the sea to the skie-ward,
 India where Phœbus declines from skie to the Sea-ward,
 Tartary, Pole, Lettow, Muscouy, Bohemia, Norway,
 All coasts where rising or falling Phœbus appeereth,
 Should heare, and wonder to heare thy glory refounded :
 Armenian Tiges enrag'd for theft of a youngling,
 Princely Lions roaring, for want of prey to be starued,
 Fierce Beares, and grunting wild Boares, vpon Arcady
 mountaines,

Should stand astonisht, forgetting naturall of-spring,
 Forgetting hunger, forgetting slaughter appoynted.
 As when Calliopes deere sonne, sweete harmony finging,
 Vnto the true consent of his Harpe-strings tuned in order,
 Drew from their places wilde beasts and trees by the
 musicke.

Swift-flowing Hebrus stai'd all his streames in a wonder,
 As if chill coldenes frorne had them downe to the bottome,
 But for I wote too well my slender skill to be nothing,
 Heere will I quite forweare both Verse and Muse in an
 anger,

Left hap my rudenesse disgrace thy glory by praising.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

To Time.

Eternall time, that wastest without waste,
 That art, and art not, diest, and liuest still :
 Most flowe of al, and yet of greatest haste,
 Both ill, and good, and neither good, nor ill.
 How can I iustly praise thee, or dispraise ?
 Darke are thy nights, but bright & cleer thy daies.

Both free and scarce, thou giu'ft and tak'ft againe,
 Thy wombe that all doth breede, is Tombe to all :
 Whatso by thee hath life, by thee is flaine,
 From thee do all things rife, by thee they fall.
 Constant, inconstant, moouing, ftanding ftill,
 Was, is, fhall bee, do thee both breed and kill.

I loofe thee, while I feeke to finde thee out,
 The farther off, the more I follow thee ;
 The faster hold, the greater caufe of doubt,
 Was, is, I know, but fhall, I cannot fee.
 All things by thee are meafur'de, thou by none,
 All are in thee, thou in thy felfe alone.

A Meditation vpon the frailty of this Life.

O trifling toyes that toffe the braines,
 While loathsome life doth laft !
 O wished wealth, O fugged ioyes,
 O Life when death is paft :
 Who loaths exchange of loffe with gaine ?
 Yet loath we deathe as hel.
 What woefull wight would wifh his woe ?
 Yet wifh we here to dwell.
 O Fancy fraile that feedes on earth,
 And ftayes on flipp'ry ioyes :
 O noble minde, O happy man,
 That can contemne fuch toyes.

Such toyes as neither perfect are,
 And can not long endure,

Our greatest skill, our sweetest ioy,
 Vncertaine and vnfore :
 For life is short and learning long,
 All pleasure mixt with woe ;
 Sicknes and sleepe steale time vnseene,
 And ioyes doe come and goe.
 Thus learning is but learn'd by halfe,
 And ioy enioy'd no while,
 That serues to shew thee what thou want'st.
 This helpe thee to beguile.

But after death is perfect skill,
 And ioy without decay,
 When sinne is gone that blindes our eyes,
 And steales our ioyes away :
 No crowing cocke shall raise vs vp,
 To spend the day in vaine,
 No weary labour shall vs driue
 To goe to bed againe.
 But for wee feelee not what wee want,
 Nor know not what we haue,
 Wee loue to keepe the bodies life,
 We loathe the Soule to saue.

A Dialogue betweene the Soule and the Body.

Soule.

Ay me, poore Soule, whom bound in sinful chains
 This wretched body keepes against my will !

Body. Aye mee poore Body, whom for all my paines,
 This froward soule causlesse condemneth stil.

Soule. Causles ? whenas thou striu'st to sin each day ?
 Causles : whenas I striue thee to obay.

Soule. Thou art the meanes, by which I fall to fin,

Body. Thou art the cause that set't this means awork.

Soule. No part of thee that hath not faultie bin :

Body. I shew the poyson that in thee doth lurke.

Soule. I shall be pure when so I part from thee :

So were I now, but that thou stainest mee.

SAPPHICKS. *Vpon the Passion of Christ.*

Hatred eternall, furious reuenging,

Mercileffe raging, bloody persecuting,

Slanderous speeches, odious reuilings,

 Causeleffe abhorring ;

Impious scoffings by the very Abiects,

Dangerous threatning, by the Priests annoiuted,

Death full of torment in a shamefull order,

 Christ did abide here.

Hee that in glory was aboue the Angels,

Changed his glory for an earthy Carcasse,

Yeelded his glory to a sinfull out-cast,

 Glory refusing.

Mee that in bondage many finnes retained,

Hee for his goodnes, for his only goodnes,

Brought from hell-torments to the ioyes of heauen,

 Not to bee numbred.

Dead in offences, by his ayde reuiued,

Quickned in spirit, by the grace hee yeeldeth,

Sound then his prayfes, to the worlds amasement,

 Thankfully finging.

ANOMOS.

DIVERSE POEMS OF SVNDRY AVTHORS.

A Hymne in prayse of Musicke.

Prayse, Pleasure, Profit, is that three-fold band,
Which ties mēs minds more fast thē Gardiōs knot
Each one some drawes, al three none can withstand,
Of force conioyn'd, Conquest is hardly got.

Then Musicke may of harts a Monarke bee,
Wherein Praise, Pleasure, Profit, so agree.

Praise-worthy Musicke is, for God it prayseth,
And pleafant, for brute beasts therein delight :
Great profit from it flowes, for why it raiseth
The minde ouerwhelmed with rude passions might.

When against reason passions fond rebell,
Musicke doth that confirme, and these expell.

If Musicke did not merit endlesse prayse,
Would heau'nly Spheres delight in siluer round ?
If ioyous pleasure were not in sweet layes,
Would they in Court and Country so abound ?
And profitable needs wee must that call,
Which pleasure linkt with praise doth bring to al.

Heroicke minds with praises most incited,
Seeke praise in Musicke, and therein excell :
God, man, beasts, birds, with Musicke are delighted ;
And pleafant t'is, which pleaseth all so well.

No greater profit is then selfe content,
And this doth Musick bring, and care preuent.

When Antique Poets Muficks praifes tell,
 They fay it beafts did please, and stones did moue :
 To proue more dul then stones, then beafts more fel,
 Those men, which pleasing Mufick did not Loue.
 They fain'd, it Cities built, and States defended,
 To shew the profit great on it depended.

Sweet birds (poore mens Musitians) neuer flake
 To sing sweet Muficks prayfes day and night :
 The dying Swans in Musicke pleasure take,
 To shew, that it the dying can delight ;
 In sicknes, health, peace, war, wee do it need,
 Which proues, sweet Muficks profit doth exceed.

But I, by niggard praying, do disprayse
 Prayse-worthy Musicke in my worthles Ryme :
 Ne can the pleasing profit of sweet layes,
 Any faue learned Muses well define.
 Yet all by these rude lines may clearly see,
 Prayse, Pleasure, Profit, in sweet Musicke bee.

I. D.

TEN SONNETS, TO PHILOMEL.

SONNET I.

Vpon Loues entring by his Eares.

Oft did I heare, our Eyes the passage were,
 By which Loue entred to auaille our hearts ;
 Therefore I guarded them, and voyd of feare
 Neglected the defence of other parts.

Loue knowing this, the vsuall way forfooke;
And seeking, found a by-way by mine Eare:
At which hee entring, my Hart pris'ner tooke,
And vnto thee sweet Philomel did beare.
Yet let my hart, thy hart to pittie moue,
Whose paine is great, although smal fault appeare:
First it lies bound in fettering chaines of Loue,
Then each day it is rackt with hope and feare.
And with loues flame t'is euermore consumed,
Only, because to loue thee it presumed.

SONNET II.

O why did Fame my Hart to Loue betray,
By telling my Deares vertue and perfection?
Why did my Traytor Eares to it conuay.
That Syren-song cause of my Harts infection?
Had I bene deafe, or Fame her gifts concealed,
Then had my Hart been free from hopeles Loue:
Or were my state likewise by it reuealed,
Well might it Philomel to pittie moue.
Thē shold shee know how loue doth make me languish,
Distracting mee twixt hope and dreadfull feare:
Then shold shee know my care, my pla[i]nts, & anguish
All which for her deere sake I meekely beare.
Yea I could quietly deaths paynes abide,
So that shee knew that for her sake I dide.

SONNET III.

Of his owne, and his Mistris sicknes at one time.

Sickenes entending my Loue to betray,
Before I should fight of my Deare obtaine :
Did his pale collours in my face display,
Lest that my Fauour might her fauour gaine.
Yet not content herewith, like meanes it wrought,
My Philomels bright beauty to deface :
And Natures glory to disgrace it fought,
That my conceiued Loue it might displace.
But my firme Loue could this affault well beare,
Which Vertue had, not beauty for his ground :
And yet bright beames of beauty did appeare,
Throgh sicknes vail, which made my loue aboūd
If sicke (thought I) her beauty so excell,
How matchlesse would it bee if thee were well ?

SONNET IIII.

Another of her Sicknes, and Recovery.

Pale Death himfelfe did Loue my Philomel,
When hee her Vertues and rare beutie faw :
Therefore hee sicknesse sent, which should expell,
His Riual life, and my Deere to him draw.
But her bright beauty dazeled so his Eyes,
That his dart life did misse, though her it hitt :
Yet not therewith content, new meanes hee tries,
To bring her vnto Death, and make life flitt.

But Nature foone perceiuing, that hee meant
 To spoyle her only Phœnix, her chiefe pride :
 Affembled all her force, and did preuent,
 The greateft mischief that could her betide.
 So both our liues and loues Nature defended,
 For had shee dide, my loue and life had ended.

SONNET V.

Allusion to Theseus voyage to Crete, against the Minotaure.

My Loue is sayl'd, against dislike to fight,
 Which, like vild monster, threatens his decay :
 The ship is Hope, which by Desires great might,
 Is swiftly borne towards the wished Bay :
 The company which with my Loue doth fare,
 (Though met in one) is a dissenting crew ;
 They are Ioy, Greefe, and neuer sleeping Care,
 And doubt, which ne'r beleeuēs good news for true.
 Black feare the Flag is, which my ship doth beare,
 Which (Deere) take downe, if my Loue victor be
 And let white Comfort in his place appeare,
 When Loue victoriously returnes to mee,
 Left I from rocke Despayre come tumbling downe
 And in a Sea of Teares bee forc't to drowne.

SONNET VI.

Vpon her looking secretly out of a window as hee passed by.

Once did my Philomel reflect on mee
 Her Christall pointed Eyes as I passd by,

Thinking not to be seene, yet would mee see ;
But foone my hungry Eyes their foode did spie.
Alas, my Deere, couldst thou suppose, that face
Which needs not enuy Phœbus cheefest pride,
Could secretee bee, although in secretee place,
And that transparāt glas such beams could hide ?
But if I had beene blinde, yet Loues hot flame
Kindled in my poore heart by thy bright Eye,
Did plainly shew when it so neere thee came,
By more then vsuall heate, the cause was nie :
So though thou hidden wert, my hart and eye
Did turne to thee by mutuall Sympathy.

SONNET VII.

When time nor place would let me often view
Natures chiefe Mirror, and my sole delight ;
Her liuely Picture in my hart I drew,
That I might it behold both day and night,
But shee, like Phillips Son, scorning that I
Should portray her wanting Apelles Art,
Commaunded Loue (who nought dare hir deny)
To burne the Picture which was in my Hart.
The more Loue burn'd the more her picture shin'd
The more it shin'de, the more my hart did burne
So what to hurt her picture was assign'd,
To my Harts ruine and decay did turne.
Loue could not burne the Saint, it was diuine,
And therefore fir'd my hart, the Saints poore shrine.

SONNET VIII.

Whenas the Sun eclipsed is, some fay,
 It thunder, lightuing, raine, & wind portendeth :
 And not vnlike but such things happen may,
 Sith like effects my Sun eclipsed fendeth.
 Witnes my throat made hoars with thundring cries,
 And hart with loues hot flashing lightnings fired,
 Witnes the showers which stil fal from mine eies,
 And breft with sighs like stormy winds neare riued.
 Shine then once againe, sweete Sun on mee,
 And with thy beames dissolue clouds of dispaire,
 Whereof these raging Meteors framed bee,
 In my poore hart by absence of my faire,
 So shalt thou proue thy Beames, thy heate, thy light,
 To match the Sun in glory, grace, and might.

SONNET IX.

*Vpon sending her a Gold Ring, with this Pofie
 Pure, and Endlesse.*

If you would know the Loue which you I beare,
 Compare it with the Ring, which your faire hand
 Shal make more pretious, when you shal it weare ;
 So my Loues Nature you shall vnderstand
 Is it of mettall pure ? so you shall proue
 My Loue, which ne're disloyal thought did stain,
 Hath it no end ? so endles is my Loue,
 Vnlesse you it destroy with your disdaine.
 Doth it the purer waxe the more tis tride ?
 So doth my Loue : yet herein they diffent,

That whereas Gold the more tis purifi'd,
 By waxing leffe, doth shew some part is spent,
 My Loue doth wax more pure by you more trying,
 And yet encreaseth in the purifying.

SONNET X.

My Cruell Deere hauing captiu'de my hart,
 And bound it fast in Chaynes of restless Loue :
 Requires it out of bondage to depart,
 Yet is shee sure from her it cannot moue.
 Draw back (sayd shee) your hopelesse loue from me,
 Your worth requireth a more worthy place :
 Vnto your fute though I cannot agree,
 Full many will it louingly embrace.
 It may bee so (my Deere) but as the Sun
 When it appeares doth make the stars to vanish :
 So when your selfe into my thoughts do run,
 All others quite out of my Hart you bannish.
 The beames of your Perfections shine so bright,
 That straightway they dispell all others light.

*Melophilus.**A Hymne in praise of Neptune.*

Of Neptunes Empyre let vs sing,
 At whose command the waues obay :
 To whom the Riuers tribute pay,
 Downe the high mountaines sliding :
 To whom the skaly Nation yeelds
 Homage for the Cristall fields
 Wherein they dwell ;

And euery Sea-god paies a Iem,
Yeerely out of his watry Cell,
To decke great Neptunes Diadem.

The Trytons dauncing in a ring,
Before his Pallace gates, doo make
The water with their Ecchoes quake,
Like the great Thunder founding :
The Sea-Nymphes chaunt their Accents thrill,
And the Syrens taught to kill
With their sweet voyce ;
Make eu'ry ecchoing Rocke reply,
Vnto their gentle murmuring noyse,
The prayfe of Neptunes Empery.

Th. Campion.

*This Hymne was sung by Amphitryte Thamesis, and other
Sea-Nymphes in Grayes-Inne Maske, at the
Court. 1594.*

Of his Mistresses Face.

And would you see my Miftres face ?
It is a flowry garden-place :
Where knots of beauty haue such grace,
That al is worke, and no where space.

It is a sweet delicious Morne,
Where day is breeding, neuer borne :
It is a Meadow yet vnshorne,
Which thousand flowers do adorne.

It is the Heauens bright reflexe,
 Weake eyes to dazle and to vexē :
 It is th' Idæa of her fex,
 Enuie of whom doth world perplex.

It is a face of death that smiles,
 Pleasing, though it kill the whiles :
 Where death and loue in pretty wiles,
 Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fayre Beauties freshest youth,
 It is the fain'd Eliziums truth :
 The spring that wintred Harts renu'th,
 And this is that my Soule purfu'th.

Th. Campion.

Vpon his Palenesse.

Blame not my Cheeks, though pale with loue they bee,
 The kindly heate into my hart is flowne :
 To cheerish it that is dismaid by thee,
 Who art so cruell and vnstedfast growne.
 For Nature cold for by distressed hartes,
 Neglects, and quite forsakes the outward partes.

But they whose cheeks with careles blood are stained,
 Nurse not one sparke of Loue within their harts :
 And when they woo, they speake with passion faine,
 For their fat loue lies in their outward partes.
 But in their breasts wher loue his court shuld hold,
 Poore Cupid sits, and blowes his nayles for cold.

Th. Campion.

Of Corinnaes singing.

When to her Lute Corinna fings,
Her voyce reuiues the leaden strings,
And doth in higheſt notes appeere,
As any challeng'd Eccho cleere.
But when ſhee doth of mourning ſpeake,
Eu'n with her ſighes the ſtrings do breake.

And as her Lute doth liue or die,
Led by her paſſions, ſo muſt I :
For when of pleaſure ſhee doth ſing,
My thoughts enioy a ſodaine ſpring :
But if ſhe doe of ſorrow ſpeake,
Eu'n from my hart the ſtrings doe breake.

Th. Campion.

A Dialogue betwixt the Louer and his Lady.

Lady, my flame ſtill burning,
And my conſuming anguiſh,
Doth grow ſo great, that life I feele to languish,
Then let your Heart be moued,
To end my griefe and yours, ſo long time proued.
And quench the heate that my chiefe part ſo fireth,
Yeelding the fruit that faithfull loue requireth.

Her Anſwere.

Sweete Lord, your flame ſtill burning,
And your conſuming anguiſh,

Cannot be more than mine, in which I languish,
 Nor more your Heart is moued,
 To end my griefe and yours so long time proued.
 But if I yeelde, and so your loue decreaseth,
 Then I my Louer loose, and your loue ceaseth.

Ignoto.

AN ELEGIE.

O faithles World, and thy most faithles part,
 A Womans Harte :
 The true Shop of varietie, where fittes
 Nothing but fittes,
 And feauers of Desire, and pangs of Loue,
 Which toyes remoue.
 Why was shee borne to please, or I to trust
 Words writ in dust ?
 Suffring her eyes to gouerne my Despaire,
 My paine for Aire,
 And fruit of time rewarded with vntruth,
 The food of youth.
 Vntrue shee was, ytt I belieue'd her eyes,
 Instructed spies,
 Till I was taught ; that Loue was but a Schoole
 To breed a foole.
 Or fought she more then Triumphs of deniall,
 To see a tryall.
 How farre her Smiles commanded my weakenes ?
 Yeeld and confesse :
 Excuse not now thy folly, nor her Nature ;
 Blush and endure

Aswell thy shame, as passions that were vaine,
And thinke thy gaine,
To know that Loue, lodg'd in a Womans Brest
Is but a Ghest.

H. W.

Concept begotten by the eyes,
Is quickly borne, and quickly dies :
For while it seekes our harts to haue,
Meane while there Reason makes his graue :
For many things the eyes approue,
Which yet the hart doth feldome loue.

For as the feedes in spring time sowne,
Die in the ground ere they be growne,
Such is concept, whose rooting failes,
As childe that in the cradle quailes,
Or else within the Mothers wombe,
Hath his beginning, and his tombe.

Affection followes Fortunes wheelles ;
And soone is shaken from her heeles ;
For following beautie or estate,
Hir liking still is turn'd to hate.
For all affections haue their change,
And fancie onely loues to range.

Desire himselfe runnes out of breath,
And getting, doth but gaine his death :
Desire, nor reason hath, nor rest.
And blinde doth fildome chuse the best,
Desire attain'd is not desire,
But as the finders of the fire.

As shippes in ports desir'd are drown'd,
 As fruit once ripe, then fallies to ground,
 As flies that seeke for flames, are brought
 To cinders by the flames they fought :
 So fond Desire when it attaines,
 The life expires, the woe remains.

And yet some Poets faine would proue,
 Affection to be perfit loue,
 And that Desire is of that kinde,
 No lesse a passion of the minde.
 As if wilde beafts and men did seeke,
 To like, to loue, to chuse alike.

W. R.

MADRIGAL.

Faustina hath the fairer face,
 And Phillida the feater grace,
 Both haue mine eie enritched.
 This sings full sweetely with her voyce,
 Her fingers make as sweete a noyse,
 Both haue mine eare bewitched.
 Ay me! fith Fates haue so prouided,
 My heart (alas) must be divided.

To his Ladies Garden, being absent far from her.

Garden more then Eden blessed
 Art thou, thus to haue thy bowers,
 Free'd from Winter, and still dressed
 With her faces Heau'n-set flowers.

Happy too are these thy Allies,
Where her faire feete deigne to tred,
Which departing Earths low Vallies,
Shall the Milky way be led.

Thy Trees whose Armes her embraced,
And whose fruit her lips did kis,
In whose vertuous minde well placed
The rare Tree of knowledge is.

Happy are : So thy Birds bee,
Whom shee learnes to sing by Art,
Who in heauenly harmonie,
With the Angels beares a part.

Happy, bleft, and fortunate,
Bowers, Allies Trees, and Burds,
But my most vnhappy fate,
Far furmounds all reach of words.

T. Sp.

Vpon his Ladies sicknesse of the Small Pockes.

Cruel and vnpartiall Sicknesse,
Sword of that Arch-Monarke Death,
That subdues all strength by weakenesse,
Whom all Kings pay tribute breath.

Are not these thy steps I tracke,
In the pure snow of her face,
When thou didst attempt to sacke
Her liues fortresse and it rase?

Th' Heauenly Honny thou didst sucke,
 From her Rose Cheekes might suffize ;
 Why then didst thou mar and plucke
 Those deere flowers of rarest prize ?

Mean'st thou thy Lord to present
 With those ritch spoyles and adorne,
 Leauing mee them to lament,
 And in Inkes blacke teares thus mourne ?

No : Ile in my Bosome weare them,
 And close locke them in my hart :
 Thence, nor time, nor death, shall beare them
 Till I from my selfe do part.

Th. Sp.

A REPORTING SONNET.

Her Face, her Tongue, her Witt, so fayre, so sweet, so
 sharpe,
 First bent, then drew, now hitt, mine Eye, mine Eare, my
 Hart :
 Mine Eye, mine Eare, my Hart, to like, to learne, to loue,
 Her face, her tongue, her witt, doth leade, doth teach, doth
 moue :
 Her face, her tongue, her witt, with beames, with sound,
 with Art,
 Doth blinde, doth charme, doth rule, mine Eye, mine
 Eare, my Hart :
 Mine Eye, mine eare, my hart, with life, with hope, with
 skill,

Her face, her tongue, her witt, doth feede, doth feast, doth
fill.
O face, O tongue, O witt, with frownes, with checks, with
smart,
Wring not, vexe not, wound not, mine Eye, mine eare, my
hart,
This Eye, this eare, this Hart, shall ioy, shall binde, shall
fweare,
Your face, your tongue, your witt, to serue, to loue, to feare.

SONNET.

Only (sweet loue) afforde mee but thy hart,
Then close thine eis within their iuory couers
That they to mee no beame of light impart,
Although they shine on all thy other louers.
As for thy lip of ruby, cheeks of rose,
Though I haue kist them oft with sweet Content
I am content that sweet content to lose,
If thy sweet will will bar me, I assent.
Let me not touch thy hand, but through thy gloue,
Nor let it bee the pledge of kindnes more;
Keepe all thy beauties to thy selfe, sweet loue,
I aske not such bold fauours as before,
I beg but this, afforde mee but thy hart,
For then I know thou wilt the rest impart.

ODE.

Absence, heare thou my Protestation,
Against thy strength,

Distance, and length ;
Do what thou canst for alteration.
For hearts of truest mettle,
Absence doth ioyne, and Time doth settle.

Who loues a Mistris of such qualitie,
Hee foone hath found
Affections ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality.
To hearts that cannot vary,
Absence is present, Time doth tarry.

My Sences want their outward motions,
Which now within
Reason doth win,
Redoubled in her secret notions :
Like rich men that take pleasure,
In hiding, more then handling Treasure.

By Absence, this good meanes I gaine,
That I can catch her,
Where none can watch her,
In some close corner of my braine,
There I embrace and kisse her,
And so I both enioy and misse her.

Loue is the linke, the knot, the bande of vnitie,
And al that loue, do loue with their belou'd to bee :
Loue only did decree,
To change his kind in mee.
For though I lou'd with all the powers of my mind,

And though my restles thoughts, their rest in her did find :

Yet are my hopes declinde,

Sith thee is most vnkinde.

For since her beuties fun my fruitles hope did breede

By absence from that fun, I hop't to sterue that weed

Though absence did indeede

My hopes not sterue, feede.

For when I shift my place, like to the stricken deere,

I cannot shift the shaft, which in my side I beare :

Ay mee it resteth there

The cause is not elfewhere.

So haue I seene the sick to turne & turne againe,

As if that outward chāge, could ease his inward pain

But still alas in vaine,

The fitt doth stil remaine.

Yet goodnes is the spring from whence this ill doth grow,

For goodnes causde the loue, which great respect did owe :

Respect true loue did shew,

True loue thus wrought my woe.

Ignoto.

SONNET.

Best pleas'd thee is, when Loue is most exprest,

And somtime saies that loue shold be requited ;

Yet is she grieu'd my loue should now be righted

When that my faith hath prou'd what I protest.

Am I belou'd whose hart is thus opprest ?

Or deere to her, and not in her delighted :

I liue to see the Sun, yet still benighted,

By her despayre is blam'de, and hope supprest.

Shee still denies, yet still her hart consenteth,
Shee grants mee all, but that which I desire ;
Shee fuell fends, but bids mee leaue the fire,
Shee lets me die, and yet my death lamenteth.
O foolish Loue, by reason of thy blindnes,
I die for want of Loue, yet kild with kindnes.

SONNET.

When a weake Child is sicke, and out of quiet,
And for his tendernes can not sustaine
Phisicke of equall strength vnto his payne,
Phisitions to the Nurse prescribe a Diet.
Oh I am sicke, and in my sicknesse weake,
And through my weakenes dead ; if I but take
The pleafantest receipt that Art can make,
Or if I heare but my Phisition speake.
But ah (fayre God of Phisick) it may bee,
But Phisick to my Nurse would mee recouer ;
Shee whom I loue with beautie nurseth mee,
But with a bitter mixture kils her Louer.
Yet I assure my felfe, I should not die,
If thee were purged of her crueltie.

SONNET.

Were I as base as is the lowly playne,
And you (my Loue,) as high as heau'n aboue,
Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swaine,
Ascend to Heauen, in honour of my Loue.
Were I as hight as Heau'n aboue the playne,

And you (my Loue) as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the Mayne,
Wherfo'ere you were, with you my Loue should go.
Were you the Earth (deere Loue) and I the skies,
My loue should shine on you like to the Sun,
And looke vpon you with ten thousand Eyes,
Till heau'n wax't blind, and til the world were dun.
Wherefo'ere I am, below, or els aboue you,
Wherefo'ere you are, my hart shal truly loue you.

I. S.

A MADRIGAL.

My Loue in her Attire doth shew her witt,
It doth so well become her :
For eu'ry season she hath dressings fitt,
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.
No Beautie shee doth misse,
When all her Robes are on :
But Beauties selfe shee is,
When all her Robes are gone.

A MADRIGAL.

When I to you complayne,
Of all the woe and payne,
Which you make mee endure without release :
You answere nought againe,
But, Beare and hold your peace.
Deer I will beare, and hold my peace, if you,
Will hold your peace, and beare what I shall doo.

SONNET.

The Poets fayne that when the world beganne,
 Both sexes in one body did remaine ;
 Till Ioue (offended with this double man)
 Cau'd Vulcan to diuide him into twaine.
 In this diuision, he the hart did feuer,
 But cunningly he did indent the hart,
 That if there were a reuniting euer,
 Ech part might know which was his counterpart.
 See then (deere loue) th' Indenture of my hart,
 And reade the Cou'nants writ with holy fire :
 See (if your hart be not the counterpart,
 Of my true harts indented chaste desire.)
 And, if it bee, so may it euer bee,
 Twoo harts in one, twixt you my Loue and mee.

I. S.

An Inuective against Women.

Are women faire ? I wondrous faire to see to,
 Are women sweete ? Yea passing sweet they be to ;
 Most faire and sweete to them that inlie loue them,
 Chaste & discreet to all, faue those that proue them.

Are women wise ? Not wise, but they be witty,
 Are women witty ? Yea, the more the pittie :
 They are so witty, and in witte so wily,
 That, be you ne're so wise, they will beguile yee.

Are women fooles ? Not fooles but fondlings many,
 Can women fond be faithfull vnto any ?

When snow-white swans do turne to colour fable,
Then women fond will be both firme and stable.

Are women Saints? No Saints, nor yet no Deuills,
Are women good? Not good, but needefull euills.
So Angel-like, that Deuills I do not doubt them;
So needefull ill, that few can liue without them.

Are women proud? I passing proud, & praise them.
Are women kind? I wondrous kind, and please them;
Or so imperious, no man can indure them;
Or so kinde-hearted, any may procure them.

Ignoto.

An Elegie in Trimeter Iambickes.

Vnhappy Verfe! the witnes of my vnhappy state,
Make thy self fluttering wings of thy fast flying thought
And fly forth vnto my Loue, wherefoeuer she be.

Whether lying restlesse in heauy bed, or else
Sitting so cheerelesse at the cheerefull boord, or else
Playing alone carelesse on hir heau'nly Virginalls.

If in Bed, tel her that mine eies can take no rest:
If at Board, tel her that my mouth can taste no food:
If at her Virginalls, tell her I can heare no mirth.

Asked why, say waking Loue suffreth no sleepe:
Say that raging Loue doth appall the weake stomak:
Say that lamenting Loue marreth the musickall.

Tel hir, that hir plesures were wont to lul me asleep
 Tel hir, that hir beautie was wont to feed mine eies :
 Tel hir, that her sweet tongue was wont to make me mirth

Now do I nightly waste, wanting my kindly rest :
 Now do I daily starue, wanting my liuely foode :
 Now do I alwayes die, wanting my timely mirth.

And if I waste, who will bewaile my heauy chance ?
 And if I starue, who will record my curfed end ?
 And if I die, who will fay, this was *Immerito* ?

Edmund Spencer.

SONNET.

Mine eie with all the deadly finnes is fraught,

1. Firft *prowd*, fith it presum'd to looke so hie :
 a watchman being made, stoode gazing by,
 2. and *idle*, tooke no heede till I was caught :
 And *enuious*, beares enuy that by thought
 should in his absence be to her so nie :
 to kill my heart, mine eye let in her eie,
 4. and so consent gaue to a *murther* wrought :
 5. And *couetous*, it never would remoue
 from her faire haire, gold so doth please his sight :
 6. *vnchaste*, a bawde betweene my heart and loue :
 7. a *glutton* eye, with teares drunke euery night.
- These finnes procured haue a Goddesse ire :
 Wherefore my heart is damnd in Loues sweete fire.

H. C.

SONNET.

To two most Honorable and Virtuous Ladies, sisters.

Yee Sister-Muses, doe not yee repine,
 That I *two* Sisters doe with *nine* compare,
 Since each of these is farre more truely rare,
 Then the whole Troope of all the heau'nly nine,
 But if yee aske me which is more diuine,
 I answer, Like to their twinne-eyes they are,
 Of which, ech is more bright than brightest starre
 Yet neither doth more bright than other shine.
 Sisters of spotlesse fame, of whome alone
 Malitious tongues take pleasure to speake well,
 How should I you commend, fith eyther one
 All things in heau'n and earth so farre excell?
 The onely praise I can you giue, is this,
 That One of you like to the other is.

H. C.

ODE.

Of Cynthia.

Th' ancient Readers of Heauens Booke,
 Which with curious eye did looke
 Into Natures story ;
 All things vnder Cynthia tooke
 To bee transitory.

This the learned only knew,
 But now all men finde it true,

B B

Cynthia is descended ;
With bright beames, and heauenly hew,
And leffer starres attended.

Landes and Seas thee rules below,
Where things change, and ebbe, and flowe,
Spring, waxe olde, and perish ;
Only Time which all doth mowe,
Her alone doth cherish.

Times yong howres attend her fill,
And her Eyes and Cheekes do fill,
With fresh youth and beautie :
All her louers olde do grow,
But their hartes, they do not fo
In their Loue and duty.

*This Song was sung before her sacred Maiestie
at a shew on horsebacke, wherewith the right
Honorable the Earle of Cumberland presented
her Highnesse on Maie day last.*

FINIS.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS poetical tract has been selected for our reprint on account of its rarity, the excellence of the greater part of its contents, the high antiquity of some of them, and from the fact that many of the ballads and humorous pieces of versification are either not met with elsewhere, or have been strangely corrupted in repetition through the press. Two or three of them are used by Shakespeare, and the word "incarnardine" is only found in "Macbeth" (A. II, sc. 2), in Carew's poems, and in this tract: here we have it as the name of a red wine; and nobody hitherto has noticed it in that sense.

When Ritson published his "Robin Hood" in 1795, he relied chiefly upon the text of the famous ballad of "Arthur o' Bradley", as he discovered it in the miscellany before us; but, learned in such matters as he undoubtedly was, he was not aware of the very early period at which "Arthur o' Bradley" was so popular as to be quoted in one of our old Moralities, which may have been in existence in the reigns of Henry VI or Henry VII, which was acted while Henry VIII or Edward VI were on the throne, and which is contained in a manuscript bearing the date of 1579.

The few known copies of "An Antidote against Melancholy" are dated 1661, the year after the Restoration, when lawless licence was allowed both to the press and in social intercourse; and, if we permitted ourselves to mutilate our originals, we might

not have reproduced such coarseness ; but still no words will be found which, even a century afterwards, were not sometimes used in private conversation, and which did not even make their appearance at full length in print. Mere words may be said to be comparatively harmless ; but when, as in the time of Charles II, they were employed as incentives to vice and laxity of manners, they become dangerous. The repetition of them in our day, in a small number of reprints, can hardly be offensive to decorum, and unquestionably cannot be injurious to public morals. We always address ourselves to the students of our language and habits of life.

We have never seen a copy of "An Antidote against Melancholy" that was not either imperfect, or in some places illegible from dirt and rough usage, excepting the one we have employed : our single exemplar is as fresh as on the day it was issued from the press. There is an excellent and highly finished engraving on the title-page of gentlemen and boors carousing ; but, as the repetition of it for our purpose would cost more than double every other expense attending our reprint, we have necessarily omitted it. The same plate was afterwards used for one of Brathwayte's pieces ; and we have seen a much worn impression of it on a Drollery near the end of the seventeenth century. It does not at all add to our knowledge on the subject of our reprint.

J. P. C.

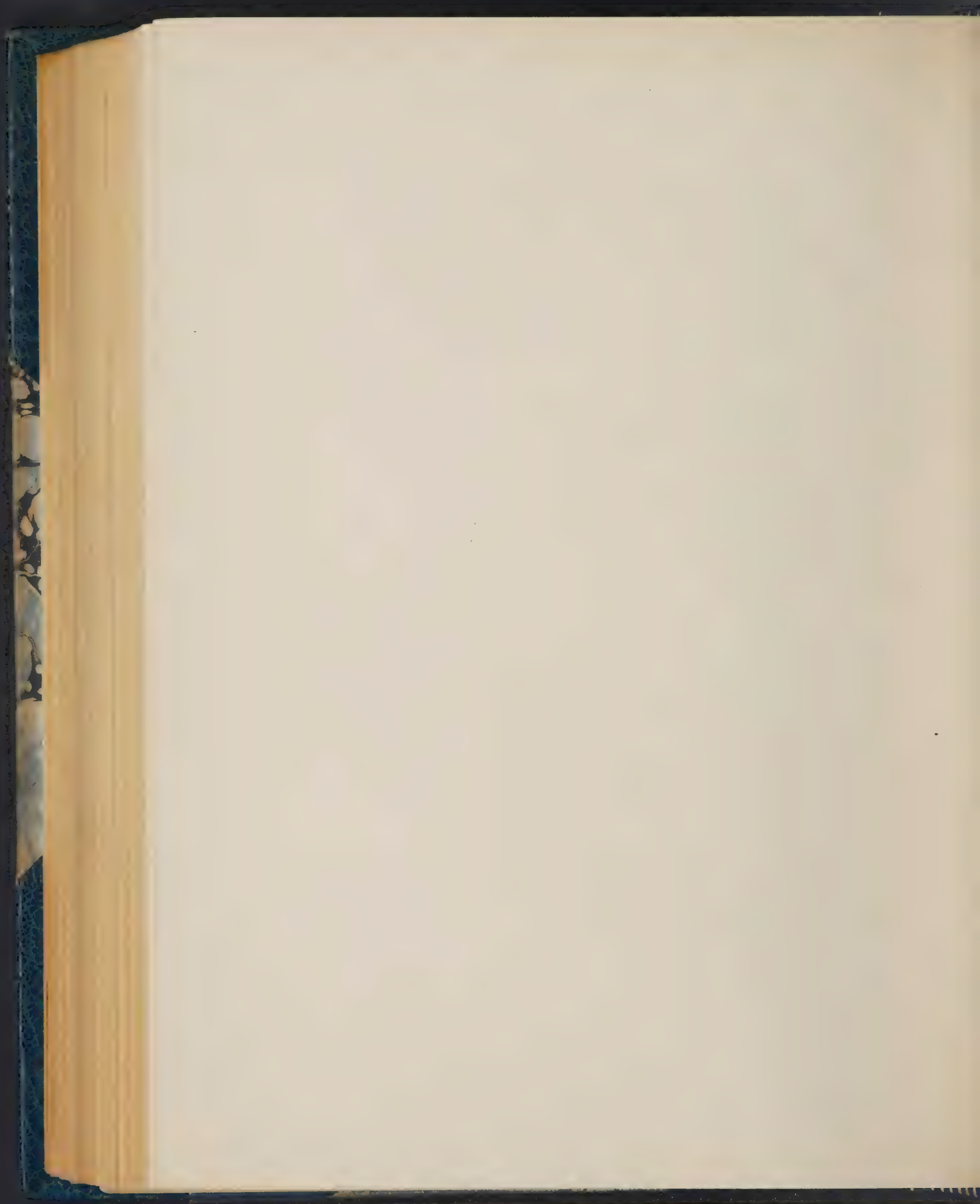
AN
ANTIDOTE
AGAINST
MELANCHOLY:
MADE UP IN PILLS.

*Compounded of Witty Ballads, Jovial Songs,
and Merry Catches.*

These witty Poems, though sometime may seem to halt on crutches,
Yet they'l all merrily please you for your charge, which not much is.



Printed by Mer. Melancholicus, to be sold in
London and Westminster. 1661.



TO THE READER.

THERE'S no Purge 'gainst Melancholly,
But with Bacchus to be jolly :
All else are but dreggs of Folly.

Paracelsus wanted skill
When he fought to cure that ill :
No pectorals like the poets quill.

Here are pills of every fort,
For the country, city, court,
Compounded and made up of sport.

If 'gainst sleep and fumes impure,
Thou thy senses would secure ;
Take this : Coffee's not half so sure.

Wan't thou stomach to thy meat,
And would'st fain restore the heat,
This does more then Choccolet.

Cures the spleene, revives the blood,
Puts thee in a merry mood :
Who can deny such physick good ?

Nothing like to harmles mirth,
'Tis a cordiall on earth,
That gives society a birth.

Then be wise, and buy, not borrow ;
Keep an ounce still for to-morrow,
Better then a pound of sorrow.

N. D.

Ballads, Songs, and Catches in this Book.

	PAGE
1. The Exaltation of a <i>Pot of Good Ale</i> - - -	I
2. The Song of <i>Cook-Lawrel</i> , by Ben Johnson - - -	11
3. The Ballad of <i>The Black-smith</i> - - -	14
4. The Ballad of the <i>Old Courtier and the New</i> - - -	18
5. The Ballad of the Wedding of <i>Arthur of Bradley</i> - - -	21
6. The Ballad of the <i>Green Gown</i> - - -	26
7. The Ballad of the <i>Gelding of the Devil</i> - - -	28
8. The Ballad of <i>Sir Eglamore</i> - - -	31
9. The Ballad of <i>St. George for England</i> - - -	34
10. The Ballad of <i>Blew Cap for me</i> - - -	37
11. The Ballad of the <i>Several Caps</i> - - -	39
12. The Ballad of the <i>Nofes</i> - - -	42
13. The Song of the <i>Hot-headed Zealot</i> - - -	44
14. The Song of the <i>Scismatick Rotundos</i> - - -	47
15. A Glee in praise of <i>Wine</i> - - -	49
16. Sir John Sucklin's Ballad of the <i>Ld. L. Wedding</i> - - -	50
17. The <i>Combat of Cocks</i> - - -	55
18. The <i>Welchman's prayse of Wales</i> - - -	59
19. The <i>Cavaleer's Complaint</i> - - -	61
20. Three several Songs in praise of <i>Sack</i> - - -	65
21. On the <i>Vertue of Sack</i> , by Dr. Hen. Edwards - - -	69
22. The <i>Medly of Nations</i> , to several tunes - - -	73
23. The Ballad of the <i>Brewer</i> - - -	77
24. A Collection of 40 more Merry Catches and Songs - - -	80

PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLLY.

The Ex-Ale-tation of Ale.

NOT drunken nor sober, but neighbour to both,
I met with a friend in *Ales-bury Vale* :
He saw by my face that I was in the case
To speak no great harm of a *pot of good ale*.

Then did he me greet, and said : Since we meet
(And he put me in mind of the name of the dale)
For *Ales-burys* sake some pains I would take,
And not *bury* the praise of a *pot of good ale*.

The more to procure me, then he did adjure me,
If the ale I drank last were nappy and stale,
To do it its right, and stir up my sprite,
And fall to commend a *pot of good ale*.

Quoth I, To commend it I dare not begin,
Left therein my credit might happen to fail ;
For many men now do count it a sin,
But once to look toward a *pot of good ale*.

Yet I care not a pin, for I see no such sin,
Nor any thing else my courage to quail ;
For this do we find, that take it in kind,
Much vertue there is in a *pot of good ale*.

And I mean not to taste, though thereby much grac't,
Nor the *Merry-go-down* without pull or hale
Perfuming the throat, when the stomach's afloat,
With the fragrant sweet scent of a *pot of good ale*.

Nor yet the delight that comes to the fight
To see how it flowers and mantles in gaile,
As green as a leek, with a smile in the cheek,
The true orient colour of a *pot of good ale*.

But I mean the mind, and the good it doth find,
Not onely the body so feeble and fraile ;
For body and soul may bless the black bowle,
Since both are beholden to a *pot of good ale*.

For when heaviness the mind doth oppress,
And sorrow and grief the heart doth assaile,
No remedy quicker than to take off your liquor,
And to wash away cares with a *pot of good ale*.

The widow that buried her husband of late,
Will soon have forgotten to weep and to wale,
And think every day twain, till she marry again,
If she read the contents of a *pot of good ale*.

It is like a belly-blast to a cold heart,
And warms and engenders the spirits vitale :
To keep them from damage all spirits owe their homage
To the sprite of the buttry, a *pot of good ale*.

And down to the legs the vertue doth go,
And to a bad foot-man is as good as a faile :
When it fills the veins, and makes light the brains,
No lackey so nimble as a *pot of good ale*.

The naked complains not for want of a coat,
Nor on the cold weather will once turn his taile ;
All the way as he goes he cuts the wind with his nose,
If he be well wrapt in a *pot of good ale*.

The hungry man takes no thought for his meat,
Though his stomack would brook a ten-penny naile ;
He quite forgets hunger, thinks on it no longer,
If he touch but the sparks of a *pot of good ale*.

The poor man will praise it, so hath he good cause,
That all the year eats neither partridge nor quaille,
But sets up his rest, and makes up his feast,
With a crust of brown bread, and a *pot of good ale*.

The shepherd, the sower, the thresher, the mower,
The one with his scythe, the other with his flaile,
Take them out by the poll, on the peril of my foll,
All will hold up their hands to a *pot of good ale*.

The black-smith, whose bellows all summer do blow,
With the fire in his face still, without e're a vaile,
Though his throat be full dry, he will tell you no lye,
But where you may be sure of a *pot of good ale*.

Who ever denies it, the pris'ners will prayse it,
That beg at the grate, and lye in the goale,
For even in their fetters they thinke themselves better,
May they get but a two-penny black *pot of ale*.

The begger, whose portion is alwayes his prayers,
Not having a tatter to hang on his taile,
Is rich in his rags as a churle in his bags,
If he once but shakes hands with a *pot of good ale*.

It drives his poverty clean out of mind,
Forgetting his brown bread, his wallet, and maile ;
He walks in the house like a six-footed louse,
If he once be inricht with a *pot of good ale*.

And he that doth dig in the ditches all day,
And wearies himself quite at the plough-taile,
Will speak no less things than of queens and of kings,
If he touch but the top of a *pot of good ale*.

'Tis like a whetstone to a blunt wit,
And makes a supply where Nature doth fail :
The dullest wit soon will look quite through the moon,
If his temples be wet with a *pot of good ale*.

Then Dick to his dearling full boldly dares speak,
Though before (filly fellow) his courage did quail :
He gives her the *smouch*, with his hand on his pouch,
If he meet by the way with a *pot of good ale*.

And it makes the carter a courtier straight-way ;
With rhetorical termes he will tell his tale ;
With courtesies great store, and his cap up before,
Being school'd but a little with a *pot of good ale*.

The old man whose tongue wags faster than his teeth,
(For old age by nature doth drivel and drale)
Will frig and will fling, like a dog in a string,
If he warm his cold blood with a *pot of good ale*.

And the good old clarke, whose sight waxeth dark,
And ever he thinks the print is too small,
He will see every letter, and say service better,
If he glaze but his eyes with a *pot of good ale*.

The cheekes and the jawes to commend it have cause;
For where they were late but even wan and pale,
They will get them a colour, no crimson is fuller,
By the true die and tincture of a *pot of good ale*.

Mark her enemies, though they think themselves wise,
How meager they look, with how low a waile,
How their cheeks do fall, without spirits at all,
That alien their minds from a *pot of good ale*.

And now that the grains do work in my brains,
Me thinks I were able to give by retaile
Commodities store, a dozen or more,
That flow to mankind from a *pot of good ale*.

The Muses would muse any should it misuse,
For it makes them to sing like a nightingale,
With a lofty trim note, having washed their throat
With the Caballine Spring of a *pot of good ale*.

And the musician, of any condition,
It will make him reach to the top of his scale:
It will clear his pipes and moisten his lights,
If he drink *alternatim* a *pot of good ale*.

The poet divine that cannot reach wine,
Because that his money doth many times faile,
Will hit on the vein to make a good strain,
If he be but inspir'd with a *pot of good ale*.

For ballads Elderton never had peer;
How went his wit in them, with how merry a gale,
And with all the fails up, had he been at the cup,
And washed his beard with a *pot of good ale*.

And the power of it shewes no whit les in prose :
It will file ones phraze, and set forth his tale ;
Fill him but a bowle, it will make his tongue troule,
For flowing speech flows from a *pot of good ale*.

And Master Philosopher, if he drink his part,
Will not trifle his time in the huske or the shale,
But go to the kernell by the depth of his art,
To be found in the bottom of a *pot of good ale*.

Give a scholar of Oxford a pot of *sixteen*,
And put him to prove that an ape hath no taile,
And sixteen times better his wit will be seen,
If you fetch him from Botley a *pot of good ale*.

Thus it helps speech and wit, and it hurts not a whit,
But rather doth further the *virtues morale*;
Then think it not much, if a little I touch
The good moral parts of a *pot of good ale*.

To the Church and religion it is a good friend,
Or else our fore-fathers their wifedome did faile,
That at every mile next to the church stile
Set a consecrate house to a *pot of good ale*.

But now, as they say, beer bears it away :
The more is the pity, if right might prevaile,
For with this fame beer came up heresie here ;
The old Catholicke drink is a *pot of good ale*.

The churches much ow, as we all do know,
For when they be drooping and ready to fall,
By a Whitson or Church ale up again they shall go,
And owe their repairing to a *pot of good ale*.

Truth will do it right, it brings truth to light,
And many bad matters it helps to reveal ;
For they that will drink will speak what they think :
Tom Tell-troth lies hid in a *pot of good ale*.

It is justices friend, she will it commend,
For all is here served by measure and tale ;
Now, true tale and good measure are justices treasure,
And much to the praise of a *pot of good ale*.

And next, I alledge, it is fortitudes edge,
For a very cow-heard, that shrinks like a snail,
Will swear and will swagger, and out goes his dagger,
If he be but arm'd with a *pot of good ale*.

Yea, ale hath her knights and squires of degree,
That never wore corslet, nor yet shirts of mail,
But have fought their fights all twixt the pot and the wall,
When once they were dub'd with a *pot of good ale*.

And sure it will make a man suddenly wise,
Er'e-while was scarce able to tell a right tale :
It will open his jaw, he will tell you the law,
And make a right Bencher of a *pot of good ale*.

Or he that will make a bargain to gain,
In buying or setting his goods forth to sale,
Must not plod in the mire, but sit by the fire,
And seale up his match with a *pot of good ale*.

But for soberness, needs must I confess,
The matter goes hard ; and few do prevaile
Not to go too deep, but temper to keep,
Such is the attractive of a *pot of good ale*.

But here's an amends which will make all friends,
And ever doth tend to the best availe :
If you take it too deep, it will make you but sleep ;
So comes no great harm of a *pot of good ale*.

If (reeling) they happen to fall to the ground,
The fall is not great ; they may hold by the raile :
If into the water, they cannot be drown'd,
For that gift is given to a *pot of good ale*.

If drinking about they chance to fall out,
Fear not that alarm, though flesh be but fraile ;
It will prove but some blowes, or at most a bloody nose,
And friends again straight with a *pot of good ale*.

And Physick will favour ale, as it is bound,
And be against beer both tooth and naile ;
They send up and down, all over the town,
To get for their patients a *pot of good ale*.

Their ale-berries, cawdles, and possets each one,
And fyllabubs made at the milking-pale,
Although they be many, beere comes not in any,
But all are compos'd with a *pot of good ale*.

And in very deed the hops but a weed
Brought o're against law, and here set to sale :
Would the law were renew'd, and no more beer brew'd,
But all men betake them to a *pot of good ale*.

The law that will take it under his wing,
For at every law-day, or moot of the hale,
One is sworn to serve our soveraigne the King
In the ancient office of a *Conner of Ale*.

There's never a lord of mannor, or of a town,
By strand or by land, by hill or by dale,
But thinks it a franchise, and a flower of the Crown,
To hold the assize of a *pot of good ale*.

And, though there lie writs from the Court Paramount,
To stay the proceedings of Courts Paravaile,
Law favours it so, you may come, you may go;
There lies no prohibition to a *pot of good ale*.

They talk much of state, both early and late,
But if Gascoign and Spain their wine should but faile,
No remedy then with us Englishmen,
But the State it must stand by a *pot of good ale*.

And they that sit by it are good men and quiet,
No dangerous plotters in the Common-weale
Of treason and murder; for they never go further
Than to call for, and pay for, a *pot of good ale*.

To the praise of Gambrivius, that good British king
That devis'd for his nation (by the Welshmens tale)
Seventeen hundred years before Christ did spring
The happy invention of a *pot of good ale*.

The North they will praise it, and praise with passion,
Where every river gives name to a dale:
There men are yet living that are of th' old fashion,
No nectar they know but a *pot of good ale*.

The Picts and the Scots for ale were at lots,
So high was the skill, and so kept under seale;
The Picts were undone, slain each mothers son,
For not teaching the Scots to make *hether eale*.

But hither or thither, it skills not much whether,
For drink must be had, men live not by keale,
Not by havor bannocks, nor by havor jannocks,
The thing the Scots live on is a *pot of good ale*.

Now, if ye will say it, I will not denay it,
That many a man it brings to his bale ;
Yet what fairer end can one wish to his friend,
Than to dye by the part of a *pot of good ale*.

Yet let not the innocent bear any blame :
It is their own doings to break o're the pale,
And neither the malt nor the good wife in fault,
If any be potted with a *pot of good ale*.

They tell whom it kills, but say not a word
How many a man liveth both sound and hale,
Though he drink no beer any day in the year,
By the radical humour of a *pot of good ale*.

But to speak of killing, that I am not willing,
For that, in a manner, were but to raile ;
But *beer* hath its name, cause it brings to the *biere*,
Therefore well-fare, say I, to a *pot of good ale*.

Too many (I wis) with their deaths proved this,
And, therefore (if ancient records do not faile),
He that first brew'd the hop was rewarded with a rope,
And found his beer far more bitter than *ale*.

O ale! *ab alendo*, the liquor of life,
That I had but a mouth as big as a whale !
For mine is too little to touch the least tittle,
That belongs to the praise of a *pot of good ale*.

Thus (I trow) some vertues I have mark'd you out,
And never a vice in all this long traile,
But that after the pot there cometh the shot,
And that's th' onely blot of a *pot of good ale*.—

With that my friend said, That blot will I bear :
You have done very well ; it is time to strike faile :
Wee'l have fix pots more, though I dye on the score,
To make all this good of a *pot of good ale*.

Ben Johnson's Cooklorrel.

COOK-LORRELL would needs have the Devil his guest,
And bad him once into the Peake to dinner ;
Where never the Feind had such a feast
Provided him yet at the charge of a finner.

His stomack was queasie ; for coming there coacht,
The jogging had caused some crudities rise :
To help it he call'd for a puritan poacht,
That used to turn up the eggs of his eyes.

And so, recovered unto his wifh,
He fate him down, and he fell to eat :
Promooter in plum-broath was the first dish ;
His own privy kitching had no such meat.

Yet, though with this he much were taken,
Upon a sudden he shifted his trencher,
As soon as he spide the bawd and bacon.
By this you may note the Devil's a wencher.

Six pickled taylors, fliced and cut,
Sempsters, tire-women, fit for his pallet,
With fether-men and perfumers put,
Some twelve, in a charger to make a grand fallet.

A rich fat ufurer, stewd in his marrow,
And by him a lawyer's head and green-fawce ;
Both which his belly took in like a barrow,
As if till then had never seen fawce.

Then carbinadoed, and crookt with pains,
Was brought a cloven ferjeants face :
The fawce was made of the yeomans brains,
That had been beaten out with his own mace.

Two rosted sheriffes came whole to the board,
(The feaft had nothing been without 'em),
Both living and dead they were fox't and furd ;
Their chains like sawfages hung about 'em.

The verry next dish was the mayor of a town,
With a pudding of maintenance thrust in his belly ;
Like a goose in the feathers drest in his gown,
And a couple of hinch-boyes boyld to a jelly.

A London cuckold, hot from the spit ;
And when the carver up had broke him,
The Devil chopt up his head at a bit,
But the horns were very near like to have choakt him.

The chine of a lecher, too, there was rosted,
With a plump harlots haunch and garlick :
A pandors pettitoes, that had boasted
Himself for a captain, yet never was warlick.

A large fat pafty of a mid-wife hot ;
And for a cold bakt meat, into the story
A reverend painted lady was brought,
And coffin'd in cruft, till now ſhe was hoary.

To theſe an over-grown juſtice of peace,
With a clarke, like a gizard, thruſt under each arme,
And warrants for ſippets, laid in his own greaſe,
Set over a chafing-diſh to be kept warme.

The jowle of a jaylor ſerved for fiſh,
A conſtable ſous'd with vinegar by :
Two aldermen-lobſters, aſleep in a diſh ;
A deputy tart, a church-warden pye.

All which devoured, he then, for a cloſe,
Did for a full draught of *Darby* call :
He heav'd the huge veſſel up to his noſe,
And left not till he had drank up all.

Then from the table he gave a ſtart, .
Where banquet and wine were nothing ſcarce ;
All which he ſtarted away with a fart,
From whence it was call'd the Devil's arſe.

And there he made ſuch a breach with the wind,
The hole, too, ſtanding open the while,
That the ſcent of the vapour, before and behind,
Hath foully perfum'd moſt part of the Iſle.

And this was *Tobaccho*, the learned ſuppoſe,
Which ſince in country, court, and town,
In the Devil's glifter-pipe ſmoakes at the noſe
Of polcat and madam, of gallant and clown.

From which wicked weed, with swines-flesh and ling,
Or any thing else that's feast for the Fiend,
Our captains and we cry God save the King,
And fend him good meat, and mirth without end.

The Black-smith. A Song.

OF all the trades that ever I fee,
Theres none to the Black-smith compared may be,
With so many severall tooles works he,
which no body can deny.

The first that ever thunder-bolts made,
Was a Cyclops of the Black-smiths trade,
As in a learned author is said,
which no body can deny.

When thundering-like we strike about,
The fire like lightning flashes out,
Which suddenly with water we dout,
which no body can deny.

The fairest goddeffs in the skies,
To marry with Vulcan did advise,
And he was a Black-smith grave and wife,
which no body can deny.

Vulcan he, to doe her right,
Did build her a town by day and night,
And gave it a name, which was Hammermith hight,
which no body can deny.

Vulcan further did acquaint her,
That a pretty estate he would appoint her,
And leave her Seacole-lane for a joynter,
which no body can deny.

And that no enemy might wrong her,
He built her a fort, you'd wish no stronger,
Which was in the lane of Ironmonger,
which no body can deny.

Smithfield he did cleanse from durt,
And sure there was great reason for't,
For there he meant she should keep her court,
which no body can deny.

But after, in a good time and tyde,
It was by the Blacksmith rectifi'd,
To the honor of Edmond Iron-side,
which no body can deny.

Vulcan after made a traine,
Wherein the God of Warr was tane,
Which ever since hath been cald Pauls Chaine,
which no body can deny.

The common proverb, as it is read,
That a man must hit the nale on the head,
Without the Blacksmith cannot be said,
which no body can deny.

Another must not be forgot,
And falls unto the Blaksmiths lot,
That a man strike while the iron is hot,
which no body can deny.

Another comes in, most proper and fit,
The Blacksmiths justice is seen in it,
When you give a man roft and beat him with the spit,
which no body can deny.

Another comes in our Black-fmiths way,
When things are safe, as old wives say,
We have them under lock and key ;
which no body can deny.

Another that's in the Black-fmiths books,
And onely to him for remedy looks,
Is when a man's quite off the hooks ;
which no body can deny.

Another proverb to him doth belong,
And, therefore, let's do the Blacksmith no wrong,
When a mans held hard to it, buckle and thong,
which no body can deny.

Another proverb doth make me laugh,
Wherein the Black-fmith may challenge half,
When a reasons as plain as a pike staffe ;
which no body can deny.

Though your lawyers travel both near and far,
And by long pleading a good cause may mar,
Yet your Blacksmith takes more pains at the bar,
which no body can deny.

Though your scrivener seek to crush and to kill
By his counterfeit deeds, and thereby doth ill,
Yet your Blacksmith may forge what he will ;
which no body can deny.

Though your bankrupt citizens lurk in their holes,
And laugh at their creditors, and their catchpoles,
Yet your Blacksmith can fetch them over the coales,
which no body can deny.

Though jocky in the stable be never so neat
To look to his nag, and prescribe him his meat,
Yet your Blacksmith knows better how to give a heat,
which no body can deny.

If any taylor have the itch,
The Blacksmiths water, as black as pitch,
Will make his hands go thorough stich,
which no body can deny.

There's never a slut, if filth o're smutch her,
But owes to the Blacksmith for her leacher,
For without a pair of tongs theres no man will touch her,
which no body can deny.

Your roring boyes who ever one quails,
Fights, domineers, fwaggers, and rayls,
Could never yet make the Smith eat his nails,
which no body can deny.

If a schollar be in doubt,
And cannot bring his matter about,
The Blacksmith he can hammer it out,
which no body can deny.

Now, if to know him you would desire,
You must not scorn, but rank him higher,
For what he gets is out of the fire,
which no body can deny.

Now, here's a good health to Blacksmiths all,
And lets go round, as round as a ball;
Wee'l drink it all off, though it cost us a fall,
which no body can deny.

An Old Song of an Old Courtier and a New.

WITH an old song, made by an old ancient pate,
Of an old worshipful Gentleman who had a great estate,
Who kept an old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poore at his gate,
Like an old Courtier of the Queens.

With an old lady whose anger and good words affwages,
Who every quarter payes her old servants their wages,
Who never knew what belongs to coachmen, footmen, and
pages,
But kept twenty thrifty old fellows, with blew-coats and
badges,
Like an old Courtier of the Queens.

With an old study fill'd full of learned books,
With an old reverent parson, you may judge him by
his looks,
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the old hooks,
And an old kitching which maintains half a dozen old
cooks,
Like an old Courtier of the Queens.

With an old hall hung round about with guns, pikes, and
bowes,

With old swords and bucklers which hath born many
shrew'd blows,

And an old Fryfadoe coat to cover his worships trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper nose ;

Like an old Courtier of the Queens.

With an old fashon, when Christmas is come,

To call in his neighbours with bag-pipe and drum,

And good chear enough to furnish every old room,

And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and a wife
man dumb ;

Like an old Courtier of the Queens.

With an old hunts-man, a falkoner, and a kennel of hounds,

Which never hunted, nor hawked but in his own grounds,

Who like an old wife man kept himself within his own
bounds,

And when he died gave every child a thousand old pounds ;

Like an old Courtier of the Queens.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,

Charging him in his will to keep the same bountiful mind,

To be good to his servants, and to his neighbours kind,

But in th' ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclin'd ;

Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

Like a young gallant newly come to his land,

That keeps a brace of creatures at's own command,

And takes up a thousand pounds upon's own band,

And lieth drunk in a new tavern till he can neither go
nor stand ;

Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

With a neat lady that is fresh and fair,
Who never knew what belong'd to good house-keeping
or care,
But buyes several fans to play with wanton ayre,
And seventeen or eighteen dressings of other womens
haire ;
Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

With a new hall built where the old one stood,
Wherein is burned neither coale nor wood,
And a new shuffel-board-table where never meat stood,
Hung round with pictures, which doth the poore little
good ;
Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

With a new study stuff't full of pamphlets and playes,
With a new chaplin that fwears faster then he prayes,
With a new buttery hatch that opens once in four or five
days,
With a new French cook to make kickshawes and taves;
Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

With a new fashion, when Chriftnas is come,
With a journey up to London we must be gone,
And leave no body at home but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with
a stone,
Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

With a gentleman-usher whose carriage is compleat,
With a footman, a coachman, a page to carry meat,

With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who, when the master hath dyn'd, gives the servants
litle meat ;

Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

With a new honour bought with his fathers old gold,
That many of his fathers old manors hath fold,
And this is the occasion that most men do hold,
That good hous-keeping is nowadayes grown so cold ;

Like a young Courtier of the Kings.

The Ballad of Arthur of Bradley.

SEE you not Peirce, the piper,
His cheeks as big as a miter,
Piping among the swains,
That danc't on yonder plains,
Where Tib and Tom do tread it,
And youths their hornpipes lead it ;
With every man his carriage
To go to yonder marriage ?
Not one would stay behind,
But go with Arthur a Bradley.
Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley ! Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley !
Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley ! Oh, &c.

Arthur had got him a lasfs,
A bonnier never was :

The chief youths of the parish
Came dancing of the morris,
With country lasses trounsing,
And lusty lads bouncing ;
Dancing with musick[s] pride,
And every one his wench by his side :
They were all fine and gay
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley.
Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley ! Oh, &c.

But when that Arthur was married,
And his bride home had carried,
The youngsters they did wait
To help to carry up the meat :
Francis carried the furmety,
Mighill carryed the mince-pye,
Bartholomew the beife and the mustard,
And Christopher carryed the custard.
Thus every one went in his ray
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley.
Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley ! Oh, &c.

But when that dinner was ended,
The maydens they were befriended ;
For out stept Dick, the draper,
And he bid pipe up, scraper :
Better be dancing a little,
Then into the town to tipple.
He bid play him a hornpipe,
That goes fine of the bagpipe.
Then forward, piper, and play
For the honor of Arthur of Bradley.
Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley ! Oh, &c.

Then Richard he did lead it,
And Margery she did tread it :
Francis followed then,
And after courteous Jane.
Thus every one after another,
As if they had been sister and brother,
That 'twas a great joy to see
How well they did agree ;
And then they all did say
Hay for Arthur of Bradley !
Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley ! Oh, &c.

When all the swaines did see
This mirth and merry glee,
There was never a man did smutch her,
But every man kist his wench.
But Giles was greedy of gain,
And he would needs kifs twain :
Her lover seeing that
Did rap him on the pate,
That he had not one word to say
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley.
Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley ! Oh, &c.

The piper look't aside,
And there he spide the bride :
He thought it was a hard chance
That none would lead her a dance ;
For never a man durst touch her
But onely Will, the butcher :
He took her by the hand,
And danc't whil't he could stand.

The bride was so fine and gay
For the honor of Arthur of Bradley.
Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley! Oh, &c.

Then out stept Will, the weaver,
And he swore he'd not leave her;
He hopt it all of a leg
For the honor of his Peg;
But Kester in cambrick ruffe
He took that in snuffe,
For he against that day
Had made himself fine and gay:
His ruffe was whipt over with blew;
He cried, a new dance! a new!
Then forward, piper, and play
For the honor of Arthur of Bradley.
Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley! Oh, &c.

Then gan the fun decline,
And every one thought it time
To go unto his home,
And leave the bridegroom alone.
To't, to't, quoth lusty Ned,
Wee'l see them both in bed;
For I will jeopard a joynt
But I will get his codpiece point.
Then strike up, piper, and play
For the honor of Arthur of Bradley.
Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley! Oh, &c.

And thus the day was spent,
And no man homeward went,

That there was such crowding and thrusting,
That some were in danger of bursting,
To see them goe to bed.

For all the skill they had
He was gott to his bride,
And laid him close by her side.
They got his points and garters,
And cut them in pieces like quarters,
And then they bid the piper play
For the honour of Arthur of Bradley.

Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley ! Oh, &c.

Then Will and his sweet heart
Did call for *Loth to depart* ;
And then they did foot it and toss it,
Till the cook had brought up the posset :
The bride-pye was brought forth,
A thing of mickle worth ;
And so all at the bed side
Took leave of Arthur and his bride ;
And so they went away

From the wedding of Arthur of Bradley.
Oh, fine Arthur of Bradley ! Oh, &c.

A Ballad call'd the Green-Gown.

PAN, leave piping, the gods have done feasting,
There's never a goddeffs a hunting to day :
Mortalls marvel at Coridons jeasting
That gives them assistance to entertain May.
The lads and the lasses, with scarves on their faces,
So lively as passes, trip over the downs :
Much mirth and sport they make, running at barly break :
Lord ! what hast they make for a green gown.

John with Gillian, Harry with Francis,
Meg and Mary with Robin and Will ;
George and Margery lead all the dances,
For they were reported to have the best skil :
But Cicely and Nanny, the fairest of many,
That came last of any from out of the townes,
Quickly got in among the midst of all the throng,
They so much did long for their green gown.

Wanton Deborah whispered with Dorothy
That she should wink upon Richard and Sym :
Mincing Maudlin shewd her authority,
And in the quarrel would venture a limb.
But Sibbell was sickly and could not come quickly,
And, therefore, was likley to fall in a fowne :
Tib would not tarry for Tim nor for Harry,
Left Christian should carry away the green gown.

Blanch and Bettrice, both of a family,
Came very lazy, lagging behind ;
Annife and Amabel, noteing their policie,

Cupid is cunning although he be blind :
But Winny the witty, that came from the citie,
With Parnell the pretty, and Bessie the brown,
Clem, Jone and Isabel, Su, Alice and bonny Nell,
Travell'd exceedingly for a green gown.

Now the youngsters had reach't the green meadow,
Where they intended to gather their may ;
Some in the sunshine, some in the shadow,
Singled in couples did fall to their play :
But constant Penelope, Faith, Hope, and Charity,
Lookt very modestly, yet they lay down ;
And Prudence prevented what Rachel repented,
And Kate was contented to take a green gown.

Then they desired to know of a truth,
If all their fellows were in like case ;
Nem call'd for Eede, and Eede for Ruth,
Ruth for Marcy, and Marcy for Grace ;
But there was no speaking, they answerd with squeaking,
The pretty lads breaking the head of the clown,
But some were a wooing while others were doing,
Yet all their going was for a green-gown.

Bright Apollo was all this while peeping
To see if his Daphne had been in the throng,
But, missing her, hastily downwards was creeping,
For Thetis imagin'd he tarried too long.
Then all the troop mourned, and homeward returned,
For Cinthia scorned to smile or to frown.
Thus they did gather may all the long summer day,
And at night went away with a green-gown.

The Ballad of the Gelding of the Devil.

Now listen a while, and I will you tell
Of the gelding of the Devil of Hell:
And Dick, the baker of Mansfield town,
To Manchester market he was bound,
And under a grove of willow clear
This baker rid on with merry chear:
Beneath the willows there was a hill,
And there he met the Devil of Hell.

Baker, quoth the Devil, tell me that,
How came thy horse so fair and fat?
In troth, quoth the baker, and by my fay,
Because his stones were cut away;
For he that will have a gelding free,
Both fair and lusty he must be.
Oh! quoth the Devil, and saist thou so,
Thou shalt gueld me before thou do'st go.

Go, tie thy horse unto a tree,
And with thy knife come and geld me.
The baker had a knife of iron and steel,
With which he gelded the Devil of Hell.
It was sharp pointed for the nonce,
Fit to cut any manner of stones.
The baker, being lighted from his horse,
Cut the Devils stones from his arse.

Oh! quoth the Devil, beshrow thy heart,
Thou dost not feel how I doe smart:
For gelding of me thou art not quit,

For I mean to geld thee this fame day fevennight.
The baker, hearing the words he said,
 Within his heart was fore afraid :
He hied him to the next market town,
 To fell his bread, both white and brown.

And when the market was done that day,
 The baker went home another way.
Unto his wife he did tell
 How he had guilded the Devil of Hell :
Nay, a wondrous word I heard him say,
 He would gueld me next market day :
Therefore, wife, I stand in doubt.
 Ide rather, quoth she, thy knaves eyes were out.

Ide rather thou should break thy neck-bone,
 Then for to loofe any manner of stone ;
For why twill be a loathsome thing,
 When every woman shall call thee guelding.
Thus they continued both in fear,
 Untill the next market day drew near.
Well, quoth the good wife, well I wot :
 Go fetch me thy doublet, and thy coat.

Thy hose, thy shoone, and cap also,
 And I like a man to the market will go.
Then up she got her all in hast,
 With all her bread, upon her beaft ;
And when she came to the hill side,
 There she saw two Devils abide :
A little devil for and another,
 Lay playing under the hill side together.

Oh ! quoth the Devil, without any fain,
Yonder comes the baker again :
Beest thou well, baker, or beest thou woe,
I mean to geld thee before thou dost goe.
These were the words the woman did fay :
Good fir, I was gelded but yesterday.
Oh ! quoth the Devil, that I will see,
And he pluckt her cloaths beneath her knee.

And, looking upward from the ground,
The Devil he spied a grievous wound.
Oh ! quoth the Devil, what might he be,
For he was not cunning that gelded thee ?
For when he had cut away the stones clean,
He should have sowed up the hole again.
He call'd the little Devil to him anon,
And bid him look to that fame man,

Whilst he went into some private place,
To fetch some salve in a little space.
The great Devil was gone but a little way,
But upon her belly there crept a flea :
The little Devil he soon spied that ;
He up with his paw and gave her a pat :
With that the woman began to start,
And out she thrust a most horrible fart.

Whoop ! whoop ! quoth the little Devil, come again, I pray,
For here's another hole broke, by my fay.
The great Devil he came running in haft :
Within his heart he was fore agast.

Fogh ! quoth the Devil, thou are not found,
Thou stinkest so fore above the ground.
Thy life dayes sure cannot be long,
Thy breath it fumes so wondrous strong.

The hole is cut so near the bone,
There is no salve can stick thereon ;
And, therefore, Baker, I stand in doubt,
That all the bowels will fall out.
Therefore, Baker, hie thee away,
And in this place no longer stay.

A Ballad of Sir Egley More.

SIR Egley More, that valiant knight,
With his fa la, lanctre down dille,
He fetcht his sword, and he went to fight,
With his fa la, and his lanctre down dille :
As he went over hill and dale,
All clothed in his coat of male,
With his fa la, his fa la, and his lanctre down dille.

A huge great dragon leapt out of his den,
With his fa la, lanctre down dilly,
Which had killd the Lord knows how many men,
With his fa la, and his lanctre down dille ;
But when he saw Sir Egley More,
Good lack ! had you seen how this dragon did rore,
With his fa la, his fa la, and his lanctre down dille.

The dragon he had on a plaguy hide,
 With his fa la, and his lanctre down dille,
Which could both sword and speare abide,
 With his fa la, and his lanctre down dille.
He could not enter with hacks and cuts,
Which vext the knight to the very heart blood, and guts,
 With his fa la, his fa la, and his lanctre down dille.

All the trees in the wood did shake,
 With his fa la, lanctre down dille ;
Stars did tremble, and man did quake,
 With his fa la, lanctre down dille ;
But had you seen how the birds lay peeping,
'Twould have made a mans heart to fall a weeping,
 With his fa la, his fa la, and his lanctre down dille.

But now it was too late to fear,
 With his fa la, &c.
For now it was come to fight dog, fight bear,
 With his fa la, &c.
And as a yawning he did fall,
He thrust his sword in, hilts and all,
 With his fa la, &c.

But now the knight in choler did burn,
 With his fa la, &c.
He owed the dragon a shrewd good turn,
 With his fa la, &c.
In at his mouth his sword he bent,
The hilt appear'd at his fundament,
 With his fa la, &c.

Then the dragon, like a coward, began to fly,

With his fa la, &c.

Unto his den that was hard by,

With his fa la, &c.

And there he laid him down and ror'd.

The knight was vexed for his fword,

With his fa la, &c.

The fword it was a right good blade,

With his fa la, &c.,

As ever Turk or Spaniard made,

With his fa la, &c.,

I, for my part, do forsake it,

And he that will fetch it, let him take it,

With his fa la, &c.

When all this was done, to the ale-houfe he went,

With his fa la, &c.,

And by and by his two pence he spent,

With his fa la, &c.,

For he was so hot with tugging with the dragon,

That nothing would quench him but a whole flagon,

With his fa la, &c.

Now God preserve our King and Queen,

With his fa la, &c.,

And eke in London may be feen,

With his fa la, &c.,

As many knights, and as many more,

And all so good as Sir Egle More,

With his fa la, fa la, lanctre down dille.

The Ballad of St. George for England.

WHY should we boast of Arthur and his knights,
Know how many men have perform'd fights ?
Or why should we speak of Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Or Sir Tristram du Leon, that fought for his ladys sake ?
Read old storyes, and there you'll see
How St. George, St. George did make the dragon flee :
St. George he was for England, St. Denis was for France,
Sing *Hony soitt qui mal y pense.*

To speak of the monarchy it were too long to tell,
And likewise of the Romans how far they did excel ;
Hannibal and Scipio they many a field did fight ;
Orlando Furioso he was a valiant knight ;
Romulus and Rhemus were those that did Rome build,
But St. George, St. George, the dragon he hath kill'd.
St. George he was, &c.

Jephtha and Gideon they led their men to fight,
The Gibeonites and Ammonites they put them all to flight :
Hercules Labour was in the Vale of Brasse,
And Sampson slew a thousand with the jaw-bone of an asse ;
And when he was blind pull'd the temple to the ground ;
But St. George, St. George, the dragon did confound.
St. George he was, &c.

Valentine and Orson they came of Pipins blood,
Alfred and Aldricus they were brave knights and good :
The four sons of Amnon that fought with Charlemaine,

Sir Hugh de Burdeaux and Godfrey of Boloigne :
These were all French knights the pagans did convert,
But St. George, St. George, pull'd forth the dragons heart.
St. George he was, &c.

Henry the fifth he conquered all France,
He quartered their armes his honour to advance,
He razed their walls, and pull'd their cities down,
And garnished his head with a double treble crown :
He thumb'd the French, and after home he came ;
But St. George, St. George, he made the dragon tame.
St. George he was, &c.

St. David, you know, loves leeks and tosted cheefe,
And Jafon was the man brought home the golden fleece :
St. Patrick, you know, he was St. George's boy ;
Seven years he kept his horse, and then stole him away ;
For which knavish act a slave he doth remain,
But St. George, St. George, he hath the dragon slain.
St. George he was, &c.

Tamberline, the emperour, in iron cage did crown,
With his bloody flags display'd before the town :
Scanderbeg magnanimous Mahomets Bashaw did dread,
Whose victorious bones were worn when he was dead :
His Bedlerbegs, his corn like drags, George Castriot was he
call'd,
But St. George, St. George, the dragon he hath mauld.
St. George he was for England, St. Denis was for France,
Sing *Hony soit qui mal y pense.*

Ottoman, the Tartar, Cham of Persia's race,
The great Mogul with his chests so full of all his cloves and
mace :

The Grecian youth Bucephalus he manly did bestride,
But those, with all their worthies nine, St. George did them
deride :

Gustavus Adolphus was Swedeland's warlike king,
But St. George, St. George, pull'd forth the dragon's sting.
St. George he was for England, St. Denis was for France,
Sing *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

Pendragon and Cadwallader of British blood doe boast,
Though John of Gaunt his foes did daunt, St. George shall
rule the roast.

Agamemnon and Cleomedon and Macedon did feats,
But, compared to our champion, they were but merely
cheats.

Brave Malta knights in Turkish fights their brandisht
swords out-drew,

But St. George met the dragon, and ran him through and
through.

St. George he was, &c.

Bidea, the Amazon, Photius overthrew,
As fierce as either Vandal, Goth, Saracen, or Jew;
The potent Holophernes, as he lay in his bed,
In came wife Judith and subtly stool his head.

Brave Cyclops stout with Jove he fought, although he
shower'd down thunder,

But St. George kill'd the dragon, and was not that a
wonder?

St. George he was, &c.

Mark Anthony, Ile warrant you, plaid feats with Egypt's
queen,

Sir Egla More, that valiant knight, the like was never seen ;
Grim Gorgons might was known in fight, old Bevis most
men frightened,

The Myrmidons and Presbyter John, why were not those
men knighted ?

Brave Spinola, took in Breda, Naffaw did it recover,
But St. George, St. George, he turn'd the dragon over and
over.

St. George he was for England, St. Denis was for France,
Sing *Hony soit qui mal y pense.*

A Ballad call'd Blew Cap for me.

COME hither, thou merriest of all the Nine ;
Come, sit you down by me, and let us be jolly,
And with a cup full of Apollo's wine,
Wee'l dare our enemy, mad Melancholly ;
And when we have done, wee'l between us devise
A pleasant new ditty by art to comprife ;
And of this new ditty the matter shall be,
If ever I have a man, blew cap for me.

There dwells a blith las in Falkland town,
And she hath suitors, I know not how many,
And her resolution she had set down,
That she'l have a blew cap, if ever she have any.
An Englishman, when our good knight was there,
Came often unto her, and loved her dear,
Yet still she replied, Geod sir, La be,
If ever I have a man, blew cap for me.

A Welchman that had a long sword by his side,
Red doublet, red breech, and red coat, and red peard,
Was made a great shew of a great deal of pride,
Was tell her strange tales, te like never heard;
Was recon her pedegree long pefore Prute,
No body was near that could her confute ;
But still she reply'd, Geod fir, la be,
If ever I have a man, blew cap for me.

A Frenchman that largely was booted and sparr'd,
Long lock with a ribbon, long points, and long preashes,
Was ready to kisse her at every word,
And for the other exercises his fingers itches.
You be pretty wench, *a metrel, par ma foy*;
Dear me do love you ; be not so coy ;
Yet still replied, Geod fir, la be,
If ever I have a man, blew cap for me.

An Irishman, with a long skeen in his hose,
Did think to obtain her ; it was no great matter :
Up stairs to the chamber so lightly he goes,
That she never heard him until he came at her.
Quoth he, I do love thee, by fait and by trot,
And, if thou wilt know it, experience shall sho't ;
Yet still she reply'd, Geod fir, la be,
If ever I have a man, blew cap for me.

A Netherland mariner came there by chance,
Whose cheekes did resemble two roasting pome-watters,
And to this blith lasse this fine fute did advance ;
Experience had taught him to cog, lie, and flatter :

Quoth he, I will make thee sole lady of the sea ;
Both Spaniard and English man shall thee obey ;
Yet still she replied, Geod fir, La be,
If ever I have a man, blew cap for me.

At last came a Scotchman with a blew cap,
And that was the man for whom she had tarried :
To get this blyth las it was his good hap ;
They gan to kirk, and were presently married.
She car'd not whether he were lord or leard,
She call'd him fiek a fine name as I ne'r heard :
To get him from aw she did well agree,
And still she cryed, *Blew cap, thou art welcome to mee !*

The Ballad of the Caps.

THE wit hath long beholding been
Unto the cap to keep it in ;
But now the wits fly out amain,
In prayse to quit the cap again.
The cap that keeps the highest part,
Obtains the place by due desert :
For any cap, &c.

The Monmouth cap, the saylors thrumbe,
And that wherein the tradesmen come ;
The physick cap, the cap divine,
And that which crowns the Muses nine ;

The cap that fooles do countenance,
The goodly Cap of Maintenance :
For any cap, &c.

The fickly cap, both plain and wrought,
The fudling cap, how ever bought ;
The worsted, furr'd, the velvet, fatten,
For which so many pates learn Latin ;
The cruel cap, the fustian pate,
The perewig, a cap of late ;
For any cap, &c.

The fouldiers that the Monmoth wear,
On castles tops their ensigns rear ;
The seaman with his thrumb doth stand,
On higher parts then all the land ;
The tradesmans cap aloft is born,
By vantage of a stately horn :
For any cap, &c.

The physick cap to dust can bring,
Without controul, the greatest king :
The lawyers cap hath heavenly might
To make a crooked action straight ;
And if you line him in the fist,
The cause hee'l warrant as he list.
For any cap, &c.

Both east and west, and north and south,
Where ere the gospel hath a mouth,
The cap divine doth thither look :
Tis square, like scholars and their book :

The rest are round, but this is square,
To shew their wits more stable are ;
For any cap, &c.

The jester he a cap doth wear,
Which makes him fellow with a peer,
And 'tis no slender piece of wit
To act the fool where great men sit ;
But O, the cap of London town !
I wis 'tis like a goodly crown.
For any cap, &c.

The sickly cap, though wrought with silk,
Is like repentance, white as milk :
When caps drop off at health apace,
The cap doth then your head uncase :
The sick mans cap (if wrought can tell)
Though he be sick, his cap is well.
For any cap, &c.

The fudling cap by Bacchus might
Turns night to day, and day to night ;
We know it makes proud heads to bend,
The lowly feet for to ascend :
It makes men richer then before
By seeing doubly all their score.
For any cap, &c.

The furr'd and quilted cap of age
Can make a mouldy proverb sage :
The fatin and the velvet hive
Into a bishoprick may thrive :

The triple cap may raife some hope,
 If fortune ferve, to be a Pope ;
For any cap, &c.

The perewig O! this declares
 The rife of flefh, though fall of haire,
 And none but grandfiers can proceed
 So far in fin, till they this need,
 Before the king who covered are,
 And only to themselves ftand bare :
*For any cap, what ere it bee,
 Is ftill the figne of fome degree.*

A Ballad of the Noſe.

THREE merry lads met at the Roſe,
 To ſpeak in the praifes of the noſe ;
 The noſe, that ſtands in the midle place,
 Sets out the beauty of the face :
 The noſe with which we have begun
 Will ferve to make our verſes run.
*Invention often barren growes,
 Yet ftill ther's matter in the Noſe.*

The noſe his ends ſo high a prize,
 That men prefer't before their eyes,
 And no man counts him for a friend,
 That boldly takes his noſe by the end :
 The noſe that like Uripus flowes,
 The ſea that did the wiſeman poſe.
Invention often, &c.

The nose is of as many kinds
As mariners can reckon winds ;
The long, the short, the nose displayd,
The great nose which did fright the maid ;
The nose through which the brother-hood
Do partly for the sisters good.

Invention often, &c.

The flat, the sharp, the Roman snout,
The hawkes nose circled round about,
The crooked nose that stands awry,
The ruby nose of scarlet dye ;
The brazen nose without a face,
That doth the learned Colledge grace.

Invention often, &c.

The long nose, when the teeth appear,
Shewes what's a clock, if day be clear :
The broad nose stands in bucklers place,
And takes the blowes for all the face :
The nose being plain without a ridge
Will serve sometimes to make a bridge.

Invention often, &c.

The short nose is the lovers blifs,
Because it hinders not a kifs :
The toteing nose, O monstrous thing !
That's he that did the bottle bring,
And he that brought the bottle hither,
Will drink (O monstrous !) out of measure.

Invention often, &c.

Pills to Purge Melancholly.

The fierie nose in lanthorn stead
 May light his master home to bed ;
 And whosoever this treasure owes
 Growes poore in purse, tho rich in nose.
 The Brazen Nose that's ore the gate
 Maintains full many a *Lattin pate.*
Invention often, &c.

If any nose take this in snuff,
 And think it more then enough,
 We answer them, we did not fear,
 Nor think such noses had been here ;
 But if there be, we need not care,
 A nose of wax our statutes are :

*Invention now is barren grown,
 The matters out, the nose is blown.*

A Song of the Hot-headed Zealot.

To the tune of *Tom a Bedlam.*

AM I mad, O noble Festus !
 When zeal and godly knowledge
 Have put me in hope
 To deal with the Pope
 As well as the best in the colledge ?
*Boldly I preach, hate a crosse, hate a surplice,
 Mitres, copes, and rotchets :
 Come, hear me pray nine times a day,
 And fill your heads with crotchets.*

In the house of pure Emanuel
I had my education,
Where, my friends surmise,
I dazzled my eyes
With the light of Revelation.

Boldly I preach, &c.

They bound me like a Bedlam,
They lash't my four poor quarters :
Whilst this I endure,
My faith makes me sure
To be one of Foxes Martyrs.

Boldly I preach, &c.

These injuries I suffer
Through Antichrists persuasions :
Take off this chain,
Neither Rome nor Spain
Can resist my strong invasions.

Boldly I preach, &c.

Of the beasts ten horns (God bless us !)
I have knock'd off three already :
If they let me alone,
I'll leave him none ;
But they say I am too heady.

Boldly I preach, &c.

When I sack'd the seven-hill'd city,
I met the great red dragon :
I kept him aloof

With the armour of proof,
Though here I have never a rag on.
Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery fword and target,
There fought I with this monfter ;
But the fons of pride
My zeal deride,
And all my deeds misconfter.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I unhorft the Whore of Babel
With a lance of inspirations :
I made her ftinke,
And spill her drinke
In the cup of abominations.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I have feen two, in a vifion,
With a flying book between them :
I have been in difpair
Five times a year,
And cur'd by reading Greenham.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I obferv'd in Perkins tables
The black lines of damnation :
Thofe crooked veins
So ftuck in my brains,
That I fear'd my reprobation.
Boldly I preach, &c.

In the holy tongue of Canaan
I plac'd my chiefeft pleasure,
Till I prick't my foot
With an Hebrew root,
That I bled beyond all meafure.

Boldly I preach, &c.

I appeared before the Archbishop,
And all the High Commiffion :
I gave him no Grace,
But told him to his face,
That he favour'd fuperftition.

*Boldly I preach, hate a crofs, hate a fupplice,
Mitres, copes, and rotchets :
Come, hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.*

A Song on the Schismatick Rotundos.

ONCE I a curious eye did fix,
To obferve the tricks
Of the fchismaticks of the times,
To find out which of them
Was the merriest theme,
And beft would befit my rimes.
Arminius I found folid,
Socinians were not ftolid,

Much learning for Papists did sticke,
But, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Rotundos rot,
Ah, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Rotundos rot,
'Tis you that my spleen doth tickle.

And first to tell must not be forgot,
 How I once did trot
 With a great zealot to a lecture;
 Where I a tub did view,
 Hung with apron blew:
 'Twas the preachers, as I conjecture.
 His life, and doctrine too,
 Were of no other hue,
 Though he spoke in a tone most mickle;
But, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

He taught, amongst other pretty things,
 That the Book of Kings
 Small benefit brings to the godly:
 Beside he had some grudges
 At the Book of Judges,
 And talkt of Leviticus odly.
 Wisedome most of all
 He declares apocryphal,
 Beat Bell and the Dragon like Michel;
But ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Gainst humane learning next he enveyes,
 And most boldly says,
 'Tis that which destroys inspiration:
 Let superstitious fence
 And wit be banished hence,

With Popish predomination :

Cut bishops down in haſt,

And cathedrals as faſt

As corn that's fit for the fickle.

But ah, ah, ha, ha, ha, ha, Rotundos rot.

Ah, ha, ha, ha, ha, Rotundos rot,

Tis you that my ſpleen doth tickle.

A Glee in praise of Wine.

LET ſouldiers fight for pay and praiſe,

And money be the miſers wiſh,

Poor ſcholars ſtudy all their dayes,

And gluttons glory in their diſh :

'Tis wine, pure wine, revives ſad ſouls;

Therefore give me the chearing bowles.

Let minions maſhal in their hair,

And in a lovers lock delight,

And artificial colours wear ;

We have the native red and white.

'Tis wine, pure wine, &c.

Your pheasant pout and culver ſalmon,

And how to pleaſe your pallets think,

Give us a ſalt Weſt-phala gamon,

Not meat to eat, but meat to drink.

'Tis wine, &c.

It makes the backward spirits brave,
 That lively that before was dull ;
 Those grow good fellows that are grave,
 And kindness flows from cups brim full.
'Tis wine, &c.

Some have the tiffick, some [the] rume,
 Some have the palsey, some the gout ;
 Some swell with fat, and some consume,
 But they are found that drink all out.
'Tis wine, &c.

Some men want youth, and some want health,
 Some want a wife and some a punck ;
 Some men want wit, and some want wealth,
 But he wants nothing that is drunk.
'Tis wine, &c.

A Ballad or Parly between two West- country Men, on sight of a Wedding.

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
 Where I the rarest things have seen ;
 Oh ! things beyond compare :
 Such sights again cannot be found
 In any place on English ground,
 Be it at wake or faire.

At Charing Croffe, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'ft) do fell our hay,
 There is a houle with ftairs;
And there did I fee coming down
Such volk as are not in our town,
 Vortie, at leaft, in pairs.

Amongft the reft one peft'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though then thine)
 Walkt on before the reft:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him;
The King (God bleffe him!) 'twould undo him,
 Should he go ftill fo drest.

At Courfe-a-Park, without all doubt,
He fhould have firft been taken out
 By all the maids i' th' town;
Though lufty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
 Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing,
 The Parfon for him ftaid;
Yet by his leave (for all his haft)
He did not fo much wifh all pafte
 (Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For fuch a maid no Whitfon ale
 Could ever yet produce.

No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor halfe so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which he did bring ;
It was too wide a peck :
And, to say truth (for out it must),
It lookt like the great collar (just)
About our young colts neck.

Her feet, beneath her peticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light.
But, Dick, she dances such a way,
No fun upon an Easter day
Is halfe so fine a fight.

He would have kist her once or twice,
But she would not ; she was so nice
She would not do't in sight ;
And then she lookt as who would say,
I will do what I list to day,
And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No dazy makes comparifon,
(Who sees them is undone) ;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to heat [that] was next her chin,
 (Some bee had stung it newly) :
But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
 Then on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thoud'ft swear her teeth her words did break,
 That they might passage get ;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any sin,
The Parson himselfe had guilty bin,
 (She lookt that day so purely) ;
And did the youth so oft the feat
At night, as some did in conceit,
 It would have spoil'd him surely.

Passion of me, how I run on !
There's that that would be thought upon
 (I trow) besides the bride :
The busines of the kitchin's great,
For it is fit that men should eat,
 Nor was it there deny'd.

Just in the nick the cook knockt thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
 His fummons did obey :

Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
Marcht boldly up, like our train band,
Presented and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be intreated ?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carrouse :
Healts first go round, and then the house,
The brides came thick and thick ;
And when twas nam'd anothers health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
(And who could help it, Dick ?)

O'th fudain up they rise and dance :
Then sit again, and sigh and glance ;
Then dance again and kisse.
Thus several wayes the time did passe,
Whil't every woman wisht her place,
And every man wisht his.

By this time all were stolne aside
To counsel and undresse the bride,
But that he must not know ;
But 'twas thought he ghest her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an houre or so.

When in he came (Dick), there she lay,
Like new-faln snow melting away,
 (Twas time, I trow, to part) :
Kisses were now the onely stay,
Which soon she gave, as who would say,
 God b' w' y' with all my heart!

But, just as Heavens would have, to crosse it,
In came the bride-maids with the posset :
 The bride-groom eat in spight ;
For had he left the women to it,
It would have cost an hour to do it,
 Which were too much that night.

At length the candle's out, and now
All that they had not done they doe :
 What that is who can tell ?
But, I believe, it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
 With Bridget and with Nell.

A Combat of Cocks.

BY T. R.

*Go, you tame gallants, you that have the name,
And would accounted be Cocks of the Game,
That have brave spurs to shew for't, and can crow,
And count all dung-hill breed that cannot shew
Such painted plumes as yours ; that think't no vice*

*With cock-like lust to tread your cockatrice :
Though peacocks, wood-cocks, weather-cocks you be,
If y'are no fighting-cocks, y'are not for me.
I of two feather'd combatants will write :
He that to th' life means to expresse the fight
Must make his ink o' th' bloud which they did spill,
And from their dying wings borrow his quill.*

No fooner were the doubtful people set,
The matches made, and all that would had bet,
But straight the skilful judges of the play
Bring forth their sharp-heel'd warriors, and they
Were both in linnen bags, as it were meet
Before they dy'd to have their winding-sheet.
With that in the pit they are put, and when they were
Both on their feet, the Norfolk chanticleere
Looks stoutly at his ne're before seen foe,
And, like a challenger, begins to crow,
And shakes his wings, as if he would display
His warlike colours, which were black and gray.
Mean time the wary Wisbich walks and breaths
His active body, and in fury wreaths
His comely crest ; and often looking down,
He whets his angry beak upon the ground.
With that they meet, not like that coward breed
Of Æfop, that can better fight than feed :
They scorn the dung-hill ; 'tis their only prize
To dig for pearl within each others eyes.
They fight so long, that it is hard to know
To th' skilful whether they did fight or no,
Had not the bloud that died the fatal floore

Born witnes of it ; yet they fight the more,
As if each wound were but a spur to prick
Their fury forward ; lightning's not more quick
Nor red than were their eyes : 'twas hard to know
Whether it was bloud or anger made them so :
And sure they had been out, had they not stood
More safe by being fenced in by blood.
Yet still they fight ; but now (alas !) at length,
Although their courage be full tryed, their strength
And blood began to ebbe : you that have seen
A water-combat on the sea, between
Two roaring, angry, boyling billows, how
They march and meet, and dash their curled browes,
Swelling like graves, as if they did intend
To intomb each other, ere the quarrel end ;
But when the wind is down, and blustering weather,
They are made friends and sweetly run together,
May think these champions such : their combs grow low,
And they that leapt even now, now scarce can go :
Their wings, which lately at each blow they clapt,
(As if they did applaud themselves) now flapt,
And having lost the advantage of the heele,
Drunk with each others blood, they only reele.
From either eyes such drops of blood did fall,
As if they wept them for their funeral ;
And yet they would fain fight : they come so near,
As if they meant into each others ear
To whisper death ; and when they cannot rise,
They lie and look blowes in each others eyes.

But now the tragick part, after the fight :
When Norfolk cock had got the best of it,

And Wisbich lay a dying, so that none,
Though sober, but might venture seven to one,
Contracting (like a dying taper) all
His force, as meaning with that blow to fall,
He struggles up ; and having taken wind,
Ventures a blow, and strikes the other blind.
And now poor Norfolk, having lost his eyes,
Fights only guided by antipathies.
With him (alas !) the proverb holds not true,
The blowes his eyes ne're see his heart most rue.
At length by chance he stumbling on his foe,
Not having any power to strike a blow,
He falls upon him with a wounded head,
And makes his conquered wings his feather-bed ;
Where lying sick, his friends were very chary
Of him, and fetcht in haste an apothecary,
But all in vain : his body did so blister,
That 'twas incapable of any glister ;
Wherefore at length, opening his fainting bill,
He call'd a scrivener, and thus made his will :

Inprimis, *Let it never be forgot,
My body freely if I bequeath to the pot,
Decently to be boyl'd, and for its tomb,
Let it be buried in some hungry womb.*
Item, *Executors I will have none,
But he that on my side lay'd seven to one ;
And like a gentleman that he may live,
To him and to his heirs my comb I give,
Together with my brains, that all may know
That oftentimes his brains did use to crow.*
Item, *It is my will, to the weaker ones,*

*Whose wives complain of them, I give my stones.
To him thats dull, I do my spurs impart;
And to the coward I bequeath my heart.
To ladies that are light, it is my will,
My feathers should be given ; and for my bill
I'de give't a taylor, but it is so short
That I'm afraid, hee'l rather curse me for't.
And for the apothecaries fee, who meant
To give me a glister, let my rump be sent.
Lastly, because I feel my life decay,
I yield, and give to Wisbich Cock the day.*

The Welshmans Song, in praise of Wales.

I's not come here to tauke of *Prut*,
From whence the Welse dos take hur root ;
Nor tell long pedegree of Prince Camber,
Whose lineage would fill full a chamber ;
Nor sing the deeds of ould Saint Davie,
The urfip of which would fill a navie ;
But hark me now for a liddell tales,
Sall make a gread deal to the creddit of Wales :
For her will tudge your eares,
With the praise of hur thirteen feers,
And make you as clad and merry,
As fourteen pot of perry.

'Tis true, was wear him sberkin freize,
But what is that ? we have store of seize,
And got is plenty of goats milk,
That, fell him well, will buy him filk
Inough to make him fine to quarrell
At Herford Sizes in new apparrell,
And get him as much green melmet perhap
Sall give a face to his Monmouth cap.

But then the ore of Lemfter,
Py Cot is uver a sempfter ;
That when he is spun or did,
Yet match him with hir thrid.

Aull this the backs now ; let us tell yee
Of some provision for the belly,
As kid and goat, and great goats mother,
And runt and cow, and good cows uther :
And once but tast on the Welfe mutton,
Your Englis seeps not worth a button ;
And then for your fisse, shall choose it your diffe,
Look but about, and there is a trout,
A falmon, cot, or chevin,
Will feed you fix or seven,
As taull man as ever fwagger
With Welfe club, and long dagger.

But all this while was never think
A word in praise of our Welfe drink ;
And yet for aull that is a cup of bragat
Aull England feer may cast his cap at.
And what fay you to ale of Webly ?
Toudge him as well, you'll praise him trebly,

As well as metheglin, or fyder, or meath,
Sall fake it your dagger quite out of his feath.
And oat-cake of Guarthenion,
With a goodly leek or onion,
To give as fweet a rellis,
As e'r did Harper Ellis.

And yet is nothing now all this,
If our muficks we do misse ;
Both harps, and pipes too ; and the crowd
Muft aull come in, and tauk aloud,
As lowd as Bangu Davies bell,
Of which is, no doubt, you have hear tell,
As well as our lowder Wrexam organ,
And rumbling rocks in the Seer of Glamorgan ;
Where look you but in the ground there,
And you fall fee a found there,
That put her all to gedder
Is fweet as meafure pedder.

The Cavaliers Complaint.

To the Tune of *Ile tell thee, Dick, &c.*

COME, Jack, let's drink a pot of ale,
And I fhall tell thee fuch a tale
Will make thine eares to ring :
My coyne is spent, my time is loft,
And I this only fruit can boaft,
That once I faw my King.

But this doth most afflict my mind :
I went to Court in hope to find
 Some of my friends in place ;
And, walking there, I had a sight
Of all the crew, but, by this light,
 I hardly knew one face.

S'lfe, of so many noble sparkes,
Who on their bodies beare the markes
 Of their integrity ;
And suffred ruine of estate,
It was my base unhappy fate,
 That I not one could see.

Not one, upon my life, among
My old acquaintance all along,
 At Truro and before :
And I suppose the place can shew
As few of those whom thou didst know
 At York, or Marston Moore.

But, truly, there are swarms of those
Whose chins are beardless, yet their hose
 And backsides still weare muffes ;
Whilst the old rusty Cavalier
Retires, and dare not once appear
 For want of coyne and cuffes.

When none of those I could discry,
Who better farre deserv'd than I,
 I calmly did reflect,

Old servants, by the rule of State,
Like almanacks grow out of date :
What, then, can I expect ?

Troth, in contempt of fortunes frowne,
Ile get me fairely out of towne,
And in a cloyster pray,
That since the starres are yet unkind
To Royalists, the King may find
More faithfull friends then they.

THE ANSWER.

I MARVAILE, Dick, that having been
So long abroad, and having seen
The world as thou hast done,
Thou shouldst acquaint me with a tale
As old [as] Nestor, and as stale
As that of Priest and Nunne.

Are we to learne what is a Court ?
A pageant made for Fortunes sport,
Where merits scarce appear ;
For bashfull merit onely dwells
In camps, in villages, and cells :
Alas ! it comes not there.

Desert is nice in its addresse,
And merit oft times doth oppresse
Beyond what guilt would doe ;

But they are fure of their demands
Who come to Court with golden hands,
And brazen faces too.

The King, indeed, doth ftill professe
To give his party foon redrefse,
And cherifh honefty ;
But his good wifhes prove in vaine,
Whofe fervice with his fervants gaine
Not alwayes doth agree.

All princes, be they ne're fo wife,
Are fain to fee with others eyes,
But feldom hear at all ;
And courtiers find their intereft
In time to feather well their neft,
Providing for their fall.

Our comfort doth on time depend :
Things, when they are at worft, will mend ;
And let us but reflect
On our condition 'tother day,
When none but tyrants bore the fway :
What did we then expect ?

Mean while a calme retreat is beft ;
But difcontent, if not fuppreft,
Will breed difloyalty.
This is the constant note I'le fing :
I have been faithfull to the King,
And fo fhall live and dye.

On a Pint of Sack.

OLD poets Hipocrin admire,
And pray to water to inspire
Their wit and muse with heavenly fire :
Had they this heavenly fountain seen,
Sack both their well and Muse had been,
And this pint-pot their Hipocrin.

Had they truly discovered it,
They had, like me, thought it unfit
To pray to water for their wit ;
And had adored Sack as divine,
And made a poet god of wine,
And this pint-pot had been a shrine.

Sack unto them had been in stead
Of nectar, and their heavenly bread,
And ev'ry boy a Ganimed :
Or had they made a god of it,
Or stil'd it patron of their wit,
This pot had been a temple fit.

Well then, companions, is't not fit,
Since to this jemme we ow our wit,
That we should praise the cabonet,
And drink a health to this divine
And bounteous pallace of our wine ?
Die he with thirst that doth repine !

A Song in praise of Sack.

HANG the Presbyters gill, bring a pint of Sack, Will,
More orthodox of the two ;
Though a slender dispute will strike the elf mute,
Here's one of the honefter crew.

In a pint there's small heart : firrah, bring a quart ;
There is substance and vigour met :
'Twill hold us in play some part of the day,
But wee'l sink him before fun-fet.

The daring old pottle does now bid us battle ;
Let us try what our strength can do :
Keep your ranks and your files, and for all his wiles,
Wee'l tumble him down stays too.

Then summon a gallon, a stout foe and a tall one,
And likely to hold us to't :
Keep but coyn in your purse, the word is disburse ;
He warrant he'll sleep at your foot.

Lets drain the whole celler, pipes, butts, and the dweller,
If the wine floats not the faster :
Will ! when thou dost slack us, by warrant from Bacchus
We will cane thy tun-bell'd master.

In the praise of Wine.

'TIS Wine that inspires,
And quencheth loves fires,
Teaches fools how to rule a state.
Mayds ne're did approve it,
Because those that doe love it
Despise and laugh at their hate.

The drinkers of beer
Did ne're yet appear
In matters of any weight:
'Tis he whose design
Is quickn'd by wine
That raises things to their height.

We then should it prize,
For never black eyes
Made wounds which this could not heale:
Who, then, doth refuse
To drink of this juice
Is a foe to the Comon weale.

A Glee to the Vicar.

LET the bells ring, and the boys sing,
The young lasses trip and play:
Let the cups go round, till round goes the ground,
Our learned Vicar we'll stay.

Let the pigg turne merrely, hey !

And let the fat goose swim,

For verily, verily, hey !

Our Vicar this day shall be trim.

The stewd cock shall crow, cock a doodle doe !

A lowd cock a doodle shall crow ;

The duck and the drake shall swim in a lake

Of oynions and clarret below.

Our wives shall be neat to bring in our meat

To thee, our noble adviser ;

Our paynes shall be great, and our pottles shall sweat,

And we ourselves will be wifer.

Wee'l labour and swink, we'le kisse and we'le drink,

And tythes shall come thicker and thicker ;

We'l fall to the plow, and get children enough,

And thou shalt be learned, O Vicker !

On a Cold Chyne of Beef.

BRING out the old chyne, the cold chyne to me,

And how Ile charge him, come and see,

Brawn, tusked brawn, well fowst and fine,

With a precious cup of Muscadine.

CHORUS.

How shall I sing, how shall I look,

In honour of the master-cook ?

The pig shall turn round and answer me,
Canst thou spare me a shoulder? a wy, a wy.
The duck, goose, and capon, good fellows all three,
Shall dance thee an antick, so shall the turkey;
But O, the cold chyne, the cold chyne for me!

CHORUS.

*How shall I sing, how shall I look,
In honour of the master-cook?*

With brewis Ile noynt thee from head to the heel,
Shal make thee run nimbler then the new oyld wheel;
With pye-crust wee'l make thee
The eighth wife man to be;
But O, the cold chyne, the cold chyne for me!

CHORUS.

*How shall I sing, how shall I look,
In honour of the master-cook?*

A Song of Cupid Scorn'd.

IN love? Away! you do me wrong:
I hope I ha' not liv'd so long
Free from the treachery of your eyes,
Now to be caught and made a prize.
No, lady, 'tis not all your art
Can make me and my freedome part.

CHORUS.

*Come, fill's a cup of sherry, and let us be merry.
Then shall nought but pure wine
Make us love-sick or pine:*

*Wee'l hug the cup and kisse it, we'l sigh when ere
we misse it;
For tis that that makes us jolly,
And sing hy trololey lolly.*

In love? tis true, with Spanisn wine,
Or the French juice, *Incarnadine*;
But, truly, not with your sweet face,
This dimple, or that hidden grace.
Ther's far more sweetnesse in pure wine,
Then in those lips or eyes of thine.

CHORUS.—*Come, fill's a cup of sherry, &c.*

Your god, you say, can shoot so right,
Hee'l wound a heart ith darkest night.
Pray, let him throw away his dart,
And try if he can hit my heart.
No, Cupid, if I shall be thine,
Turn Ganimed, and fill us wine.

CHORUS.—*Comè, fill's a cup of sherry, &c.*

On the Vertue of Sack.

By D. R. H. E.

FETCH me Ben Johnson's scull, and fill't with sack,
Rich as the fame he drank, when the whole pack
Of jolly sisters pledg'd, and did agree
It was no sin to be as drunk as he:
If there be any weaknes in the wine,

There's vertue in the cup to mak't divine.
This muddy drench of ale does tast too much
Of earth ; the mault retains a scurvy touch
Of the dull hand that sows it ; and I fear
There's heresie in hops : give Calvin beer,
And his precise disciples, such as think
There's powder-treason in all Spanish drink,
Call sack an idoll, nor will kisse the cup
For fear their conventikle be blown up
With superstition : give to these brew-house alms,
Whose best mirth is six shillings beer and psalms,
Let me rejoyce in sprightly sack, that can
Create a braine even in an empty pan.
Canary ! it's thou that dost inspire,
And actuate the soul with heavenly fire ;
Thou that sublims't the genius, making wit
Scorn earth, and such as love and live by it.
Thou mak'st us lords of regions large and fair,
Whilst our conceits build castles in the air.
Since fire, earth, air, thus thy inferiours be,
Henceforth I'll know no element but thee.
Thou precious elixar of all grapes
Welcome ! by thee our Muse begins her scapes ;
Such is the worth of sack, I am (me thinks)
In the Exchequer now : hark how it chinks !
And do esteem my venerable self
As brave a fellow, as if all the pelf
Were sure mine own ; and I have thought a way
Already how to spend it. I would pay
No debts, but fairly empty every trunk,
And change the gold for sack to keep me drunk ;

And so, by consequence, till, rich Spains wine
Being in my crown, the Indies, too, were mine.
And when my brains are once afoot (heaven bleffe us !)
I think my self a better man than Croesus.
And now I do conceit my selfe a judge,
And coughing laugh to see my clients trudge
After my lordships coach unto the Hall
For justice, and am full of law withall,
And doe become the bench as well as he
That fled long since for want of honestie.
But I'll be judge no longer, though in jest,
For fear I should be talk'd with, like the rest,
When I am sober. Who can chuse but think
Me wise that am so wary in my drink ?
Oh, admirable sack ! Here's dainty sport :
I am come back from Westminster to Court,
And am grown young again : my ptifick now
Hath left me, and my judges graver brow
Is smooth'd, and I turn'd amorous as May,
When she invites young lovers forth to play
Upon her flowry bosome : I could win
A vestall now, or tempt a queen to sin.
Oh, for a score of queens ! you'd laugh to see
How they would strive which first should ravish me :
Three goddesses were nothing : sack has tipt
My tongue with charms like those which Paris sipt
From Venus, when she taught him how to kisse
Faile Helen, and invite a fairer blisse.
Mine is Canary rhetorick, that alone
Would turne Diana to a burning stone,
Stone with amazement burning with loves fire,

Hard to the touch, but fhort in her defire.
Ineftimable fack! thou mak'ft us rich,
Wife, amorous, any thing : I have an itch
To t'other cup, and that, perchance, will make
Me valiant too, and quarrell for thy fake,
If I be once inflam'd againft thy nofe
That could preach down thy worth in fmal-beer profe.
I fhall do miracles as bad, or worfe,
As he that gave the King an hundred horfe.
T'other odd cup, and I fhall be prepar'd
To fnatch at ftars, and pluck down a reward
With mine own hands from Jove, upon their backs
That are or Charls his enemies or facks.
Let it be full : if I doe chance to spill
Ov'r my ftandifh by the way, I will,
Dipping in this diviner ink my pen,
Write my felf fober, and fall to 't agen.

The Medley of the Nations.

The Scot.

I AM a bonny Scot, fir; my name is Muckle John,
Twas I was in the plot, fir, when the wars begun :
I left the Court in one thousand fix hundred forty and one;
But fince our flight at Worcefter fight we are all undone.
I ferv'd my lord and mafter, when as he liggd at home,
But fince by a bad difafter he receiv'd his doom,

And now we sink, uds bread ! I think the Deal's got in his
room :

He no man spares, but stamps and stares at all Cristendum.
I have travell'd mickle ground since I got from Worcester
Pound ;

I have gang'd the gallant round
Through all our neighbouring nations,
And what their opinions are of our Scotch and English war.
Nee, gidd feth, I shall declare all their approbations :
Jockey fwears he had his load, feels the rodd,
Breed a Gott, and complains 'tis very odd,
Since the siege of Worcester ; we were wounded tag and rag,
Foot and leg, wem and crag. Hark ! I hear the Dutch-
men brag,
And begin to bluffer.

Dutchman.

Uds floperment ! fall Hogan Mogan states,
Strike down der top fails unto puny powers.
Ten hundred thousand tun of devils, dam de Fates
If all her skips and goodes prove not ours.
Since that blood and wounds do delight 'um,
Tan-ta-ra-ra, de trumpet found.
Let Van Trump go out and fight 'um.
Eldest states shall first be crowned :
English skellums fight not on Gods side.
Out, alafs ! the Flemings beat.
Day have given us such a broad side,
That we shall be all forc't to retreat.

See where the French man comes in compleat.

Frenchman.

Begar, mounfier, 'tis much in vain
For Dutch, and France, or Spain
To cros the English main.
De nation now is grown so strong,
De Tivil er't be long must learn the English tongue.
'Tis better dat we do combine to fell dem vine,
Or learn of dem to make de lady fine :
Wee'l teach a dem to trip and mince, to kick and wince,
For by de fword we never shall convince,
Zounds ! every brewer dat can beat a prince.

Spaniard.

What, are the English to quarrel so prone,
That they cannot, of late, let their neighbours alone ?
And shall the great and the Catholick King
Let his scepter be contrould by a fword and a fling ?
Shall both the Indies be left to the fway,
And purity of those that do plunder and pray ?
Ere Austria suffer such affronts to be,
He'le tumble them down, as you, senior, shall see.

Welchman.

Taffie was once a gott a mighty in Wales,
But his coozen, O. P., was a greater :
Hur came in hur cuntry, Cots splutter a nails !
Hur took up hur Welsh hook and did beat hur.
Hur eat up hur sceefe, hur turky, hur keefe,
Hur pig and hur capon in tidy fort :
Ap Morgan, ap Evan, ap Shenkin, ap Stephin,
Ap Taffy, ap Powell, did fly for't.

Irishman.

O hone! a hone! poor Tege, and shun my howle and cry.
St. Patrick, help d'y countryman, or fet and trot we dey.
The English day doe steal our hoar'd of uskabat'h,
Day put all to de sword all in Drogadah.
Help! help! St. Patrick; now have no faint but thee:
Let us no longer cry *O hone, a cram a cree.*

Englishman.

A crown! a crown! make room;
The English man doth come,
Whose valour is taller then all Christendome.
Though the Spanish, French and Dutch,
Scotch, Welsh and Irish grutch,
We care not, we fear not,
We can deal with such.
You thought, when we did begin
In a civil war to waste,
That our tillage your pillage
Would become at last.
When we could not agree,
You did think to share our fall;
But youle find, fir, nere stir, fir,
We shall nose you all.

The Brewer.

A BALLAD MADE IN THE YEAR 1657.

To the Tune of *The Blacksmith.*

THERE'S many a clinching verse is made
In honor of the Blacksmiths trade ;
But more of the Brewer may be said,
Which no body can deny.

I need not much of this repeat :
The Blacksmith cannot be compleat,
Unless the Brewer doe give him a heat ;
Which no body can deny.

When Smoug unto the forge doth come,
Unless the Brewer doth liquor him home,
He'le never strike, My pot and thy pot, Tom,
Which no body can deny.

Of all the professions in the town,
The Brewers trade hath gaind renown ;
His liquor reacheth up to the crown,
Which no body can deny.

Many new lords from him there did spring,
Of all the trades he still was their king,
For the Brewer had the world in a sling ;
Which no body can deny.

He scorneth all lawes and marshall stops,
But whips an army as round as tops,
And cuts off his foes as thick as hops,
Which no body can deny.

He dives for riches down to the bottom,
And cries, My masters! when he hath got um,
Let every tub stand uppon its own bottom;
Which no body can deny.

In warlike acts he scorns to stoop,
For when his army begings to droup,
He draws them up as round as a hoop,
Which no body can deny.

The Jewish Scot, that scorns to eat
The flesh of swine, and brewers beat,
Twas the fight of this hogs-head made um retreat,
Which no body can deny.

Poor Jocky and his basket hilt
Was beaten, and much blood was spilt,
And their bodies, like barrels, did run a tilt;
Which no body can deny.

Though Jemy gave the first assault,
The Brewer at last made them to halt,
And [gave] them what the cat left in the malt;
Which no body can deny.

They cri'd that Antichrist came to settle
Religion in a cooler and a kettle,
For his nose and copper were both of one mettle;
Which no body can deny.

Some Christian kings began to quake,
And said, With the Brewer no quarrels we'll make,
We'll let him alone; as he brews let him bake,
Which no body can deny.

He hath a strong and very stout heart,
And thought to be made an emperor for't,
But the Devil put a spoke in his cart ;
Which no body can deny.

If any intended to do him disgrace,
His fury would take off his head in the place,
He always did carry his furnesse in his face ;
Which no body can deny.

But yet, by the way, you must understand,
He kept his foes so under command,
That *Pride* could never get the upper hand ;
Which no body can deny.

He was a stout Brewer of whom we may brag,
But now he is hurried away with a hag :
He brew'd in a bottle, and bak'd in a bag ;
Which no body can deny.

And now may all stout souldiers say,
Farewell ! the glory of the day,
For the Brewer himself is turn'd to clay ;
Which no body can deny.

Thus fell the brave Brewer, the bold son of slaughter :
We need not to fear what shall follow after,
For he delt all his life time in fire and water ;
Which no body can deny.

And if his successeur had had but his might,
Then we had not bin in a pitiful plight,
But he was found many grains too light ;
Which no body can deny.

Let's leave off finging, and drink off our bub :
 We'le call up a reckning, and every man club,
 For I think I have told you a tale of a tub ;
Which no body can deny.

A Collection of Merry Catches.

THE TINKER.

- I HE that a tinker, a tinker, will be,
 Let him leave other loves, and come listen to me :
 Though he travels all the day,
 Yet he comes home still at night,
 And dallies with his doxie,
 And dreams of delight.

His pot and his toft in the morning he takes,
 And all day long good mufick he makes :
 And wanders up and down to wakes and to faires,
 And cafts his cap at the Court and its cares.
 When to the town the tinker doth come,
 Oh ! how the wanton wenches run.

Some bring him bafons, fome bring him bowles ;
 All wenches pray him to ftop up their holes :
 Tink goes the hammer, the fkellet and fkommer.
 Come, bring me the copper kettle ;
 For the tinker, the tinker, the merry merry tinker,
 Oh ! he is the man of mettle.

A CATCH.

- 2 YOU merry poets, old boyes
 Of Aganippes well,
 Full many tales have told boyes
 Whose liquor doth excell ;
 And how that place was haunted
 By those that love good wine,
 Who tipled there, and chaunted
 Among the Muses nine :
 Where still they cry'd, Drink clear, boyes,
 And you shall quickly know it,
 That 'tis not lowzy beer, boyes,
 But wine, that makes a poet.
-

A CATCH.

- 3 NOW that the spring hath fill'd our veins
 With kind and active fire,
 And made green liveries for the playnes,
 And every grove a quire,

 Sing we this song with mirth and merry glee,
 And Bacchus crown the bowl ;
 And here's to thee, and thou to me,
 And every thirsty soul !

 Shear sheep that have them, cry we still,
 But see that none escape
 To take off his sherry that makes us so merry,
 And plump as the lusty grape.
-

A C A T C H.

4 MONGST all the precious juices
 Afforded for our uses
 Theres none to be compar'd with sack:
 For the body or the mind,
 No such phyfick you shall find;
 Therefore, boy, see we do not lack.

Would'ft thou hit a lofty strain,
 With this liquor warm thy brain,
 And thou, swain, shall sing as sweet as Sidney;
 Or would'ft thou laugh and be fat,
 Ther's not any like to that
 To make Jack Sprat a man of kidney.

It [is] the foul of mirth
 To poor mortals upon earth;
 It would make a coward bold as Hector:
 Nay, I wager durst a peece,
 That those merry gods of Greece
 Drank old sack and nector.

A C A T C H.

5 CALL George again, boy, call George again,
 And for the love of Bacchus call George again.
 George is a good boy, and draws us good wine,
 Or fill us more clarret our wit to refine:
 George is a brave lad, and an honest man,
 If you will him know, he dwells at the Swan.

A C A T C H.

- 6 COME, come away to the tavern, I fay,
For now at home 'tis wafhing day :
Leave your prittle prattle, and fill us a pottle ;
You are not fo wife as Ariftotle.
Drawer, come away, let's make it holy day.
Anon, anon, anon, fir : what is't you fay ?

A C A T C H.

- 7 THERE was an old man at Walton Crofs,
Who merrily fung when he liv'd by the lofs ;
Hey tro-ly loly lo.
He never was heard to figh a hey ho,
But he fent it out with *Hey troly loly lo.*
He chear'd up his heart
When his goods went to wrack,
With a hem, boy, hem !
And a cup of old fack ;
Sing, *hey troly loly lo.*

A C A T C H.

- 8 COME, let us caft dice who fhall drink.
Mine is *twelve*, and his *fice fink* :
Six and *fowr* is thine, and he threw *nine*.
Come away, *fink tray* ; *fize ace*, fair play.
Quater-duce is your throw, fir ;
Quater-ace ; they run low, fir :
Two dewces, I fee ; *dewce ace* is but three.
Oh! where is the wine ? Come, fill up his glaffe,
For here is the man has thrown *ams ace*.

A CATCH.

- 9 SHE that will eat her breakfast in her bed,
And spend the morn in dressing of her head,
And sit at dinner like a maiden-bride,
And nothing do all day but talk of pride,
Jove of his mercy may do much to save her,
But what a case he is in that shall have her!
-

A CATCH.

- 10 NEVER let a man take heavily the clamor of his wife,
But be rul'd by me, and lead a merry life,
Let her have her will in every thing:
If she scolds, then laugh and sing,
Hey derry, derry ding.
-

A CATCH.

- 11 LET'S cast away care, and merrily sing,
There is a time for every thing:
He that plays at work, and works at his play,
Neither keeps working, nor yet holy day.
Set business aside, and let us be merry,
And drown our dull thoughts in Canary and sherry
-

A CATCH.

- 12 HANG sorrow, and cast away care,
And let us drink up our sack:
They say 'tis good to cherish the blood,
And for to strengthen the back.

Tis wine that makes the thoughts aspire,
And fills the body with heat;
Besides 'tis good, if well understood,
To fit a man for the feat.

*Then call, and drink up all,
The drawer is ready to fill:
Pox take care! what need we spare,
My father has made his will.*

A C A T C H.

- 13 The Wifemen were but seven, nere more fhall be for me;
The Mufes were but nine, the Worthies three times
three;

And three merry boyes, and three merry boyes are we.

The Virtues were but seven, and three the greater be;
The Cæfars they were twelve, and fatal Sisters three;
And three merry girles, and three merry girles are we.

A C A T C H.

- 14 SHEW a room! fhew a room! fhew a room!
Her's a knot of good fellows are come,
That mean for to be merry
With clarret and with fherry.
Each man to mirth himfelf difpofes,
And for the reckoning tell nofes:
Give the red nofe fome white,
And the pale nofe fome clarret;
But the nofe that looks blew,
Give him a cup of fack; 'twill mend his hew.

A CATCH.

- 15 O ! THE wily wily fox, with his many wily mocks,
 We'le earth him, if you'l but follow.
 And now that we have don't, to conclude this merry
 hunt,
 Lets us roundly whoop and hollow.
Prithee drink, prithee drink, prithee, prithee drink,
That the hunters may follow.
-

A CATCH.

- 16 MY lady and her maid, upon a merry pin,
 They made a match at farting, who should the wager
 win.
 Jone lights three candles then, and sets them bolt
 upright ;
 With the first fart she blew them out,
 With the next she gave them light :
 In comes my lady then, with all her might and main,
 And blew them out, and in and out, and out and in
 again.
-

A CATCH.

- 17 NOW I am married, Sir John Ile not curse :
 He joyns us together for better, for worse ;
 But if I were single, I tell you plain,
 I would be advifed ere I marri'd again.
-

A C A T C H.

- 18 AN old houle end, an old houle end,
 And many a good fellow wants mony to spend.
 If thou wilt borrow,
 Come hither to morrow,
 I dare not part so soon with my friend.
 But let us be merry, and drink of our sherry,
 But to part with my mony I do not intend.
 Then turd in thy teeth, and an old houle end.

A C A T C H.

- 19 THERE was three cooks in Colebrook,
 And they fell out with our cook,
 And all was for a pudding he took,
 And from the cook of Colebrook.
 There was swash cook, and flash cook,
 And thy nose in my narfe cook,
 And all was for a pudding he took,
 And from the cook of Colebrook.
 Then they fell all upon our cook,
 And mumbled him so that he did look
 As black as the pudding which that he took,
 And from the cook of Colebrook.

A C A T C H.

- 20 WILT thou lend me thy mare to ride a mile ?
 No ; she's lame going over a stile.
 But if thou wilt her to me spare,
 Thou shalt have money for thy mare.
 Oh ! say you so ? say you so ?
 Mony will make my mare to go.

THE ANSWER.

- 21 YOUR mare is lame ; she halts downe right :
 Then we shall not get to London to night.
 You cry'd Ho, ho ! mony made her go ;
 But now I well percieve it is not so.
 You must spur her up, and put her to't :
 Though mony will not make her go, your spurs will do't.

A CATCH.

- 22 If any fo wife is, that sack he dispises,
 Let him drink small beer and be sober,
 While we drink sack, and sing as if it were spring,
 He shall droop like the trees in October.
 But be sure over night, if this dog do you bite,
 To take it henceforth for a warning,
 Soon as out of bed, to settle your head,
 Take a haire of his tayle in the morning :
 And be not so filly to follow old Lilly,
 For ther's nothing but sack that can tune us,
 Let his *Ne-affuescas* be put in his cap case,
 And sing *bibi to-vinum jejunus*.

A CATCH.

- 23 GOOD Symon, how comes it your nose looks so red,
 And your cheeks and your lips look so pale ?
 Sure the heat of the toft your nose did so roft,
 When they were both fous't in ale.
 It shoves like the spire of Pauls steeple on fire,
 Each ruby darts forth (such lightning) flashes,

While your face looks as dead as if it were lead,
And cover'd all over with ashes.
Now, to heighten his colour, yet fill his pot fuller,
And nick it not so with froth :
Gra-mercy, mine host ! it shall fave the a toast :
Sup, Simon, for here is good broth.

A C A T C H.

24 WILT thou be fatt, Ile tell thee how
Thou shalt quickly do the feat,
And that so plump a thing as thou
Was never yet made up of meat :
Drink off thy sack ; twas onely that
Made Bacchus and Jack Falstafe fatt.

Now, every fat man I advise,
That scarce can peep out of his eyes,
Which being fet can hardly rise,
Drink off his sack, and freely quaff :
'Twil make him lean, but me laugh
To tell him how—'tis on a staff.

A C A T C H.

25 OF all the birds that ever I see,
The owle is the fairest in her degree ;
For all the day long she sits in a tree,
And when night comes, away flies she :
To whit, to whow, to whom drink thou ?
Sir knave, to thou.

This fong is well fung, I make you a vow,
 And he is a knave that drinketh now.
 Nofe, nofe, nofe, and who gave thee that jolly red nofe?
 Nutmegs and cloves, and that gave thee thy jolly red
 nofe.

A C A T C H.

- 26 THIS ale, my bonny lads, is as brown as a berry;
 Then let us be merry here an houre,
 And drink it ere its fowre.
 Here's to the, lad;
 Come to me, lad.
 Let it come, boy; to my thumb, boy.
 Drink it off, fir; 'tis enough, fir.
 Fill, mine hof, Toms pot and toast.

A C A T C H.

- 27 WHAT! are we met? Come, let's fee
 If here's enough to fing this glee.
 Look about; count your number.
 Singing will keep us from crazy flumber.
 1, 2, and 3, fo many ther be that can fing,
 The reft for wine may ring.
 Here is Tom, Jack, and Harry:
 Sing away, and doe not tarry.
 Merrily now let's fing, caroufe, and tiple.
 Here's Bristow milk! come, fuck this niple.
 There's a fault, fir: never halt, fir, before a cripel.
-

A C A T C H.

- 28 JOG on, jog on the foot path-way,
 And merrily hen't the stile-a;
Your merry heart goes all the day,
 Your sad tires in a mile-a.
Your paltry mony bags of gold,
 What need have we to stare for,
When little or nothing soon is told,
 And we have the lefs to care for.
Cast care away, let sorrow cease,
 A fig for melancholly!
Let's laugh and sing, or, if you please,
 We'll frolick with sweet Dolly.

A C A T C H.

- 29 WHAT fortune had I, poor maid as I am,
 To be bound in eternal vow,
For ever to lye by the side of a man
 That would, but know's not how!
 Oh! can there no pity
 Be in such a city,
Where lads enough are to be had?

Unfortunate girle, that art wed to such woe,
 Go, seek thee a lively lad,
And let the poor that hath nothing to shew
 Go, seek for another as bad.
 Then call for no pity;
 Thou dwelt in a city
Where lads enough were to be had.

A S O N G .

Translated out of Greek.

- 30 THE parcht earth drinks the rain,
 Trees drink it up again :
 The sea the ayre doth quaff,
 Sol drinks the ocean off ;
 And when that health is done,
 Pale Cinthia drinks the fun.
 Why, then, d'ye stem my drinking tyde,
 Striving to make me sad ? I will, I will be mad.

A C A T C H .

- 31 FLY, boy ; fly, boy, to the cellars bottom :
 View well your quills and bung, fir.
 Draw wine to preserve the lungs, fir ;
 Not rascally wine to rot 'em.
 If the quill runs foul,
 Be a trusty foul, and cane it ;
 For the health is such
 An ill drop will much profane it.

UPON A WELCHMAN.

- 32 A MAN of Wales, a little before Easter,
 Ran on his hostes score for cheefe, a teafter.
 His hostes chault it up behind the doore,
 And said, For the cheefe, good fir, come, pay the score.
 Cods platernails (quoth he), what meaneth these ?
 What! dost thou think her knows not chalk from
 cheefe ?

A S O N G .

33 DRINK, drink, all you that think
To cure your fouls of fadneffe.
Take up your sack, 'tis all you lack :
All worldly care is madnefs.
Let lawyers plead, and schollars read,
And sectaries still conjecture,
Yet we can be as merry as they,
With a cup of Apollo's nectar.

Let gluttons feed, and fouldiers bleed,
And fight for reputation,
Physicians be fools to fill up close stools,
And cure men by purgation:
Yet we have a way far better then they,
Which Galen could never conjecture,
To cure the head, nay, quicken the dead,
With a cup of Apollo's nectar.

We do forget we are in debt,
When we with liquor are warmed :
We dare on't face the fergeant's mace,
And martiall troops though armed.
The Swedish king much honour did win,
And valiant was as Hector,
Yet we can be as valiant as he
With a cup of Apollo's nectar.

Let the worlds flave his comfort have,
 And hug his hoards of treasure,
 Till he and his wish meet both in a dish,
 So dies a miser in pleasure.
 'Tis not a fat farm our wishes can charm,
 We scorn this greedy conjecture;
 Tis a health to our friend, to whom we commend
 This cup of Apollo's nectar.

The pipe and the pot are our common shot,
 Wherewith we keep a quarter,
 Enough for to choak with fire and smoak
 The Great Turk and the Tartar;
 Our faces red our ensignes spread,
 Apollo is our protector:

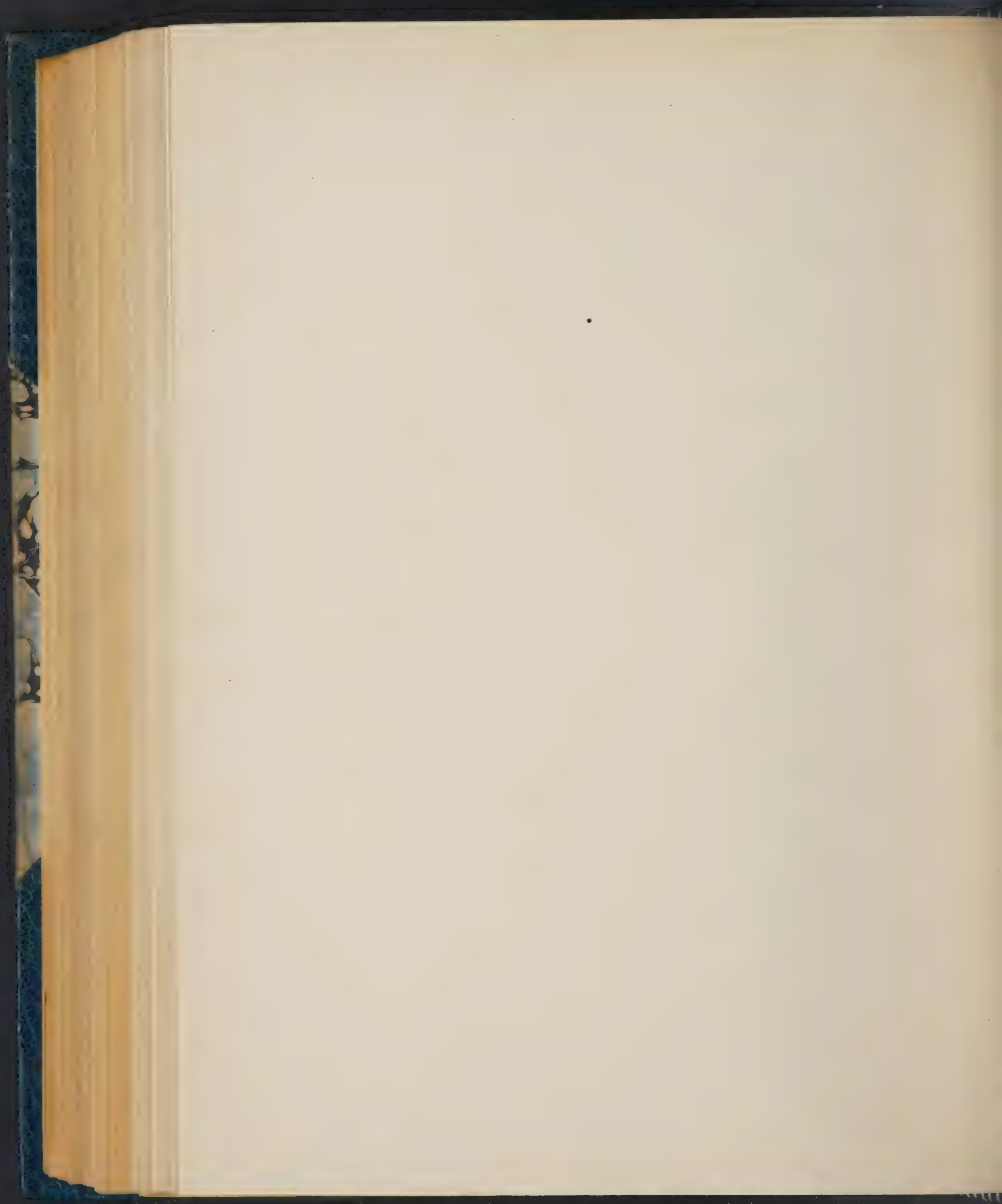
 To rear up the scout, to run in and out,
 And drink up this cup of nectar.

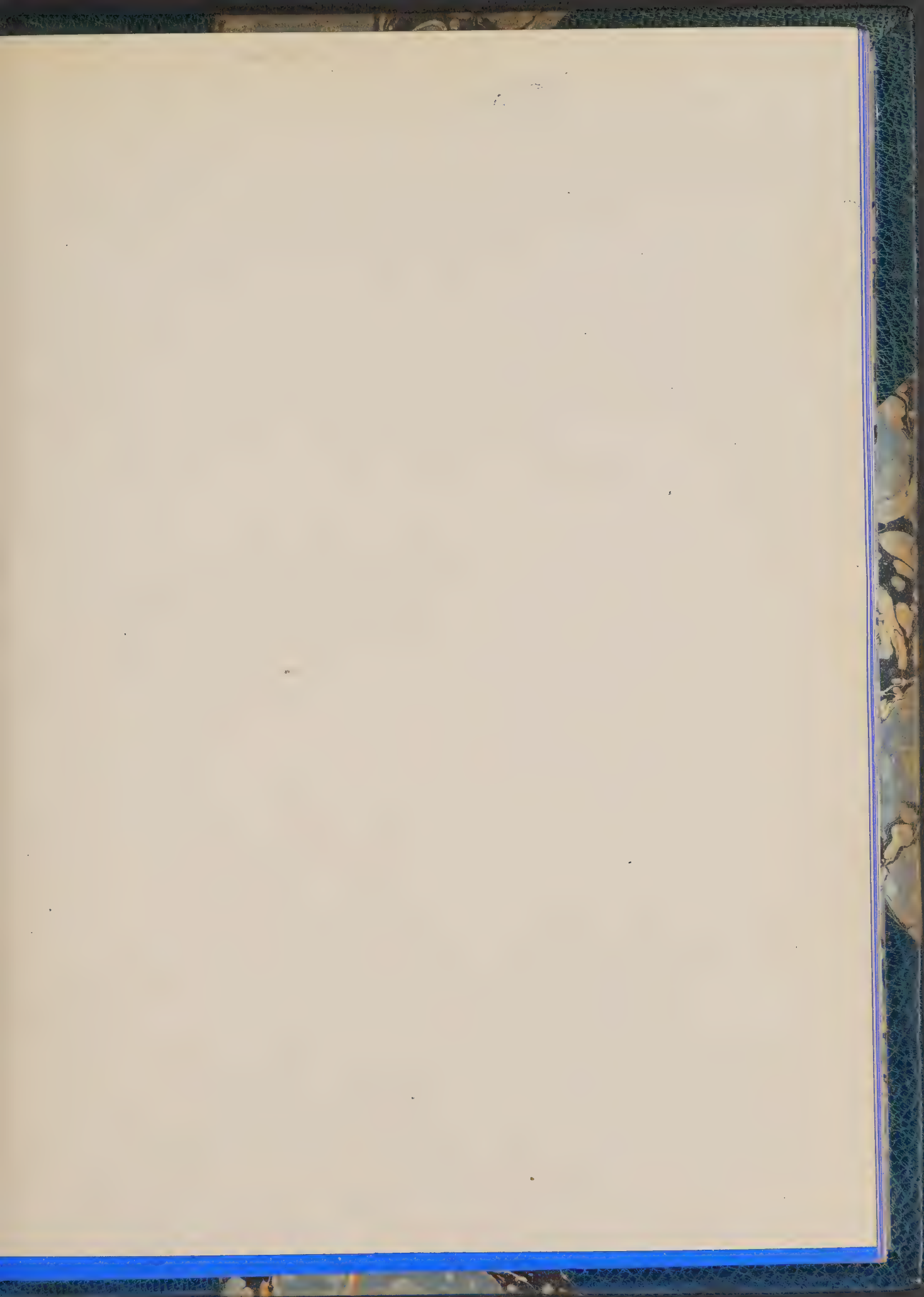
A C A T C H.

34 WELCOME, welcome again to thy wits,
 This is a holy day!
 Ile have no plots, nor melancholly fits,
 But merrily passe the time away.
 They are mad that are sad:
 Be rul'd by me,
 And none shall be so merry as we.

The kitchin shall catch cold no more,
And we'll have no key to the buttery dore :
 The fiders shall sing,
 And the house shall ring,
 And the world shall see
 What a merry couple,
 Merry couple,
 We will be.

FINIS.



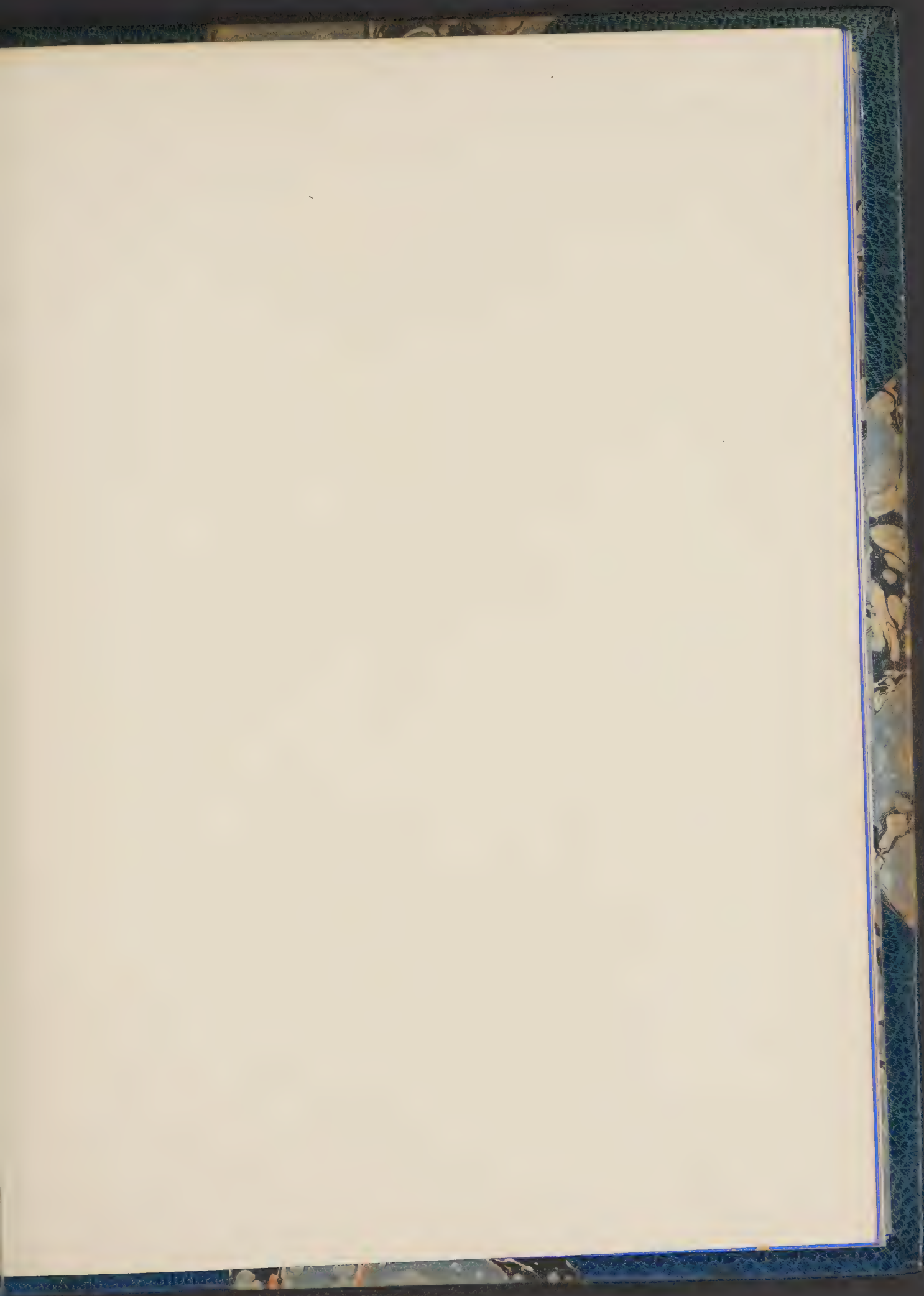




England's Melion.

PART II.

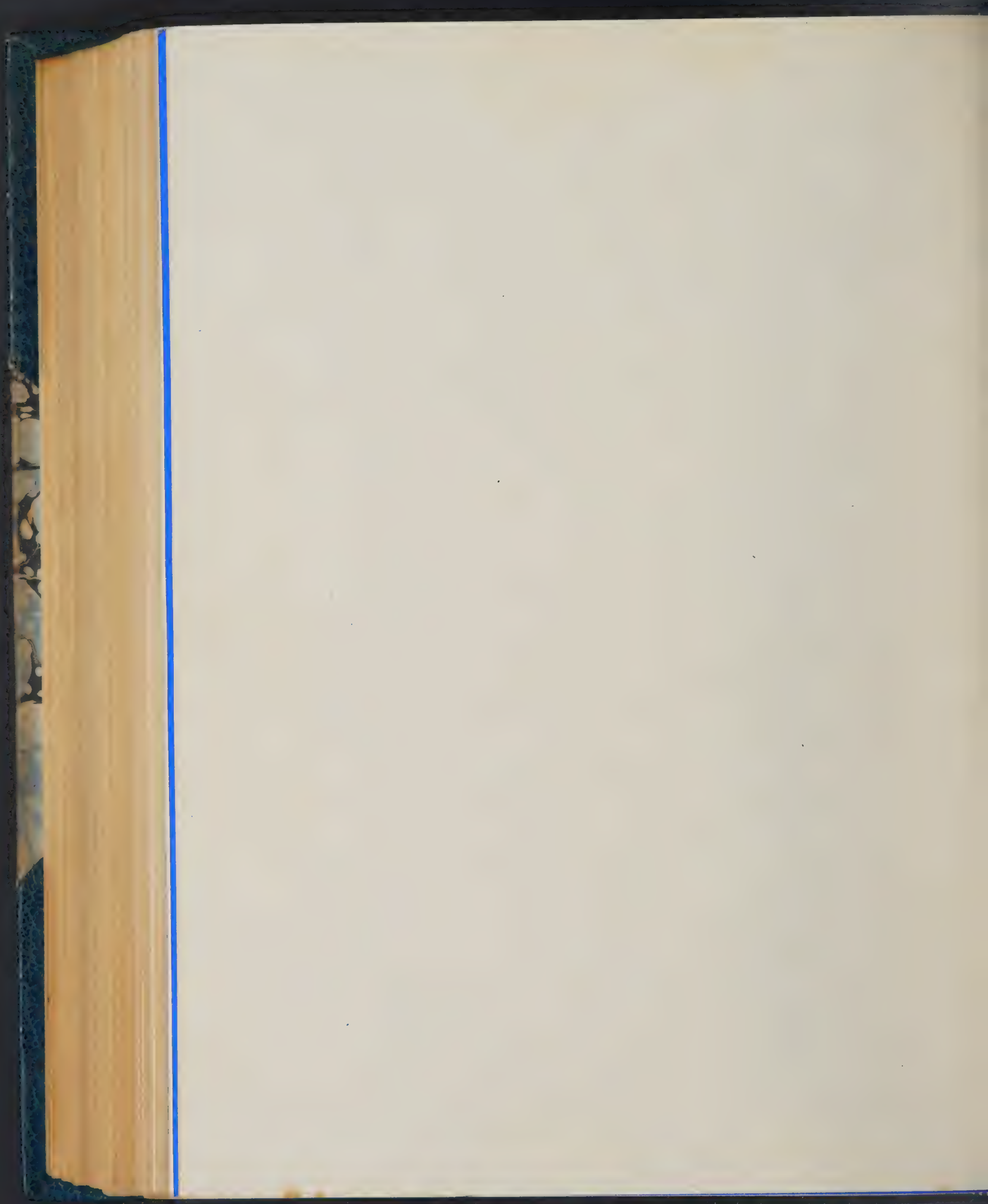


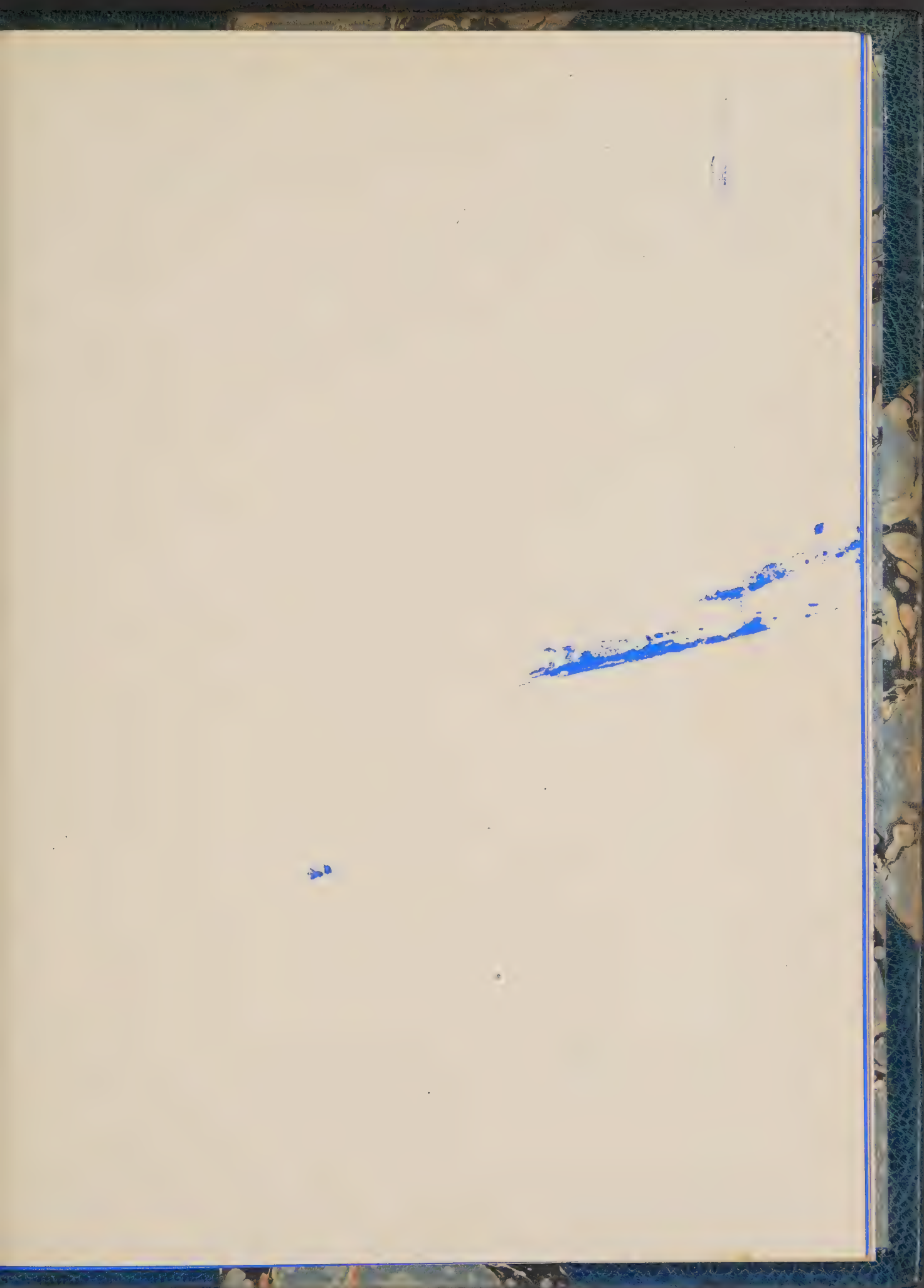




Davison's
Poetical Rhapsody.

PART I.

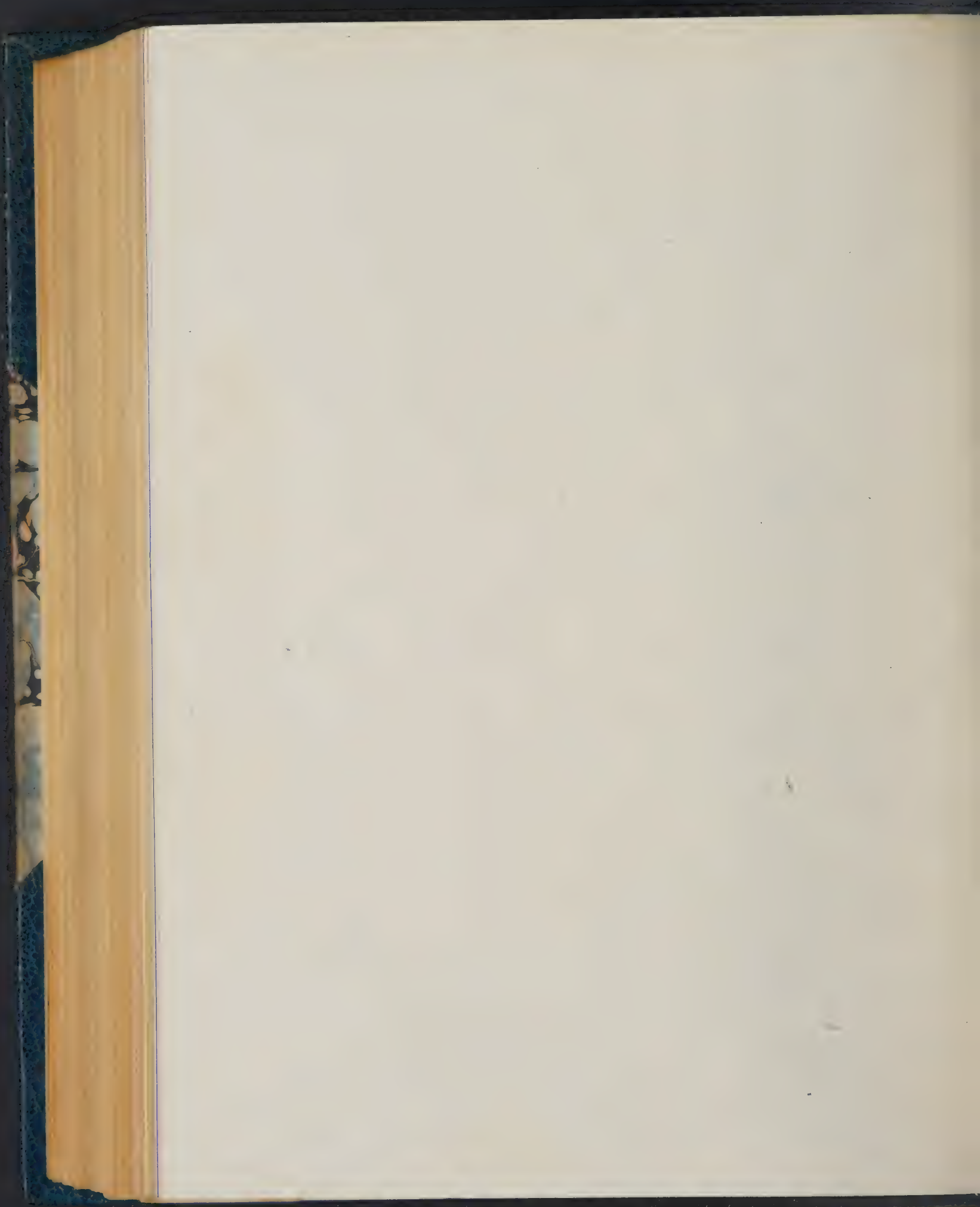


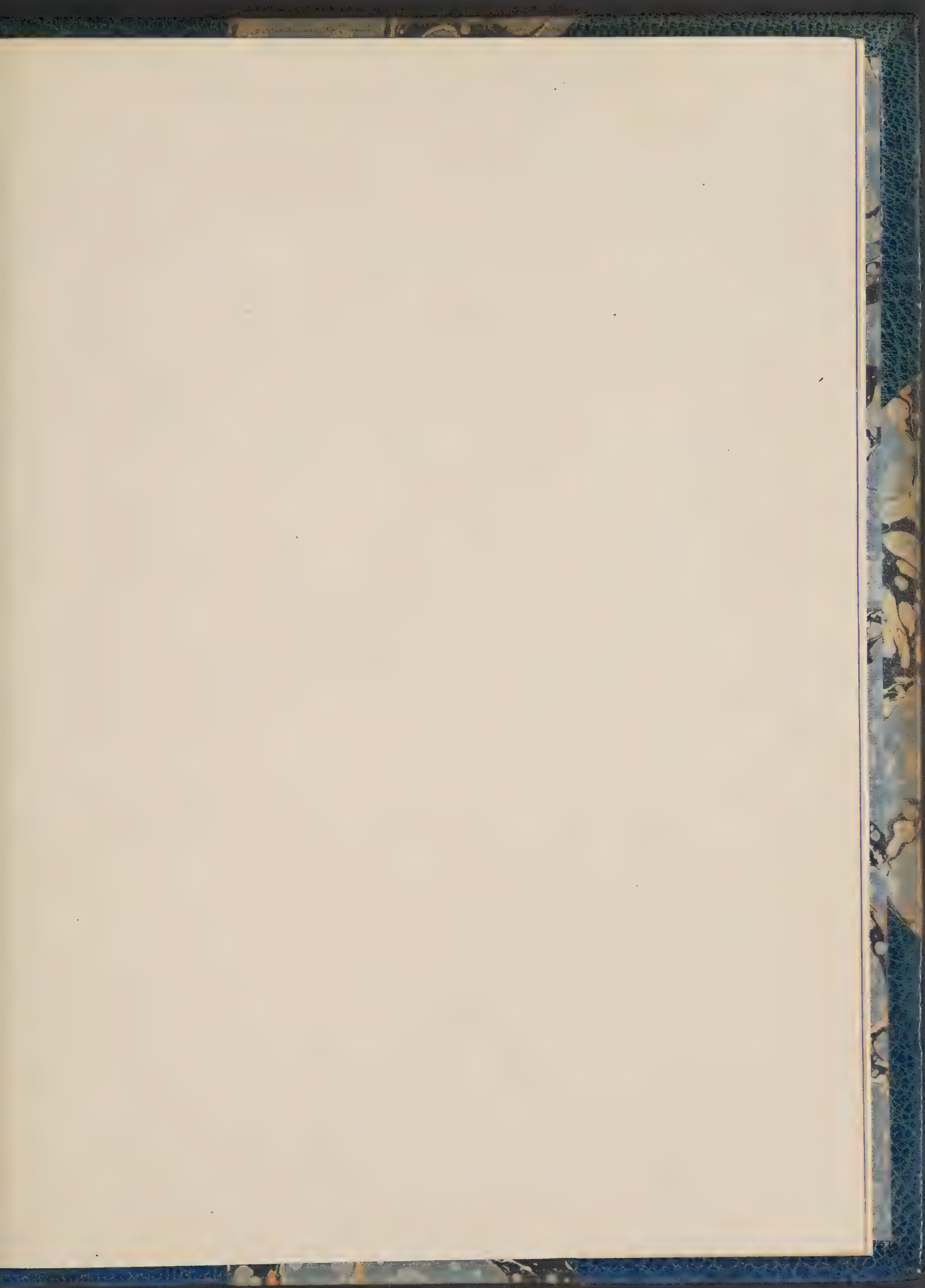




Davison's
Poetical Rhapsody.

PART II.







An
Antidote against Melancholy
made up in Pills

1661









BLUE

PR

1173

.065

Blue

v. 5r1

4117214

8529



